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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Vedder Digresses

If a painter, after a long career of generous achievement, cannot sit down in the years of his ripe maturity, and produce, as George Du Maurier did, books like *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*, the next best thing is for him to turn his hand to such a volume as Mr. Elihu Vedder has written, giving to us in reminiscence of the richness of the past, and recalling the old world that is so irrevocably gone, and the spirit of the days "when we were twenty-one." The comparison of Mr. Vedder with the late Du Maurier suggests it perhaps unconsciously, and perhaps because one part of the American artist's book reproduces so strongly that life of the Paris Latin Quarter in the days of the Second Empire in which Taffy, the Laird and Little Billie painted, and Trilby came to the door of the studio with her call of "Milk below!" What is the Atelier Picot of these pages but the atelier to which William Bagot came as a student and where he sang for the entertainment of his fellow art students and to his own discomfiture? And as it was with the *rapin*, so was it with the grisette. "You will find all about her in *Trilby*," writes Mr. Vedder. "This little drawing may have been Trilby (referring to an illustration in the text) only her name was Clara, and perhaps Ben may have been Little Billie. You must ask Ben—or perhaps you had better not. It is long ago; a dream which I will leave 'undeveloped.' Rhodes was a kind of Svengali. He was also the rich one of the party. I have forgotten to say that Ben, having a few words more of French than the rest of us, did the translating and became at once a proficient in French—Latin-Quarter French."

There is so much delightful quotation in Mr. Vedder's book that it is hard to know where to begin, and harder still when to stop. The Bohemia that he knew in his early days was the Bohemia of hard work, poverty and self-denial. Once owing to some stoppage in his remittances his funds were so low as to be imperceptible, and he found that the large roasted Italian chestnut was warm to the hand and filling to the stomach, thus serving both as food and fuel. In Paris

WEIRDNESS

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he lived in Upper Bohemia. "If it had been divided into classes," he writes, "I think I could have been returned as a member for Upper Bohemia, not that I was proud or rich—on the contrary, I was poor; but I had a washerwoman and I paid her bills. There were those who did not pay their bills, but they all meant to—except one. He it was who on leaving Paris for home said, as the cars moved from the station: "By Jove, I've forgotten one thing! I've forgotten to get trusted for a package of cigars." However, he turned over a new leaf on reaching home, gave up art, and has become a very successful business man."

Although Vedder never knew Walter Savage Landor, he tells two characteristic anecdotes of that strange genius. The American artist, Charles Caryl Coleman, once painted Landor's portrait:

Coleman, wishing to spare his eyes, posed him with his back to the window. Landor's hair, being white, the light shining through it formed a luminous fringe about his head. Landor, getting up to see the progress of the work, at once saw my friend's attempt to reproduce this effect and cried out:

"Why, you have given me a nimbus. I won't have a nimbus!"

In vain Coleman tried to explain to him this effect of light; it was always:

"I won't have a nimbus—no nimbus!"

The Savage in his name was very appropriate. They used to tell of his going into court, during some law trouble he was having, with a bag of gold which he banged down before the Judge, saying:

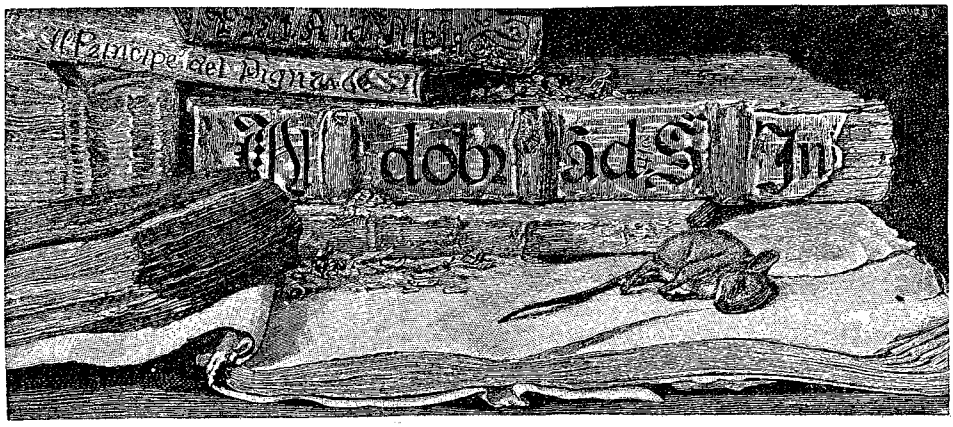
"I hear that this is the place where justice is bought and sold, and I have come to buy some."

I believe it cost him a pretty penny for contempt of court.

Speaking of words and their uses, Kate Field used to tell of a man who, rushing into some country town, asked "where he would be liable to get a ham?"

This irresistibly reminds me of what used to happen in the Villa Landor. If a dish offended him, Landor would "chuck it out of winder," so that a passer-by might have been *liable* to get a ham—without his looking for it.

Mr. Vedder was in New York during the tempestuous days of the Civil War.



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING." BY ELIHU VEDDER

Here is a picture that he gives of the Draft Riots.

From the roof of the corner of Bond Street I saw a surging mass of rioters coming down Broadway. Below was a solid and orderly body of police. An American flag made its appearance from a shop-door and was passed from hand to hand until it reached the front rank: it then leaned forward and the dark mass of policemen swept on. The two masses —the orderly, and the drunk and disorderly— met opposite the old La Farge House and there came a sound as of chopping wood, the meeting of clubs and skulls. The riotous crowd seemed to melt away before the orderly one; then coming back were seen limp figures supported on either side by policemen, with arms hanging out like the flippers of turtles; and the

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blood from the broken heads running down and collecting round the collars, made it look as if an attempt had been made to decapitate each wretch. These people had been burning a negro orphan asylum and its inmates, and hanging negroes to lamp-posts and burning them.

An apothecary's shop was looted—and here a comic touch comes in. The proprietor of the shop, a German, was looking on ruefully; of course the object of the mob was to get at the brandy, gin, and whiskey which was kept in those days by apothecaries; suddenly a professional thought came to him—"All right! Let dem keep on!—yust wait till dey come to dem brussic acids!"

THE YOUNG MARSYAS. ONE OF MR. VEDDER'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC PAINTINGS

Here is a passage which gives the average reader a sharp insight into a painter's difficulties and methods:

I had been reading Tennyson, and my mind was full of the gleaming Excalibur, as that good sword whirled over the water and was "drawn down in under the mere by an arm clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful." And in my dream I saw a sword with a crimson and gem-bedight scabbard whirling against a blue-black sky over a seething, phosphorescent sea. It was grand, and I at once determined to paint it. But, alas! the sword at once ceased to whirl and seemed glued to a black background; the flaming scabbard was vermilion glazed with lake, and the raging sea stood stock-still and I could no longer hear it seethe. I concluded that what one reads is not always what one can paint—and so a long farewell to the good blade, Excalibur.

A book which somehow finds its way into the company of Mr. Vedder's *The Digressions of V.* is *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands*, by Mary Crawford Fraser. Mrs. Fraser is the daughter of Thomas Crawford, the "sculptor of the Capitol," a niece of the late Julia Ward Howe, and of Madame Mailliard, who married a grandson of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, and a sister of the late Marion Crawford. The author's early life was passed in Rome, where her parents went

Mary Crawford Fraser

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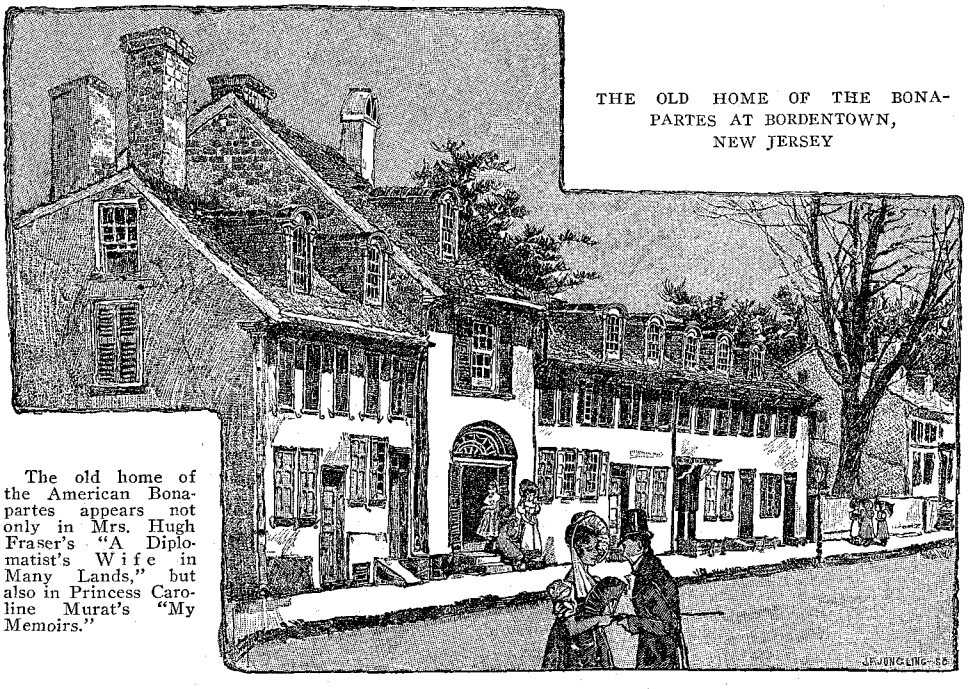
to live soon after their marriage. Her father took part in the defence of Rome when the Eternal City was besieged by the French in 1849. In 1874 Mary Crawford became the wife of Hugh Fraser, of the British Diplomatic Service, and for twenty eventful years accompanied her husband on his various official appointments in Europe, the Orient, and South America.

As is the case with *The Digressions of V.*, the reviewer is almost appalled by the richness of material for quotation. Some years of Mary Crawford's young life were passed in America, and the happiest of these were those spent in Bordentown, New Jersey, the old home of the American Bonapartes. To her, one might say almost at first hand, came stories of the great Napoleon. She heard the true tale of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. One of the prettiest stories ever narrated of the Corsican concerns a very holy lady who was attended on her death-bed by a certain bishop. He was deeply impressed by her profound knowledge of religion, and much edified by the way in which she had made her life conform to its teachings. "Where did you learn your faith, my daughter?" he inquired. "Ah," she replied, "when I was a little child I lived at St. Helena. The Emperor spoke to me one day and asked me what I knew of my catechism. He was not satisfied with my answers, and he said that he would instruct me himself. For years he made me come to him every day and he patiently taught me—for hours at a time. I owe my knowledge of religion, all my faith and joy in it, to him."



THE OLD HOME OF THE BONAPARTES AT BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY

The old home of the American Bonapartes appears not only in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," but also in Princess Caroline Murat's "My Memoirs."

The reader will naturally look with a certain amount of curiosity for reminiscences of Mary Crawford's afterwards distinguished brother. The future novelist was named, as one child in every branch of the family had usually been, after the Revolutionary ancestor, Francis Marion. When he was twelve years old he was sent to America to study at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, where the head master, Dr. Coit, was an old friend of his mother's. After three years at St. Paul's, he went to England to prepare for Cambridge University and spent some time with a tutor

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in Essex. The life in Essex furnished the material for one of his early novels, *The Tale of a Lonely Parish*. "We were talking about it once," writes Mrs. Fraser, "and I remember he said: 'England is the most romantic country in the world. Anything could happen in those lonely old country houses, lost in a dip of the moors, miles away from the beaten roads. The fierce privacy with which Englishmen surround themselves make them absolutely independent within their own domains. No Eastern despot has finer opportunities for autocracy than the ordinary English squire!'"

A CRAWFORD FAMILY GROUP. SHOWING FRANCIS MARION, ANNE, AND MARY

In Italy, Marion Crawford was very fond of the wild Abruzzi district which he afterward described so vividly in *Saracinesca*. In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the people's ways, he dressed as one of them, and wandered about in the mountains for a whole month, leading a mule laden with sacks of beans which he sold to the peasants. They thought he was a "Mercante di fave" from Rome, and never dreamed that he could speak any dialect but the broad "lingua Romana." It was during this period that he had an adventure which deeply impressed his imagination. He and another man had been walking all day through the loneliest part of the hills, and when night found them, hungry and exhausted, they had hopelessly lost their way. As they entered a deep ravine, Marion's companion collapsed into unconsciousness. They were far from any human habitation, and it was as impossible to obtain help as to leave the poor fellow alone with the malaria and the wolves. So Marion

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raised him up and half carried, half dragged him through the darkness. The rocks rose high and black on either side; the night was dense in the deep defile. Marion, worn out with his heavy burden, must have become light-headed, for just as he felt his own strength failing, a wonderful illumination flooded the place. The black rocks on either side became fairy palaces. The pilgrim forgot his weariness and walked on for some hours through the enchanted city. When it faded away, the ravine was left behind, the open country reached, and the walls of a hospitable farmhouse rose before him.

From Mrs. Fraser's account, Marion Crawford's career at Cambridge must have resembled somewhat that of Mr. Arthur Pendennis at Oxford. At Cambridge, she tells us, he did not earn the reputation of an ardent student, but he enjoyed himself immensely. That term "immense" was one which was constantly being applied to him by his fellow-students, and at last he thought he might as well show people what it meant. He hunted for the biggest trotting horse he could find, had a towering dog cart built, dressed himself in checks a foot square and of outrageous colours, and, thus equipped, paraded the dignified uni-

MRS. F. MARION CRAWFORD

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versity town, to the scandal of the authorities and the joy of his fellows. He had a clock, a French gimcrack, exactly imitating a watch, and having instructed his tailor to make a pocket large enough to hold it, he attached it to a big dog chain, the links of which dangled ostentatiously across his waistcoat. One day in the train a facetious stranger, glancing at this ornament, asked him the time.

F. MARION CRAWFORD AS A BOY

When Marion pulled out a watch two inches thick and as big around as a muskmelon, the joker turned white. He thought he was shut in with a maniac, and rushed from the carriage at the next stop. But as was the case with Arthur Pendennis, all this extravagance had to come to an end. Heavy money losses came upon the Crawford family, and Marion was obliged to return to Rome and take up the problem of carving out an independence.

In 1879 Marion Crawford went to India. There he found himself without funds, and in deep discouragement, he made up his mind to enlist in the British army. With characteristic fatalism, however, he decided to wait twenty-four hours before posting the letter he had written offering himself as a recruit in a regiment of the Dragoon Guards, so as to give his luck a chance to catch up with him. The twenty-four hours had nearly elapsed when he received a letter informing him that the editor of the *Allahabad Pioneer* had died suddenly, and asking him to take over the paper. The story of how *Mr. Isaacs* came to be written, comments Mrs. Fraser, is too well known to bear repetition. But there is an odd incident in the history of the novel, she says, which is less well known. Marion wrote it in a few weeks and sent it to Macmillan, and then forgot all

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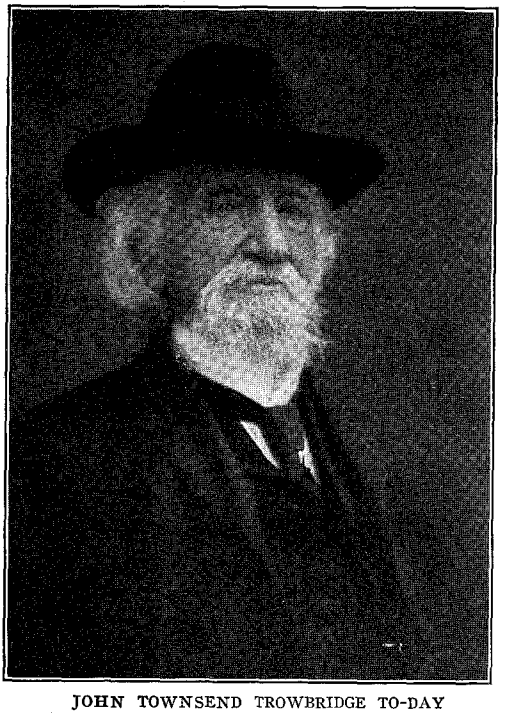
about the manuscript, for three months had passed and no notice was taken of it. Years afterward, when, as Henry James once remarked, Marion was "meat and drink and lodging to publishers," he was shown a letter from John Morley, who had been a reader for Macmillan. Mr. Morley's appreciation of the novel-reading public was hardly justified by events. He classed *Mr. Isaacs* as a work which would never be popular; it would not "pay well," but he advocated its production, saying that it was original and well written and would do a respectable publishing house no harm. This recalls the case of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in the early days, wrote an article about the verses and tales of Rudyard Kipling in which he solemnly prophesied that they would always remain caviare to the many.

Mrs. Fraser pays high tribute to her brother's thoroughness. He was so scrupulous, she says, that he would not write about any subject of which he had not personally and practically mastered the details. *A Roman Singer* was the outcome of years of familiarity with the musical life of Rome; for *Marietta, a Maid of Venice,* he went into every process of Venetian glass work on the spot. For *Marzio's Crucifix* he became a silversmith, making his own designs and beating them out in the metal in classic form. To write *The Witch of Prague* he went and lived in that city and learned Bohemian. It was the seventeenth language he had acquired. "I do not know how many were added to this afterward," writes Mrs. Fraser. "Slav and Scandinavian, Persian and Arabic, Latin and Teutonic tongues—he possessed them all, and I remember his telling me gravely that any one ought to be able to learn a new language in six weeks."



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE TO-DAY

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, THE AUTHOR OF "DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE," AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE

Princess Caroline Murat

In other reminiscences of the hour that old Bordentown home of the Bonapartes plays a conspicuous part. For example, in *My Memoirs,* by the Princess Caroline Murat. Here is a member of the Imperial family, who lived and moved among the activities and gayeties of the Court of Napoleon III., who was by birth a New

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WALTER A. DYER, THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA," HAS WRITTEN "THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE," WHICH IS PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY COMPANY

Jersey girl, for it was on the banks of the Delaware River that this daughter of Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat came into the world the thirty-first of December, 1833. Despite the brilliance of her life in the Paris of the Second Empire the Princess, looking back through the long vista of years, feels that there is nothing in Europe to be compared with Point Breeze, and the remembered scenes of her childhood—the river banks, and the glorious sunsets. Point Breeze was the Count de Survillier's place, and one of the finest estates in the country, extending as it did on both sides of the high-road which ran from Bordentown to Trenton, being about seven miles from the latter and two miles from the former place.

The house was built in the style of an Italian villa, only one story high and with a flat terraced roof overlooking the park and woods. There was a large marble entrance hall, with wide staircase at one end, the steps broad and very low, so that each step seemed a small building—this to avoid any fatigue for the Count, who, no longer young, was in delicate health. The staterooms and picture gallery were on the ground floor, the first floor being reserved for every-day life. The picture gallery held the whole façade on the garden which led from one terrace to another till the park was reached.

In reading these early chapters it is hard to realise that the memoirs are those of a personage of the Second Empire. They sound more like the recollections of an American great lady who sits down in her old age to recall the events and people of a purely American past.

Among other persons familiar to my early recollections, Billy Vanderbilt stands prominent, a tall, slim, shy, sandy-haired youth as I knew him. His father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was then beginning the great fortune whch has brought his name so prominently before the English world of finance and society. And I must not forget an old commodore—Commodore Stewart. I often saw him, a good-natured, good-humoured, real sailor-face, and most kind to children. He lived in a nice old country house overlooking the Delaware and surrounded—almost closed in—by high silver pines. I read some years ago, I think in an American magazine, that "he had sailed for the unknown Port at the advanced age of ninety-one."

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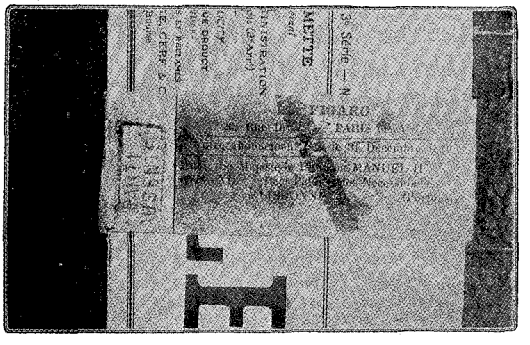
ROBERT W. SERVICE

The Spirit of the Yukon

In a general way we have no intention of contradicting the impression that the writing of verse nowadays is an unappreciated and unprofitable task, or of raising up false hopes. If we were inclined to do so there is in the office a long shelf well filled with volumes of poems that bear the unmistakable marks of having been printed at the author's expense that would very soon cause us to reconsider. Only the other day a man who had written a really good volume of verse came to us with a pitiful story of an expenditure of seven hundred dollars and a sale of fifty copies. But now and then there is an exception to the rule. A poet who brings out two little books and with them achieves a hundred thousand sale sounds like riotous romance. Yet that was exactly the experience of Mr. Robert W. Service, whose *Songs of a Sourdough* and *Ballads of a Cheechako* have been read from one end to the other of the British possessions in North America. Mr. Service caught and expressed the spirit of the Yukon, and the White Country responded. His verse is man's verse, vigorous, colloquial, and a bit brutal at times. In it you learn of hardy virtues and primitive passions, you come to know McGuffy's saloon, and the Malamute, and the "men that don't fit in," and the pitiless law of the Yukon which spurns the "foolish and feeble" and calls for the "strong and the sane." There is, of course, something of the flavour of Kipling, the Kipling of *The Forerunner,* in *Songs of a Sourdough* and *Ballads of a Cheechako,* but there is verse of a quality that can stand alone, and that can be said to have honestly won its extraordinary popularity. Mr. Service, by the way, has written a novel, his first, called *The Trail of Ninety-Eight,* which is to be published sometime this winter.

E. B. Bronson

Edgar Beecher Bronson, author of *The Red-Blooded,* who, when last heard from, was knocking around in out-of-the-way corners of Ecuador, has had all kinds of experience in the fifty-odd years of his life. He began early by coming to New York from up the State when merely a boy, and getting a place as a reporter on the New York *Tribune.* He must have been a good reporter, for when the famous Beecher trial took place—he is a member of the Beecher family himself—he was put in charge of the staff of reporters who were established in Brooklyn to cover the trial verbatim—the greatest piece of journalistic enterprise till that time. It was in carrying some



MANUEL II, KING OF PORTUGAL, "GONE AWAY: NO ADDRESS"

A recent issue of the London Sketch reproduces the wrapper of the copy of the Figaro of Paris which was mailed to the deposed King and returned through the Post-office by the Republicans.

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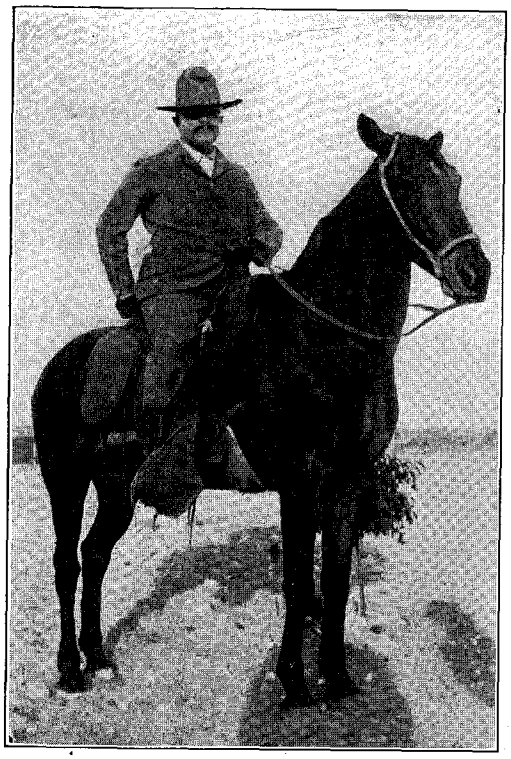
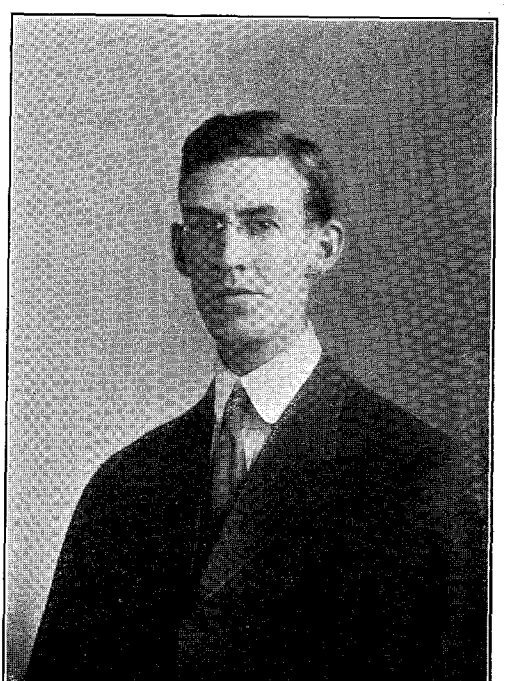


E. B. BRONSON

despatches to the home office across the frozen surface of the East River that Mr. Bronson had his first exciting adventure—one that might have been his last. A boat was coming down stream breaking the ice in the channel, and Mr. Bronson tried to cut across its bow. The heavy wind held him back, and the boat passed him, leaving a commotion of broken ice in his path. Nothing daunted, he jumped for a cake which sank under his weight, but sustained him. Little by little he worked his way across the floe, paddling with his hands, and he finally reached the *Tribune* office half frozen. The result of this experience was pneumonia and a general breakdown which left him so weak that when he recovered he could not return to his place on the paper. Instead, he entered the office of the late Clarence King, who, at the head of one of the divisions of the U. S. Geological Survey, had taken quarters for the performance of some clerical work at No. 23 Fifth Avenue, now the home of General Sickles. After a year or so King sent him west to his ranch to complete his cure. The story of his first Western experiences he has already told in the book which appeared three years ago. Henceforth he made the West his home, owning and running ranches of his own in various parts of the country, and also acting as manager of the ranches of Abram S. Hewitt's syndicate. During this time he saw much of Indian warfare. A few years ago he returned to New York, determined to lead a settled business life and to turn his adventures to literary account. Since then he has written much for the magazines besides having published three books. Literature has not, however, cured him of his restlessness. In 1908 he preceded Roosevelt to Africa on a big game expedition, visiting Nairobi and the capital of the late King Menelik. Now he is in South America. As he made several balloon ascensions while a young man, and as he has kept up his aeronautical interests, we may yet perhaps see him cropping the daisies in company with Captain Baldwin at Belmont Park or Mineola.



WILLIAM T. WALSH, AUTHOR OF "THE MIRAGE OF THE MANY"

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The Case of William Sharp

When, shortly after the death of William Sharp, it became known that he was the author of the books that had appeared under the name of Fiona Macleod, some one said that the successful creation and preservation of the secret was his most notable achievement in fiction. The statement is misleading, however, in so far as it implies that the mystery surrounding Fiona Macleod was a deliberate achievement. The full evidence is now at hand in Mrs. Sharp's frank biography with regard to one of the strangest and most interesting

THE LATE WILLIAM SHARP

cases of dual personality in the annals of literature. No one after reading this account of William Sharp's life, documented as it is with a great number of letters and extracts from diaries, will believe that there was anything calculated or mischievous in the hiding of one of his selves behind the quaint Celtic name. The story, which bears all the marks of truth, sets before us the man known by the name of William Sharp as one who in his highest reaches worked under the direct influence of a mystical inspiration, and who was driven by an imperative necessity to seek an outlet appropriate to this inspiration. He is of the true lineage of the mystics, and recalls Swedenborg with his trances, Blake with his strange visions. Even more strongly he recalls the unhappy Chatterton, whose history, if it were fully known, would doubtless present many striking points of resemblance, in spite of the complete contrast in their ultimate fates.

In the current idea of dual personality there is a pathological suggestion which is luckily absent from the record of Mrs. Sharp's pages. Extraordinary doubtless was the association of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod in a single brain, but there is in neither personality anything unpleasantly morbid. It was not, indeed, one of those clearcut cases of sharply divided consciousness, with the total blotting out of one brain area while the other is active, which furnish the medical psychologist with his most important data in regard to this phase of hysteria. The secondary personality was rather a natural outgrowth of the primary in a mind predisposed to introspection and to a separate, subjective existence in a world of dreams. Sharp was a spirited, adventurous boy, with the mixed traits that came from his Gaelic and Scandinavian ancestry. From his Highland nurse he learned much of the supernatural lore with which the pages of Fiona Macleod are steeped. From childhood he had his rapt, mystical love of nature, his consciousness of life in inanimate things. In his early manhood the daring, Viking strain, indicated by his big frame, his blue eyes and yellow hair, seems to have had the mastery. Devoted to literature, he threw himself into the life of London with the sole resource of his pen, as many another young adventurer has done. He had gifts, both in prose and poetry, which elicited warm praise from such critics as Rossetti, Swinburne and Meredith. Yet the product of William Sharp, measured by the promise of the young man, is a disappointment; must have been such to the man himself. Truth to tell, he developed into a skilful hack-writer of the better grade, turning out an occasional volume of verse, biographical monographs on Rossetti, Browning, and

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others, books of travel, criticisms of literature and painting, and a considerable number of sensational stories, chiefly for boys. Except for the verse, there was little of this work in which he found solid satisfaction, though he had a pride in his growing literary reputation. One traces in Mrs. Sharp's sympathetic account of these years the growing unrest and discontent which led him more and more to yield himself when he could to the mood in which he escaped from the daily grind. And with easier circumstances he found more frequent opportunities to gratify his inclination.

Fiona Macleod was thus a growth, not the deliberate creation of a moment. It was not until William Sharp was well on toward his forties that his *alter ego* assumed a definite shape and name. *Pharais,* "her" first book, was begun and perhaps completed before there was thought of publication under another name than the author's real one. The actual climax is treated by Mrs. Sharp with a mingled frankness and reticence which commands respect. The winter of 1891 they spent in Rome. Mrs. Sharp writes:

> There, at last, he had found the desired incentive toward a true expression of himself, in the stimulus and sympathetic understanding of the friend to whom he dedicated the first of the books published under his pseudonym. This friendship began in Rome and lasted throughout the remainder of his life.
>
> And though this newer phase of his work was at no time the result of collaboration, as certain of his critics have suggested, he was deeply conscious of his indebtedness to this friend, for—as he stated to me in a letter of instructions, written before he went to America in 1896, concerning his wishes in the event of his death—he realised that it was "to her I owe my development as 'Fiona Macleod' though, in a sense, of course, that began long before I knew her, and indeed while I was still a child," and that, as he believed, "without her there would have been no 'Fiona Macleod.'"

Once the distinction had been made, the line of separation between the two personalities became rapidly more marked. He did not abandon the literary activities proper to his own name, though his productivity was decreased; but he tended more and more to live his real life in the person of Fiona Macleod, through whom he expressed himself with a growing sense of freedom and sincerity. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who knew Sharp well, even believed that as Fiona Macleod he sometimes lost entire consciousness of his other self. But Mrs. Sharp explicitly denies this. "That he had no recollection of what he said in that [i. e., the Fiona Macleod] mood was not the case. That he did not understand it, is true. For that mood could not be commanded at will." And she remarks on the intense struggle generated by this duality, particularly in the early years.

> In surveying the dual life as a whole I have seen how, from the early partially realised twin-ship, "W. S." was the first to go adventuring and find himself, while his twin, "F. M.," remained passive, or a separate self. When "she" awoke to active consciousness "she" became the deeper, the more impelling, the more essential factor. By reason of this severance, and of the acute conflict that at times resulted therefrom, the flaming of the dual life became so fierce that "Wilfion"—as I named the inner and third Self that lay behind that dual expression—realised the imperativeness of gaining control over his two separated selves and of bringing them into some kind of conscious harmony. This was what he meant when he wrote to Mrs. Janvier in 1899, "I am going through a new birth."

In 33 A.D.

We are accustomed to thinking of panics and strikes as belonging exclusively to the modern world. Yet the first chapter of William Stearns Davis's *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome* deals with the Business Panic of 33 A.D. and reads startlingly like an account of events of our own time.

As with most panics, the causes of this were not obvious. About a year before, the firm of Seuthes and Son of Alexandria lost three richly laden spice ships on the Red Sea in a hurricane. Their ventures in the Ethiopian caravan trade also were unprofitable, ostrich feathers and ivory having lately fallen in value. It soon began to be rumoured that they might be obliged to suspend. A little later the well-known purple house of Malchus and Company

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(centred at Tyre, but with factories at Antioch and Ephesus) suddenly became bankrupt; a strike among the Phœnician workmen and the embezzlements of a trusted freedman manager being the direct causes of the disaster. Presently it became evident that the great Roman banking house of Quintus Maximus and Lucius Vibo had loaned largely to both Seuthes and Malchus. The depositors, fearing for their money, commenced a run on the bank, and distrust spread because of men, experienced on the Via Sacra (the first century Wall Street), who said that the still larger house of the Brothers Pettius was also involved with Maximus and Vibo. The two threatened establishments might still have escaped disaster had they been able to realise on their other securities. Unfortunately the Pettii had placed much of their depositors' capital in loans among the noblemen of the Belgæ in North Gaul. In quiet times such investments commanded very profitable interest; but an outbreak among that semi-civilised people caused the government to decree a temporary suspension of processes for debt. The Pettii were therefore left with inadequate resources. Maximus and Vibo closed their doors first; but that same afternoon the Pettii did likewise. Grave rumours obtained that, owing to the interlacing of credits, many other banks were affected. Still the crisis might have been localised, had not a new and more serious factor been introduced.

Mr. Allen Upward

Mr. Allen Upward, whose *New Word* was recently discussed in these columns and whose latest book, *Lord Alistair's Rebellion,* is reviewed in the present number, has had an unusually varied and adventurous career. He was born at Worcester, England, in 1863, distinguished himself at his university, practised law in Ireland and England, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. Two years later he became a volunteer in the Greek army in the war with Turkey, ran the blockade of Crete, and accompanied the Greek army of invasion into Turkish territory. He became British Resident of Northern Nigeria in 1901, and in 1907 he was in charge of the Mission to Macedonia. He has besides traversed the world from one end to the other, encountering a great variety of racial types and meeting with many adventures. He has lately visited Constantinople for the study of the Young Turk movement and the new régime, passing thence to Athens, where he has been received as a guest of the nation in recognition of his services during the war. The eccentric, half-mystical philosophy of the *New Word* did not appeal to the publishers, and in spite of its witty, invigorating style and keen and amusing criticism of current fallacies, they refused it, one after another, and Mr. Upward was obliged to bring it out at his own expense. This he did about five years ago, and it was not long in making its way to the public for whom it was intended—the public who value books for their differences from their immediate predecessors, and not, according to the usual publisher's rule, for their resemblances. But though the book, when it was later offered to American publishers, had already gained considerable prestige most of them refused it in their turn. The present publisher shared the distrust so far as to print at first an edition of one thousand, but the first edition was sold before he could distribute the type, and in the short interval that has since passed the sales have been unusually large for a book of that class. Before he wrote the *New Word* Mr. Upward had written chiefly romantic fiction. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion,* written two years ago, is a novel of London politics and society, tinged with some of the philosophic speculations of the *New Word.*

Football and Fiction

It was not so many years ago that the football games to be found in American fiction were affairs to be regarded with huge and contemptuous amusement by any one possessed of even a good side line knowledge of the sport. Estimable ladies invaded the gridiron for heroic situations with dire results. A Yale or Princeton or Harvard team that had just won the championship would rush straight from the chalk lines to take afternoon tea with the heroine, which we all know to be strictly in accordance with custom and tradition. The

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late Archibald Clavering Gunter, in *Miss Nobody of Nowhere,* began the tale with a description of the game between Yale and Harvard at Cambridge in 1878. It was in Mr. Gunter's best vein; consequently exciting and dramatic. But it was not football. English fiction seemed much better off in this respect. To begin with, there was that famous account of the football struggle in *Tom Brown at Rugby.* Then, for the more modern game, there is Conan Doyle's *The Firm of Girdlestone.* While our knowledge of the sport as played under British rules is more or less superficial, we should say unhesitatingly that the account of the battle between Scotland and England is as accurate as it is stirring. It rings true and did not Doyle once play in the "scrum" at Edinburgh University?

In recent American fiction, however, there is a new and very emphatic note. If Mr. Ralph D. Paine, or Mr. Walter Camp, or Mr. Arthur Alden Knipe, or Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, or Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, or Mr. James Barnes writes a football yarn, we expect the yarn to be good, but we know that the football will be. A very striking example of combined inside knowledge and real dramatic power is to be found in the description of the game between the Lawrenceville and Andover School elevens in Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Varmint.* "I never realised you knew so much football," was the abrupt and candid comment of an astonished friend. "That chapter is a text-book on the game." Both Mr. Walter Camp and Police Commissioner William H. Edwards, certainly very sound authorities, wrote to Mr. Johnson, expressing like amusement and delight. Mr. Camp himself, when writing about football, is always entertaining. His fund of knowledge and reminiscence is so rich (despite some inaccuracies in his *Book of Football,* which has been just published by the Century Company) that it is a great pity that he does not write well. This is a charge that certainly cannot be brought against another football and literary product of Mr. Camp's Alma Mater, Mr. Ralph D. Paine.

A few years ago the conventions were such that no general magazine would even have considered an article on sport. But what a change. During the last four and twenty months it has been almost impossible to pick up a magazine that did not contain some kind of an article on baseball. The papers of Mr. Hugh Fullerton in the *American Magazine* were really excellent, although toward the end the writer showed signs of taking himself and his theories with smile-provoking seriousness. About three years ago, when *Everybody's* printed a prize-ring article by Mr. Rex Beach on "The Fight at Tonopah," it was thought expedient to preface it with an editorial note of semi-apology. Since then prize-ring articles in the magazines have become too commonplace to call for comment. There was, by the way, a recent one of unusual cleverness, entitled "In Reno Riotous." The *Century* has been running a series of football papers, and some sort of a "gridiron" special seems to be now as much a necessary feature of a November issue as the Thanksgiving turkey on the cover. By all odds the most extraordinary of these appeared in the *American,* and was from the pen of Mr. Reid, the Harvard coach. It was constructed upon the Fullerton method, and couched in the rich and rhetorical prose which marks the writings of the lyrical gentleman who conducts the football department of the New York *Evening Post.* Mr. Reid's article initiated the reader into vast and awful secrets. The moment that Kennard ran out from the side lines and took his place behind the Harvard eleven for the purpose of kicking the goal-from-field against Yale in 1908, was no chance moment, mark you! It was the result of a deep and cunning scheme, worked out months and months before. Otherwise, would the Harvard coaches have given Kennard that football the previous June, and told him to practise drop-kicking during the summer? Formerly, we were of the opinion that similar footballs and instructions were generally given to promising back field men. But Mr. Reid has impressively convinced us of our mistake.

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Guarding a President

A year or two ago the writer of a very excellent book about President Lincoln told us of a dream. She had been working very hard on the book and had been particularly absorbed in the events leading up to the assassination in Ford's Theatre. One night she went to bed thoroughly exhausted, and, in the words of John Bunyan, "while she slept, she dreamed a dream." She was walking with John Wilkes Booth and questioning him about his motives. Finally Booth said to her: "Miss ——, I am going to tell you something I have never told any one else in the world. I did not kill Mr. Lincoln. The President committed suicide in that box."

We recall this story when taking up *Through Five Administrations,* being the reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook, who was body guard to President Lincoln, and who served in a similar capacity through the administrations of Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. Colonel Crook was on duty near President Lincoln the day after the return from City Point. There were many visitors who had come to advise the course to be pursued toward the conquered Confederacy, and one man was bold enough to ask aloud what every one was thinking.

"Mr. President, what will you do with Jeff Davis when he is caught?"

Mr. Lincoln sat up straight and crossed his legs, as he always did when he was going to tell a story.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that reminds me of an incident which occurred in a little town in Illinois where I once practised law. One morning I was on my way to the office, when I saw a boy on the street corner crying. So I stopped and questioned him as to the cause of his grief. He looked into my face, the tears running down his cheeks, and said: 'Mister, do you see that coon?'—pointing to a very poor specimen of the coon family whch glared at us from the end of a string. 'Well, sir, that coon has given me a heap of trouble. He has nearly gnawed the string in two—I just wish he would finish it. Then I could go home and say he got away.'"

Everybody laughed. They all knew quite well what the President would like to do with Jeff Davis—when Jeff Davis was caught.

We cannot put aside *Through Five Administrations* without an allusion to the case of Winnie Monroe. Winnie was a fat old woman as black as a crow who followed the honoured profession of the immortal Vatel. In other words she was the cook that Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes brought from Ohio to preside over the kitchen of the White House. When in the course of events the Hayes family went back to Ohio and private life, Winnie went with them, but not for long. She was soon back in Washington. "Law, chile," she remarked in explanation, "I cain't stay in no Ohio—not aftah I been de fust cullud lady in de land."

Marie Hay

If we are to accept the testimony of the historian of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, the literary nobleman or noblewoman of the first half of the last century was generally to be regarded with a certain amount of derision. Mr. Bungay, the publisher of Paternoster Row, experimented with titled authors with unfortunate results, and Captain Shandon, in discussing the first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* said, "Then we have a Lord or two but the less they do the better." While times have not changed to the point that a patent of nobility necessarily means a patent of talent, there is no reason to believe that a man or a woman to-day is able to publish inferior books just because he or she happens to possess a title. Indeed, the literary noblemen and noblewomen of the past few years seem, on the whole, to be exceedingly dignified members of the community.

We have in mind, among others, Marie Hay, who outside of her books is known as Baroness Hindenburg. A few months ago we were reviewing her *A German Pompadour.* Her latest book, *The Winter Queen,* tells the story of Elizabeth Stuart, Electress of the Palatine, and Queen of Bohemia. It is cast in the form of a romance, but the details and

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characters are all confirmed by the authority of old chronicles, and by arduous research through many archives. Marie Hay is a Scotch woman, the daughter of Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Kinnoull. Her father and mother were divorced soon after her birth, and she was brought up by her grandmother, the Countess of Kinnoull. Her childhood was spent partly in Paris and partly at her old Perthshire home, Dupplin Castle. In 1903 Marie Hay married Baron Herbert Hindenburg, a grandson of Prince Münster, a former German Ambassador to London and Paris. Baron Hindenburg was appointed to the Prussian Legation in Stuttgart, and there Marie Hay made the studies and discovered the old papers wherein was hidden the strange story of Wilhelmina,

MARIE HAY (BARONESS HINDENBURG)

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Photograph by Sarony

MADAME MODJESKA

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THE RETURN FROM AMERICA. A CARICATURE MADE BY PAPROCHI SOON AFTER MODJESKA'S FIRST APPEARANCE HERE IN 1876. PAPROCHI HIMSELF CARRIES THE SAFE.

Countess Grävenitz, the heroine of *A German Pompadour*. Besides Stuttgart, the Hindenburgs have been in Stockholm and Munich, and they are now at the German Legation in The Hague. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country eight years ago Baron Hindenburg was at the German Embassy in Washington for a few months.

The Real Zagloba

The real Zagloba, Madame Hélène Modjeska, tells us in her *Memoirs and Impressions* which have just been published by the Macmillan Company, was a certain Captain Pietrowski, whom the Modjeskas and Henryk Sienkiewicz knew in California. Like the hero who dominates the pages of *Fire and Sword, The Deluge,* and *Pan Michael,* Captain Pietrowski was a *gourmet,* very tall and very stout, and requiring a vast amount of food to satisfy his colossal appetite. He was a curious type, Madame Modjeska remarks. He seemed suited rather to the sixteenth or seventeenth century than to our modern era. His humour was the humour of Sir Toby Belch or Falstaff. Even his language was unusual. It was quaint, much more correct and crisp than our diluted and distorted gabble of the twentieth century. When the Modjeskas met him, he was a widower, but had lived separate from his wife long before she died. Of course, no commonplace grievance could explain the matrimonial dissensions of a man who stood as the model for Zagloba. Pietrowski and his wife separated for the reason that she adored garlic, and he doted on cheese, and neither could tolerate the taste of the other.

The portrait of Elihu Vedder appearing in our November number should have been credited to Paxton.

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THE PLAYS OF THE AUTUMN SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

VERY rosy view of the current theatre season might be derived from a study of those pages of our Sunday newspapers in which the theatre managers announce their offerings and quote the commendatory notices of newspaper reviewers. It would appear from these advertisements that to go to the theatre night after night at the present time would be to enjoy a series of adventures among masterpieces—that never before have so many great plays been set forth simultaneously on the American stage. The most widely read theatrical reviewer in New York is quoted as having stated that "as a piece of dramatic construction *The Gamblers* is perfect." Mr. Klein's play must, therefore, vie in ultimate artistry with *Œdipus King, Tartuffe, Minna von Barnhelm,* and *Ghosts.* A critic of recognised ability is quoted as calling *The Cub* "one of the wittiest of plays." It must, therefore, rank at least with *The Importance of Being Earnest,* if not indeed with *The School for Scandal. Mother* is advertised as "the play of the century"—the same century, let us remember, in which such inferior offerings as *Mid-Channel, What Every Woman Knows, The Thief, The Witching Hour,* and *The Servant in the House* have been set upon our stage. *Mother* must indeed be worth seeing. The press agent proceeds to describe it as "a story of uplift!" [the exclamation point is his], and to assure the reader that it "hits you right in the heart and makes the tears flow." That sounds a little like what Stevenson called "a brutal assault on the emotions" [he was speaking of the song of "Home, Sweet Home"]; but yet a person not troubled with heart-disease might well decide to submit to the assault for the sake of the promised pleasurable flushing of the tear-ducts. *Smith* is announced as "the greatest comedy success of Mr. Drew's career"—the same Mr. Drew, let us remember, who played Benedick at Daly's to the Beatrice of Ada Rehan; and the critic of an even-

"THE CONCERT"—ACT I

"He is adored by a fluttering multitude of women, who pay him large sums for piano lessons."

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"THE CONCERT"—CURTAIN FALL OF ACT II

"As the pianist becomes engrossed in the game, he ceases to notice the avowed admirer of his beloved and habitual opponent; and he has already for some time forgotten the little woman he eloped with, who sits behind his back, neglected."

"'GET-RICH-QUICK' WALLINGFORD"—ACT I

"His exposition, which is accomplished in the office of the town hotel, is built up out of a kaleidoscopic shift of many bits of character and incident."

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"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"—ACT III

One of "a succession of almost unrelated episodes in the life of a child among the people of a little hamlet in Maine."

"BABY MINE"—ACT II

"The wife seeks to win her husband back by the expedient of adopting a new-born baby and telegraphing her husband that she has become a mother."

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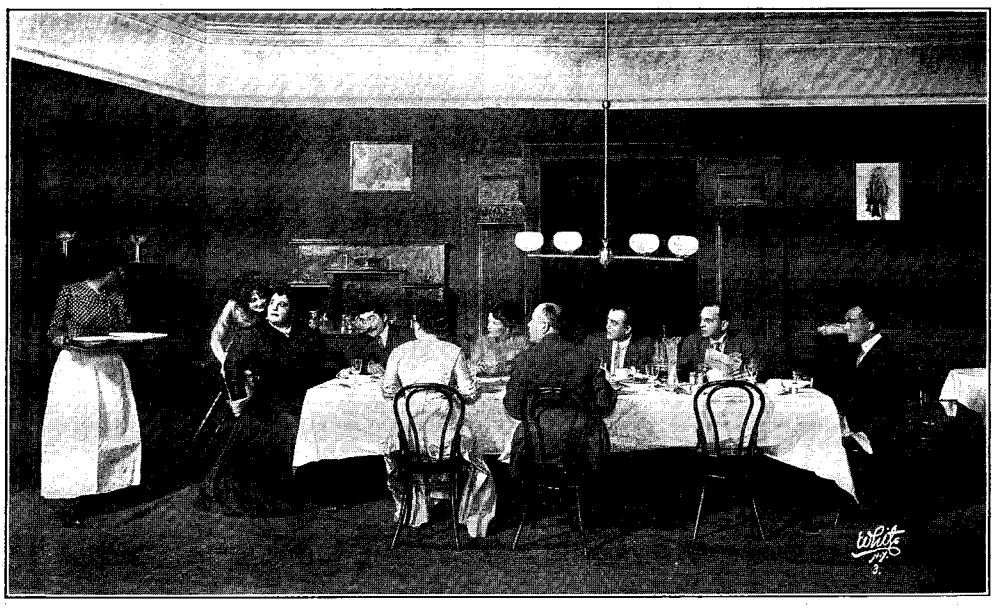

"THE COUNTRY BOY"—ACT II

"A boarding-house dinner is amusingly set forth, with the usual exaggeration of conventional types."

"THE COMMUTERS"—ACT II

"The meeting of the woman's club in the second act would be much funnier if it adhered more closely to the facts of actual experience."

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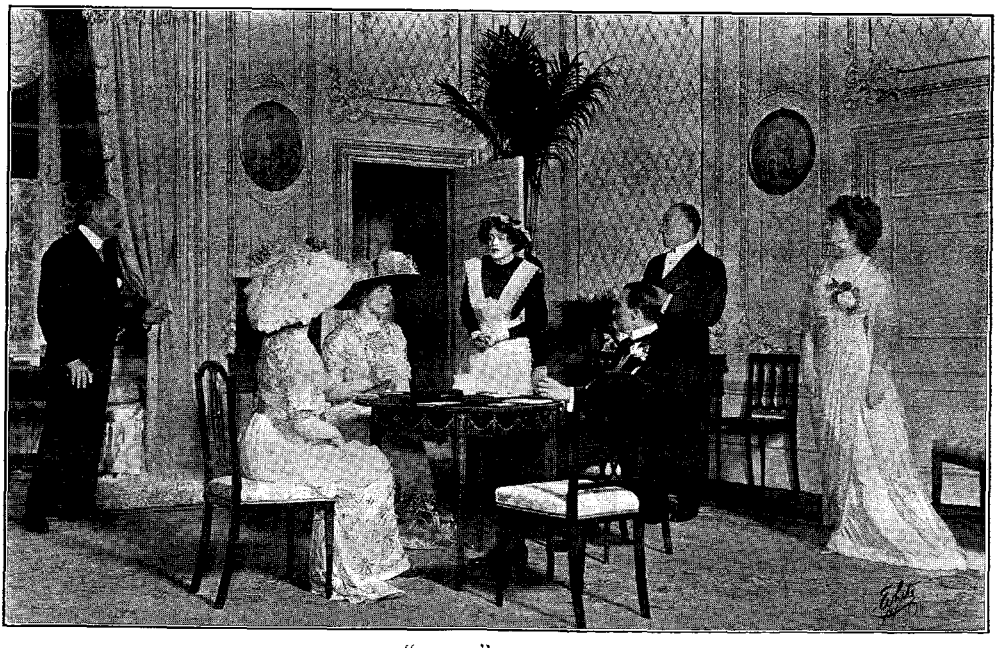
"THE CUB"—ACT II

"The second act, which exhibits both parties to the feud meeting grimly for the annual 'truce dance' in aid of the school-house fund, presents a gallery of diverting caricatures."



"SMITH"—ACT III

"There is a tense moment which is carried off with dignified reserve when a bridge game is interrupted by the announcement of the sudden death of the baby of one of the women, who, in neglect of her home duties, is dealing out the cards."

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ing paper is quoted as declaring the play to be "his best vehicle for years." Only a few years ago Mr. Drew gave an excellent performance in *His House in Order,* one of the most notable technical achievements of the greatest living English dramatist. Mr. Maugham's play, if it is better than Sir Arthur Pinero's, must indeed be worth a visit. Of Mrs. Riggs's dramatisation of her *Rebecca* stories, one of the most dignified and reserved of New York newspapers is quoted as saying that "from beginning to end and without one note of exaggeration, she has kept the whole play quivering with life; touching the imagination, kindling enthusiasm, breaking the heart with pathos and mending it with mirth." The play must easily be greater than *Cyrano de Bergerac,* for there are "notes of exaggeration" in that heroic comedy, and there are, "from beginning to end," one or two scenes during which it doesn't precisely "quiver." And to have the heart—that delicate and vital organ—broken and mended again in a single evening for the inconsiderable sum of two dollars is surely an experience to be anticipated with delight. *"Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford* and *The Country Boy* are presented by two managers so closely allied in business that their advertisements appear adjacent to each other. The former play is "the greatest American comedy produced in years" [better, therefore, than any of the comedies of Mr. Augustus Thomas or the late Clyde Fitch]; and the latter is "the best comedy in town." Here, indeed, is an enthusiasm of inconsistency that reminds us of Ruskin on a rampage.

But if the thoughtful theatre-goer turns from these pages of puffery to the plays themselves that are advertised in such excessive terms, he will discover that there is very little to arrest the mind in the offerings of the autumn season. Many of these epoch-making masterpieces turn out, upon a critical examination, to be unimportant in conception or inadequate in execution; hardly any of them is worthy of the undiscriminating commendation that it has received; and the student of our theatre is led to wonder at that abrogation of the critical spirit in America which makes it possible for the public to read without a smile the pronouncements of the press agents and the quotations from the popular reviewers.

"The Concert"

Of all the plays of the autumn season [except *The Blue Bird,* which is, of course, a literary masterpiece] the only one which deserves unqualified commendation as a work of art is *The Concert,* a German comedy by Herman Bahr, which has been deftly localised in America by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. *The Concert* diffuses a charm which deserves to be described as mellow and of which the essence is a delicate blending of wise humour and sympathetic sentiment. The hero, a Hungarian pianist, is endowed with that temperament of the spoiled child which is lovable because of its defects. He is adored by a fluttering multitude of women, who pay him large sums for piano lessons and make his public recitals the most notable social successes of the musical year. A spoiled child always needs somebody to take care of him; and the pianist is looked after by a wife, who loves him faithfully without any glamour of adoration, and who is scarcely noticed by the cooing covey of his feminine idolaters. Every once in a while he announces that he is leaving town for two or three days to give a private concert; and his wise wife pretends not to know that he is really retiring to his bungalow in the mountains for an episode of romance with one of the gushing women who have hurled themselves at his impressionable heart. Immediately after he has departed on the latest of these temporary elopements, the husband of the young woman who has accompanied him calls upon the wife of the pianist and talks the situation over with her in a dialogue which is remarkable for its engaging sanity. His point is that if his wife and the pianist really love each other, he does not wish to stand in the way of their happiness; but if they are fluttering into peril in the trivial mood of the spoiled artist and the inconsiderate child, he wishes to interfere to save his wife from disillusionment and sorrow. The wife of the pianist, though her mood is less reasonable and more emotional, agrees with this attitude toward the situ-

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ation. Together they follow the romancers to the bungalow, and on the way concoct a humorous plan to declare their intention to set their respective spouses free and thereafter to marry each other. Arrived at the bungalow, they behave like betrothed lovers too interested in each other to pay any attention to the personal feelings of the partners whom they have deleted from their lives. Each of the romancers thereupon develops a jealousy of the pretended interloper in his accustomed marital relation; the strong force of habit asserts itself, and each of the runaways returns instinctively to the partner that had seemed before so easy to desert. The wise man and the wise woman who have devised this humorous object-lesson hold out long enough to make the lesson lasting; then they relent and forgive their moon-struck children, and lead them home to an established domesticity.

Even from a casual summary it should appear that this little comedy is sweetly sane and humorously wise. It is playful in plot and tender in tone; but it teaches a sound lesson about life, and stimulates the audience to helpful thought concerning the personal relations. The characters are so clearly and so humanly drawn that the spectator may transfer them into life at large and remember them apart from the play in which they figure. And the production is at all points worthy of the play. Mr. Belasco's special gift is to stage a piece in such a manner that the setting tells the story to the eye more eloquently than the dialogue tells it to the ear. The curtain-fall of the second act may be noted as an especially successful instance of his method. As evening is waning in the bungalow, the musician sits down to a game of chess with his wife, because he has a habit of playing chess with her at home. The other man looks on, pretending to be absorbed in admiration of the musician's wife. As the pianist becomes engrossed in the game, he ceases to notice the avowed admirer of his beloved and habitual opponent; and he has already for some time forgotten the little woman he eloped with, who sits behind his back, neglected, looking lonely out of the window into the mystic moonlit night. There are no lines of dialogue at this curtain-fall; but the silent picture sums up the entire story and eloquently utters the theme which informs it.

"'Get-Rich-Quick' Wallingford"

"Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford, a dramatisation by Mr. George M. Cohan of certain stories by Mr. George Randolph Chester, is not "the greatest American comedy produced in years"; but it is a lively and delightful entertainment, and it succeeds emphatically in fulfilling the author's purpose to amuse. There is a sleepy little town in Iowa, many of whose citizens have money but lack the initiative to accomplish anything with it. A couple of energetic young impostors, Wallingford and "Blackie" Daw, have planned to take the town by storm and to abscond with the savings of the conservative citizens. They are practically penniless; but they produce an impression that Wallingford is a multi-millionaire who intends to develop the town by investing a large amount of capital in its latent and undeveloped resources. The two conspirators start a number of wildly imaginative business schemes and persuade the citizens to invest their money in them, intending suddenly to run away with the collected capital before the bubbles burst; but they devote so much energy and persistency to pushing the schemes they have invented that the schemes succeed, and they find it more profitable to pursue them legitimately and to divide the profits with their investors. The crooks turn honest not because of any qualms of conscience or conversion to morality; but because they are persuaded by circumstances stronger than their own intent that honesty is the best policy; and it must be registered to the credit of the author that he did not attempt to lift the philosophy of his satire above the plane of Franklin. The play is very clever in incident; it is alive with caricatures sufficiently near to life to look like characters during the hasty traffic of the stage; and it is written in a ready and careless slang that is both natural and funny.

In his dual capacity as author and stage-director, Mr. Cohan has exhibited a theatric skill that is worthy of serious study. His main merit is a zest for con-

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stant movement. He uses a large cast of characters and keeps them hurrying on and off the stage, launching hasty lines in passing. He seldom pauses for a deliberate, uninterrupted dialogue. His exposition, which is accomplished in the office of the town hotel, is built up out of a kaleidoscopic shift of many bits of character and incident. The aspect of the scene changes ceaselessly before the eye; and yet the spectator is never befuddled as he watches it. The effect is intricate but not chaotic. The rapidity of interweaving movements which Mr. Cohan achieves in his stage-direction suggests to the spectators an active sense of life and does not allow them time to discount the exaggerations of the story. So completely does Mr. Cohan carry his audience by storm that he renders them unable to perceive that his last act is merely a procession of many characters across the stage, each of whom is pointed out in turn by Wallingford to a new personage who has been introduced thus late in the story merely for the purpose of observing them. Nothing could be more elementary in structure than this processional epilogue; but the activity of the preceding acts has carried the audience beyond the mood of cavil.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Miss Charlotte Thompson has more than once exhibited a knack for making passable plays out of novels which were difficult to dramatise; and it should therefore be noted that she has collaborated with Kate Douglas Wiggin in preparing the stage version of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* The result is, in this case, not a play, but a succession of almost unrelated episodes in the life of a child among the people of a little hamlet in Maine. What the piece lacks is a steady progression of incident toward a definite culmination—in other words, a plot. But if it is weak in structure, it is strong in characterisation. It presents a vivid realisation of many clearly defined types of character—some of them, like the rustic replica of Jane Austen's Miss Bates, being variations of traditional types, while others, like the village stage-driver, are richly human. The dialogue is very real, but scarcely succinct enough for the purposes of the theatre; the talk too often halts the incident.

It would be unfair to criticise otherwise than personally any play which deals primarily with children; for critics with an equal understanding of theatric art will be affected very differently by a piece of this type. I therefore speak only for myself when I confess that my heart was neither broken nor mended by the performance of *Rebecca.* When hard-hearted grown-ups were cruel to the little girl, I resisted the appeal to pathos. What I felt mainly was a sense of linked sweetness long drawn out; and a saccharine young gentleman in the cast who went about saying kind words to all the little girls afflicted me with a desire to quote aloud the most outrageous words in the vocabulary of Falstaff. For presenting material such as this, the theatre is not so effective a medium as the novel. In reading Mrs. Riggs's books, we look at Rebecca and the other children through the mind of the author, and we see them hallowed in the mood of the novelist's own vision of them. But in the theatre we see no longer a charming woman's imagination of Rebecca, but merely an actual young girl who is sweet to everybody in a sing-song voice.

"Keeping up Appearances"

Keeping up Appearances, a comedy by Mr. Butler Davenport, which was withdrawn by the managers less than two weeks after it was first presented, was one of the most interesting offerings of the autumn season. It was praised very highly by the best reviewers; but their remarks fell unheeded by a public whose ears had been already dinned with extravagant laudation of many far less worthy efforts. Our silly system of advertising has its tragic side. After a bad piece has been puffed as the greatest play of the century, it becomes impossible to convince the public of the merits of an unpretentious play which is really worth seeing. Though bad art may gain for the moment, good art is certain to lose, by the abrogation of sincere and cultured criticism.

Mr. Davenport's effort was not really a good play; but it was an earnest and interesting study of family life. The defect of the piece was that the author did

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not get his action under way until the third of the four acts in which it was constructed. The first act offered a clear and complete exposition of the situation of the family whose fortunes formed the subject of the author's study, but it did not start the plot. The second act was also a static study of character, very real and, therefore, interesting to the intellect, but overlaid with talk and not sufficiently leavened with dramatic incident. The last two acts set forth several moments of genuine drama; and one quiet dialogue in the fourth act between the wife and the mistress of an erring husband—two women totally different in nature, who have nothing in common but their love for the same man—constituted one of the most tense and touching scenes which have been set upon our stage this year. Mr. Davenport's play was faultily proportioned; it had too little plot to carry its characters, and for two acts at least it displayed more talk than action; but, on the other hand, it was a sincere and earnest representation of a phase of life which the author had honestly observed. Life is more interesting than theatrical contrivance, though the best art in drama demands a union of them both; and to draw the thing as he sees it is a nobler endeavour for the artist than merely to plan an effective plot.

"Baby Mine"

Baby Mine, a farce by Margaret Mayo, is a commendable bit of work because it thoroughly fulfils the purpose of the author. It presents a series of ludicrous incidents in an uproarious crescendo, and it is enlivened with many clever lines. A young husband has left his young wife in a fit of petulant jealousy and has transferred his residence to another city. She seeks to win him back by the expedient of adopting a new-born baby from a maternity hospital and telegraphing her husband that she has become a mother. But the actual mother of the baby changes her mind, about the time that the husband arrives upon the scene; and it becomes necessary for the wife and her friends to secure another infant to serve as offspring to the imagined father. An available wash-woman has just given birth to twins; but the conspirators are detected in their effort to substitute the newly adopted pair for the original infant, and the astonished husband deems himself for a time the father of triplets. Mrs. Selwyn has embroidered this amusing theme with many funny complications, and has skilfully applied a technical knowledge of the theatre to the task of making her audience merry for two hours.

"Mother"

It is rather a pity that Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman's domestic drama entitled *Mother* should be advertised as "the play of the century," because young playwrights of promise ought not to be pushed at the outset into unnecessary comparison with the masters. Mr. Goodman's work is good enough to deserve criticism; and the fact that this play of his will not endure comparison with *Mid-Channel* should not be emphasised against him by his press agent. *Mother* tells a very sentimental story, which is sufficiently real not to alienate the interest of the average spectator. Commonplaceness is at once its merit and its defect; it is commendable because its emotion is commonplace and, therefore, appealing, and it is censurable because its thought is commonplace and, therefore, unilluminative. The author displays an effective command of crude pathos, a familiar observation of the facts (rather than the truth) of life, sufficient technical ability to develop an adequate plot, and a gift for realising character. But his play is not only excessively sentimental; it is also (when considered seriously) immoral. The mother in the story throws away her own fortune and absconds that of her younger children in order to pour money into the lap of her favourite, but worthless, oldest son; she commits forgery to save him from the consequences of a crime of which he has been deliberately guilty; she slams her door in the face of her most faithful friend because he protests against the iniquity of her action: and yet the author holds her up for praise and seduces the sympathies of the audience to support her. Mr. Goodman apparently thinks that it is virtuous for a woman to indulge herself in the luxury of self-sacrifice, even though, to experience that self-

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infliction of delicious pain, she ruins the lives of those who are dearest to her. He sets forth an elder sister who loves and is loved by a worthy man and who tries to make this man marry her younger sister out of a mistaken sense of kindness for her. This situation was, of course, made classic in *Frou-Frou;* but whereas Meilhac and Halévy worked it out to the nemesis of a tragic catastrophe, Mr. Goodman approves of the self-sacrificing sister and forces his audience to sympathise with her. His later development of this complication follows the lines of Mr. Howells's treatment of the sisters in *The Rise of Silas Lapham;* and, as in Mr. Howells's masterpiece, the man ultimately marries the right girl. But for "a story of uplift!" *Mother* is strangely unsound in its ethical philosophy.

The Commuters, by Mr. James Forbes, is a fairly amusing farce; but it lacks the freshness of his two preceding plays. The slangy dialogue is as humorous as ever; but the story is episodic, the plot is too disjointed, and the characterisation is not sufficiently distinct. The effort as a whole seems rather tired, as if the author were forcing himself to write once more in a vein which had previously proved popular. This weariness of invention shows itself here and there in an unnecessary exaggeration of genuinely comic material. The meeting of the woman's club in the second act, for instance, would be much funnier if it adhered more closely to the facts of actual experience. But, on the other hand, the serious twist at the curtain-fall of the third act, though unexpected, is not so artificial as the melodramic culminations of Mr. Forbes's earlier comedies. He is an author with a fine eye for humorous detail. What he needs is to see life more in the large.

"The Commuters"

The Country Boy, by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, discloses several interesting scenes, but the piece as a whole is not co-ordinated to develop an inherent theme. In the second act a boarding-house dinner is amusingly set forth, with the usual exaggeration of conventional types; and the third act contains a very real and moving dialogue in which an older man who is himself down in his luck persuades the younger and despairing hero not to commit suicide. The piece is real enough as a bit of story-telling; but there is no theme to hold the various scenes together, and the spectator is led to suspect that the author wrote it without any clearly defined dramatic purpose.

"The Country Boy"

In the comedy entitled *Smith,* the neat and entertaining talent of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is revealed at its best. Mr. Maugham nearly always selects for representation a theme which has already proved itself popular in the theatre. In this particular play he says lightly and deftly what Mr. Alfred Sutro said more earnestly and emphatically in *The Walls of Jericho.* To call attention to this fact is not to accuse Mr. Maugham of imitation. Molière's *Le Misanthrope* includes Mr. Sutro's play as well as Mr. Maugham's; and an available theme may always be used over and over again in the theatre. Rather must we assign credit to Mr. Maugham for a clever and dainty treatment of traditional material.

"Smith"

The hero, after several years of earnest labour in South Africa, returns to London with the avowed purpose of seeking a wife. His married sister, with whom he makes his headquarters, has been artificialised during his absence by the frivolities of high society; and all the marriageable women to whom she introduces him are insincere and shallow. The author avails himself of many opportunities to satirise the high society of London, and is especially successful in the delineation of a sophisticated parasite who, without much money of his own, contrives to live well by making himself agreeable to a succession of married women whose husbands are well-to-do. The hero finally, in disgust at the artificiality of the high-bred folks with whom he has been thrown, decides to marry Smith, the maid-servant of his sister, and carries her off to South Africa to the consternation of his sister and her friends. The comedy is wittily written and reveals one or two scenes which display a grasp of character. Especially interesting are two dialogues in

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which a society girl first forces the hero to propose to her and accepts him on the spot, and then subsequently gives him up because she realises that she is not worthy of him; and there is a tense moment which is carried off with dignified reserve when a bridge game is interrupted by the announcement of the sudden death of the baby of one of the women, who, in neglect of her home duties, is dealing out the cards.

"The Little Damozel"

The Little Damozel, by Mr. Monckton Hoffe, tells an interesting story which is real at times and is at times enlivened with genuine wit. The little comedy reveals more plot than atmosphere; but much of the dialogue is cleverly written. A profligate who has been discarded by the girl to whom he had been engaged agrees for a sum of money to lure into marriage the harpist of the band of a Bohemian restaurant in London and thus take her off the hands of a more successful man whom she has intended to sue for breach of promise. After marrying the harpist, the profligate discovers that the man who hired him is engaged to marry his own former fiancée. The harpist at the same time discovers the dastardly way in which she has been sold as a commodity. The profligate contemplates suicide; but in the end a happy outcome is effected through a genuine love which develops between the harpist and the profligate and turns their mock marriage into a real one. This is an artificial and a sentimental comedy; but it appeals to the sympathy and the good humour of the average audience.

"Decorating Clementine"

Le Bois Sacré, of MM. Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, was originally a very charming comedy; but in its American presentation, under the title of *Decorating Clementine,* it lacked all localisation of atmosphere. The fault lay not so much in Miss Gladys Unger's translation of the text as in the acting and the stage-direction. Clementine is a distinguished woman novelist of Paris who seeks to secure the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. She, therefore, cajoles the Minister of Fine Arts and orders her uxorious husband to flirt with the minister's wife. Her husband undertakes this task unwillingly, but soon develops a sufficient interest in the object of his enforced attentions to excite the jealousy of his own wife, who now seeks to divert him from the personal conquest which at first she had implored him to seek. The comedy is clever in details of incident and character, and much of the dialogue is brilliant; but in the American presentation the satire lacked a local habitation, the people were neither French nor British nor American, and the absence of definite atmosphere was fatal.

"The Scandal"

The Scandal, by M. Henry Bataille, was another French play that failed to survive the sea-change incident to importation to America. The common saying that human nature is the same all the world over was once again proved to be fallacious by this attempt to make clear to an American audience an analysis of a social complication which was essentially and narrowly French. There are certain emotional reactions natural enough to the French temperament which are incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon; and a French play which is evolved from these can never be successfully transported to the English stage. In M. Bataille's drama, a wife who has committed adultery is harrowed by a steadily increasing fever of suspense and fear lest her husband should discover her repented infidelity; but meanwhile at least three other men in the story, with none of whom is she personally intimate, learn all about her fault, directly or indirectly, from the wife herself. She talks over her secret sin with comparative strangers, and the men all seem to accept the situation as a matter of course. This is only one of many instances in which the human nature of this play is incongruous with the human nature that Americans are used to. But, on the other hand, there are moments, like that of the husband's final forgiveness of his wife, which are not only beautiful and sound but universal. Americans who have lived in France, or who are thoroughly familiar with the French drama, will find this social study of M. Bataille's very well worth reading; it is searching in its analysis of character,

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powerful in its employment of suspense and of surprise, and very moving in its emotion. But the play should never have been presented as a commercial venture in the American theatre, because the audience could not believe that the Anglo-Saxon-looking people on the stage really thought or said or did such things as were set forth in the action.

"The Deserters"

There is an engaging note of honesty in a melodrama that is set forth frankly as a bit of emphatic story-telling and does not pretend to be taken seriously as a study of actual life. It is this note that makes *The Deserters,* by Robert Peyton Carter and Anna Alice Chapin, the most pleasing melodrama of the autumn season. It tells a very interesting story, with several thrills and many moments of suspense; and though at times it o'ersteps the modesty of nature, it does so in the frank pursuit of theatrical effect. The hero, under provocation, assaults a man and, thinking that he has killed him, flees. The victim, who was only stunned, is subsequently killed by some one else. A girl detective, who is employed to track down the supposedly guilty fugitive, falls in love with him while she is luring him into her power. At the culmination of the story, the climax of *Fédora* is adapted to the exigencies of the situation; and the familiar mechanism of Sardou is just as thrilling as ever in its new setting. Subsequently the girl traps the actual murderer into a confession of his guilt and thereby saves her lover. The play is exciting in invention and rapid in movement; and the story is none the less plausible because it is impossible.

"The Gamblers"

The Gamblers, by Mr. Charles Klein, once again displays those characteristics which have been shown in all his other recent plays. The subject-matter is journalistic; the plot is effectively theatrical in its cumulative intensity of incident; the characterisation is empty of veracity; and the dialogue is lacking in distinction. The play is interesting as a bit of mechanism, but unbelievable as a review of life. It is rather better than *The Lion and the Mouse,* but not quite so effective as *The Third Degree.* It sets forth a little group of men who are alleged to be the directors of an important banking corporation in Wall Street; but when confronted with a crisis, they show themselves childishly incapable of co-ordinating any plan of action. Two of them behave and talk like small tradesmen in a little town in Indiana. An elderly gentleman who, as president of the bank, is responsible for the funds of his depositors, is portrayed as utterly incompetent, and when the bank is wrecked by criminal practices on the part of his son, is excused of guilt and held up for sympathy by the author on the ground that it was not his business to know anything about his business. The commercial, the legal, and the social procedure in the story are frequently at variance with fact. A prosecuting attorney who bribes a man to turn over to him the evidence on which his case depends will arrange to receive the all-important papers in person and not to have them delivered by messenger at his house at an hour when he knows that he will not be at home. A gentleman, even though he be a prosecuting attorney, does not, when he goes to the house of a family with whom he is still on social terms, take with him two hirelings who are known to be detectives and post them wherever he wishes about the house. A woman does not sit around for ten minutes discussing ethics with another woman when, to save the man she loves from prison, she need only knock at a door four feet away, behind which she knows him to be dressing, and pass through it, as he opens it a few inches, the papers that will save him. While she is discussing ethics, her husband, who has followed to prevent her from delivering the papers, and who entered the house only a few moments after she arrived, does not stand around downstairs doing nothing and defer his entrance until the ethical lecture is concluded. A man for whom at the moment there is no warrant for arrest, seeing a private detective hired by a personal enemy peering at him from the balcony of his room, will order the man away instead of acting a pantomime to entertain him. Throughout the play the ethics of the leading characters are juggled to suit the story. The author makes the audi-

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ence excuse them when they do wrong and wonder at them when they do right.

The Gamblers is an interesting contrivance and, considered merely as a mechanical melodrama with no reference to life, it is worthy of unstinted praise. It is only because it has been lauded as a "perfect piece of dramatic construction" and advertised as a serious study of American social and commercial life that the candid spectator may feel impelled to pick it to pieces and show that it is—in Meredith's phrase—"betrayed by what is false within."

"The Cub"

Mr. Thompson Buchanan has more than once developed in one mood a story that seemed to demand treatment in another. In *The Intruder* he made a comedy out of material that might more naturally have served to make a serious social drama. In his latest play, *The Cub*, he has planned a melodrama and then treated it as farce. Melodrama and farce are, of course, closely akin, since in each the incidents control the characters; and it is far less difficult to turn a farce into a melodrama than to turn a serious social play into a comedy. In *The Cub* Mr. Buchanan has furnished his audience with considerable amusement by laughing at the melodramatic materials of his story. Murder is in the air; the hero is in continual danger of being shot; and yet the incidents are all uproariously funny. The play deals with a primitive and savage feud between two families in the mountains of Kentucky and the difficulties of a young newspaper reporter who is sent up from Louisville to "cover" the feud for his paper. The best moments in the play are at the same time thrilling and satirical; the danger of death accentuates amusement at the triviality of its cause. The second act, which exhibits both parties to the feud meeting grimly for the annual "truce dance" in aid of the schoolhouse fund, presents a gallery of diverting caricatures, but is a little thin in incident. More melodrama, rather than less, might have made this act still funnier. The dialogue is not precisely witty, but it romps along with an amused daredeviltry that is boyish and enlivening. *The Cub* is a playful triviality that deserves to succeed with a public avid for entertainment.

"Electricity"

Mr. William Gillette's comedy entitled *Electricity* reveals anew his technical command of the theatre, but is notable for little else. In order to win the love of a rich young girl who has developed the hobby of parlour socialism and announced that she will never marry a man who is not a labourer, a rich young fellow changes clothes with an electrician who is wiring her father's house. By so doing he entangles the actual electrician in difficulties not only with his employers but also with his family and his fiancée, and of course the job of wiring the house is badly bungled; but he wins the heroine's affection and cures her of her extravagant ideas. This mildly satiric story is told with Mr. Gillette's accomplished ease; the characters are lightly but distinctly sketched, and the dialogue occasionally brightens into wit. But the piece, although not faulty, leaves an impression that it was scarcely worth the doing.

In the January number Mr. Hamilton will discuss the moving-picture show from the point of view of the dramatic critic. Not only because the moving-picture has driven out of existence several forms of actual drama—traditional popular melodrama, for example—does it demand consideration by a critic of the theatre. The new art itself possesses many technical advantages as a medium for exhibiting narrative and dramatic action. The qualities of humour and of pathos that are disclosed in the moving-picture stories, the narrative nature of their plots, and the possibilities of drawing characters in a story without words will all be considered from the standpoint of serious criticism.

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Examiner of Plays

Althorp
Lord Chamberlain.

To The Manager of the Daly's Theatre, London. W.

THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS—FAC-SIMILE OF THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO JULES ECKERT GOODMAN GRANTING THE PERMISSION OF STAGING HIS PLAY "MOTHER." "MOTHER," BY THE WAY, HAS BEEN MADE INTO A NOVEL WHICH IS TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT MONTH

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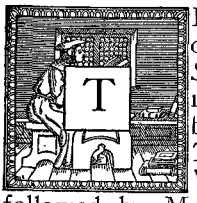
MARK TWAIN'S ILLUMINATING BLUNDER

BY F. M. COLBY



HE posthumous volume of *Mark Twain's Speeches* begins with his ill-fated address at the birthday dinner given by *The Atlantic Monthly* to Whittier in 1877. It is followed by Mark Twain's account of that distressing occasion and the story has recently been told again by Mr. Howells in his *Reminiscences of Mark Twain*. Both versions agree as to the magnitude of the disaster. Mr. Howells calls the speech an "amazing mistake," a "bewildering blunder" and a "cruel catastrophe," and says

> There fell a silence weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment and was broken only by the hysterical and blood-curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy.

Mark Twain says:

> I didn't know enough to give it up and sit down. I was too new to public speaking, and so I went on with this awful performance, and carried it clear through to the end, in front of a body of people who seemed turned to stone with horror. . . . When I sat down it was with a heart which had long ceased to beat. I shall never be as dead again as I was then.

Now we venture to say that to any man moving along with the present generation, who reads the speech and considers the circumstance, the striking thing about the whole affair will be the false dignity, the nipped and pursed up spirit, that must have prevailed in literary Boston some forty years ago. That is an aspect of the matter to which neither Mark Twain nor Mr. Howells refers. Yet it has for us a curious interest.

Mark Twain had gladly accepted the invitation to address the diners, and knowing that Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes were to be among them had prepared in high confidence a little skit telling of three absurd impostors who had announced themselves by these distinguished names at a miner's cabin in the far West. According to the story, a melancholy miner at whose cabin Mark Twain found shelter one night told him that three other "littery men" had stayed with him the night before and given him much trouble. They were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Holmes. In reply to Mark Twain's question the miner gives an account of the visit.

> They were a rough lot, but that's nothing: everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly like as if he had a wig made of hair brushes. His nose lay straight down on his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin and then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he:
>
> "Through the deep caves of thought
> I hear a voice that sings
> Build thee more stately mansions,
> O my soul!"
>
> Says I, "I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and moreover I don't want to." Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:
>
> "Give me agates for my meat;
> Give me cantharids to eat,
> From air and ocean bring me foods,
> From all zones and altitudes."
>
> Says I, "Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel."

So the tale ran on in the nonsensical,

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preposterous Mark Twain manner, familiar to his readers then as now, turning solely on the absurdity of the imposture, and obviously having nothing to do with any qualities personal or literary of the actual Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow. The names of Dryden, Pope and Addison might have served his turn as well.

But at the first mention of these great Boston names in the miner's story the faces of the fifty diners stiffened with horror, having, according to Mark Twain, the expression they might have worn had he introduced the names of the persons of the Trinity. Mr. Howells, who was toastmaster, had presented the speaker as "a humourist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke." Mr. Howells was as deeply shocked as the rest of them, and to judge from his recent narrative has apparently not yet recovered. Holmes, Emerson and Longfellow were, he says, regarded with a kind of religious awe that we who are remote from them in time and place cannot appreciate.

> They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called *presence,* for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit . . . To be sure they were not themselves mocked; nevertheless their personality was trifled with, and I could only end by reflecting that if I had been in their place, I should not have liked it myself.

During the speech he observed Holmes writing busily on his menu, feigning preoccupation, Longfellow bolt upright looking at the speaker with "an air of pensive puzzling," and Emerson, whose memory had failed, "listening in a sort of Jovian oblivion." Emerson, indeed, was unable to understand what was said, and immediately forgot the incident, but the dignity of Holmes and Longfellow was thought to have been ruffled. Mr. Howells hastened to Mark Twain when the dinner was over, mourned over him, and left him deeper in despair and guilt, and Mark Twain afterward wrote pathetic letters of apology to the three injured divinities. He was consoled somewhat by a letter from Professor Child, who having read the speech in a Boston newspaper, praised it as "the richest piece of humour in the world." But Mr. Howells never ceased to regard it fearfully, and when Mark Twain, years afterward, asked his advice as to reading it at a meeting of newspaper men, Mr. Howells discouraged him, thinking it too dreadful even for that. Mark Twain says he himself suffered deep humiliation for a year or two, then tried to forget the episode, but finally after twenty-eight years, some one having reminded him of the speech, he had it copied from the Boston newspapers and read it again. His final opinion, as expressed in his *Autobiography,* was that the speech was a good one, and he could account for its frigid reception at the time only by his faults of delivery.

The story which we have here baldly summarised deserves a place in every manual of our literary history. So admirably does it exemplify the spinsterhood of American letters in general and the rigours of Boston's literary atmosphere in particular. It is absurd to try and account for the "catastrophe" by Mark Twain's "irreverence" toward Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes or his "trifling with their personalties." Reading the speech nowadays we can think only of the inhumanity of that awful group of diners toward Mark Twain. No other motive than the desire to amuse them is discernible in a single line of it, and even supposing its humorous intention was not fulfilled, it was at least deserving of those hard smiles we give for charity, especially to the man on the platform. The severity of this rigid little company contrasts strangely with the complaisance we usually show on such occasions. When any one is trying to amuse a crowd of us we are as a rule almost too amiably ready to take the will for the deed.

We cannot sit stolidly by and see a man's efforts fall flat. As civilised men we are always laughing when we are not amused and expressing an interest we do not feel. In laughter, especially, it is only the stony-hearted that are altogether sincere. Laughter is a merciful acknowledgment of the other man's intention. It has long since been perverted to this social use. Among civilised men

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the greater part of laughter is, as is well known, not a natural private product but an artificial concession to a social demand. And the force of this demand is stronger in a crowd by as much as the discomfiture of the man on the platform is more pathetic than the downfall of the joker in private life. Familiar as we are with this humane observance, trained to laugh punctually, even inordinately, upon demand, often at great personal inconvenience, merely to oblige a friend, or as a public duty, or to shield an idiot from our opinion of him, or to allay embarrassment, cover fatigue, avert disappointment, and hide the brutal egotistic verities in our intercourse with men, we can only marvel at the bleak and naked barbarity of those Boston guests. Had Mark Twain been guilty of the worst of jokes the punishment seems to us of this day cruel and unusual.

Nor can it be explained by the "extraordinary dignity" of these three distinguished persons. Mark Twain's burlesque took that dignity so much for granted that its whole point turned on the contrast between it and the antics of their three impersonators, employing a device ancient and classic, an heirloom of the comic poets, familiar as the fable of the ass in the lion's hide. The horror of the deed cannot be appreciated by studying either the speech itself or the qualities of the three divinities, but only by regarding earnestly the simple fact that the deed was done in literary Boston. Whether Mark Twain's joke was good or bad it was at least vivacious and therein lay its blasphemy. Suddenly and without warning he burst out talking in a group of deeply dyed New Englanders as if among men. Even now that would be a serious blunder in many parts of New England, where no one versed in the local usages would dream of talking naturally on convivial occasions. To this day a social meeting in New England is often merely penitential, the natives being forced into social intercourse for the punishment of some secret sin and held together by the embarrassment of leave-taking. Hence those pinched and bitter little gatherings you sometimes see in the upper circles of small New England towns—"parties in a parlour all silent and all damned." It was because the sons of the Pilgrims knew that they would be happier at home that they first went out into "Society." To avoid pleasure, they began to entertain.

But Mark Twain knew nothing of all this, knew nothing of the great law that the fear of fun is the beginning of reverence, or of those twin deities Pucker and Constraint, New England's Castor and Pollux, worshipped for generations with strange inhuman rites. To him a dinner in Boston was a dinner and nothing more, though in the Boston of 1877, and in circumstances of the utmost literosity, embarrassment and self-effacement, four New England celebrities in the flesh and forty admirers in the goose-flesh, true refinement in full sway, all the vitalities battened down, and every impulse chained to a propriety. Suddenly he appeared among them utterly reckless and undisguised, that shameless, wanton, uncouth thing, a human being.

It was not merely that he tried to be amusing; the damage was done when he was seen to be alive. At other times and places he might have played with Behemoth as with a bird or even with entire propriety have danced before the Lord, but that was under another Dispensation, not literary and Bostonian, altogether a different matter from approaching, "in a light and personal spirit" people with the "thing called *presence*" as understood in Boston, reading a frivolous speech before Oliver Wendell Holmes. But it is not likely that any one of the guests in his private and personal capacity could have been shocked by anything that Mark Twain said on this occasion; the horror arose from a collective misunderstanding, each listener suspecting the other of being scared. It might have been safe for Mark Twain to talk naturally, even exuberantly to a single Bostonian, however cultivated, but not to more than one. With two Bostonians he ought to have been only one-half himself, and one-fiftieth if there were fifty. Horror of human nature began in one Bostonian with the consciousness of the presence of another Bostonian, mounting as the numbers increased. There was Holmes, for example, who in his books seemed

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free, almost reckless in contrast to his environment; praised spontaneity, ventured feats of intellectual daring, often girded at Bostonian stiffness and sometimes charmed by his air of impulsiveness. Yet he felt keenly the serious nature of a meeting with another Bostonian. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* he says it is proof of some secret depravity in any man, if he is seen advancing with a smile on his face to greet an acquaintance in the streets of Boston. He calls it the "terrible smile." Not that Holmes or his two famous companions were to blame for Mark Twain's discomfiture. That arose from the social gravity involved in this large and dangerous meeting of Bostonians—the sort of gravity, perhaps, that the Frenchman had in mind when he called it "a mystery of the body invented to disguise the failings of the soul."

Such is our analysis of the situation from the point of view of to-day and trivial as the incident is it brings out quite forcibly the cramped and servile spirit in which these writers were approached and the injustice done to them and to us in the memoirs of the men who knew them. The older generation has used us ill. They have passed on to us tremulous and inarticulate pages, bearing witness perhaps to their own emotion but conveying none to us. In their awe-struck, tongue-tied contemporary commentaries, so local in outlook that they seem almost written in dialect, you will find no real respect or appreciation of the men they describe. They may have felt it, but they could not put it into words. It has remained for men of our own time to do that, and for words at all worthy of the subject, for an expression of full-hearted admiration, intellectual sympathy and real reverence, one must read estimates like that of Mr. John Jay Chapman's essay on Emerson written in 1898, or Mr. Brownell's essay on Emerson printed last year. For example, what Mr. Howells and other contemporary literary folk who met Emerson called reverence was really not reverence at all. It was a sort of literary buck fever.

> When I heard him coming into the parlour at the Wayside my body literally grew stiff and my tongue dry with awe.

So says Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis in her reminiscences of Emerson, but she, as it happens, was one of the rare exceptions who rallied from the attack. In after years she was able to write about him not only lucidly, but even intimately, and greatly to our profit. She has also summed up for us admirably and in small compass the local conditions which have made contemporary pictures of Emerson seem like reflections in a cracked looking-glass:

> New England then swarmed with weak-brained, imitative folk who had studied books with more or less zeal and who knew nothing of actual life. They were suffering under the curse of an education which they could not use; they were the lean, underfed men and women of villages and farms who were trained enough to be lawyers and teachers in their communities, but who actually were cobblers, milkhands or tailoresses. They had revolted from Puritanism, not to enter any other live church, but to fall into a dull disgust, a nausea with all religion. To them came this new prophet with his discovery of God within themselves. They hailed it with acclamation. The new dialect of the transcendentalist was easily learned. They talked it as correctly as the Chinaman does his pigeon English. Up to the old grey house among the pines they went—hordes of wild-eyed Harvard undergraduates and lean, underpaid working-women, each with a disease of soul to be cured by the new Healer.

Mr. Brownell and the other recent writers on Emerson have done the present generation good service in rescuing him from this false worship and from the equally false literary awe illustrated by that *Atlantic* dinner.

But the parochial spirit which Mark Twain's speech so greatly shocked still lingers in our volumes of literary history and hovers over many a college chair and crops out again on centennials, anniversaries, unveilings and dedications and may be found at any time in the starched pages of certain academic periodicals. To this day the qualms of provincial literary gentility are mistaken for reverence and appreciation is identified with abjectness of mind. We still persist in writing about our men of letters in the spirit of a school history describing George Washington, aiming at awe, achieving aver-

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sion. That was why Professor Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America* shocked a good many people when it appeared some years ago. It was the first attempt to approach the subject in openness of mind.

To be sure, Professor Wendell went too far the other way. He was as much afraid of being provincial as they were afraid of being anything else. He wished you to know that he regarded the New England writers as only Yankees, and that he himself had seen a host of things undreamt of in Yankeeland. He was a very Sindbad of criticism, returned to settle in his native land, and insisted so strongly on that word Yankees and on our meagre lives and "national inexperience," and was so cautious in his praises and so anxiously blasé that he seemed uneasy in his cosmopolitanism. And when talking about some American writer he dearly loved to tell you that some contemporary foreign writer was doing better things, as if somebody were to blame for it. Mistress Anne Bradstreet died in 1672, the year Dryden was born—shame on her—and her volume of poems came out in the same year as *Pilgrim's Progress*—and what a difference, and so silly of Mistress Anne.

Yet his book was a better one than any that had appeared in the same field before, and more reverent, too, in any proper sense of the term, than any of those exclamatory memoirs and eulogies tendered by persons from whom the mind has fled, leaving only a *nil nisi bonum* expression. It let the air into a number of stuffy New England parlours. It prepared the way for a more comely form of literary worship, divorced from that unnecessary New England pokiness. He wrote of books as books and not as literary heirlooms, and he belittled no man with perfunctory praises or staled his memory with inappropriate hallelujahs. He and his successors have done much to exorcise that epicene, self-conscious Boston literary fiend in blue stockings which so bewitched those *Atlantic* diners while listening to Mark Twain. It was, as Mr. Howells says, a "disaster," but he attributes it to the wrong cause. It was not *lèse* majesty, but *lèse* snobbery. We must enlarge our definition of snobbery to include the literary sort. A snob is not merely a man who meanly admires mean things; he meanly admires the great ones. To the mind of the literary snob the gods are always small and jealous, mindful of the little dignities, fancying slights and fearing laughter, wincing under any pleasantry, as when Mark Twain takes their names in vain.

A PARISIAN EPISODE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

(Written with a French-English Dictionary in one hand and a Rhyming Dictionary in the other.)

Upon *Boule Miche* the *autre* day
While yet the *nuit* was early,
Je met a *homme* whose *barbe* was grey,
Whose *cheveaux* long and curly.

"*Je* am a *poete,* sir," *dit* he,
"*Je* live where *tres grande* want teems—
I'm *faim,* sir. *Sil vous plait* give me
Un franc or *cinquante centimes.*"

I *donne* him *vingt* big copper *sous*
But *dit,* "You *moderne* rhymers
The *sacre* poet name abuse—
Les poets were old timers."

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"*Je* know! I know!" he wept, contrite;
"The bards no more *suis* mighty:
Ils rise no more in *eleve* flight,
Though some are *beaucoup* flighty.

"*Vous* wonder why *Je* weep this way,
Pour quoi these tears and blubbers?
It is *mon* fault *les* bards to-day
Helas! suis mere earth-grubbers.

"There was a time when *tout* might see
My *grande* flights *dans* the saddle;
Crowned *rois,* indeed, applauded me
Le Pegasus astraddle.

"*Le* winged horse *avec* acclaim
Was voted *mon* possession;
Je rode him *tous les jours* to fame;
Je led the whole procession.

"Then *arrivee* the Prussian war—
The *siege*—the *sacre* famine—
Then some had but a crust *encore,*
We *mange* the last least ham-an'

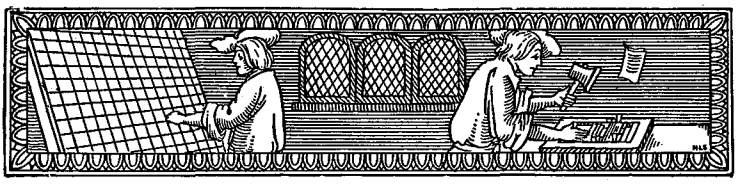
"Helas! *Mon* noble winged steed
Went oft *avec* no dinner;
On epics *il refusee* feed
And *maigre* grew, and thinner!

"*Tout* food was gone, and *dans* the street
Each *homme* sought crusts to sate him—
Joyeux were those with horse's meat,
And Pegasus! *Je* ate him!"

My anger then *Je* could not hide—
To *parler* scarcely able
"Oh! curses *dans* you, sir!" *Je* cried;
"*Vous* human livery stable!"

* * * * *

He fled! But *vous* who read this know
Why *mon pauvre* verse is beaten
By that of *cinquante* years ago
'Vant Pegasus *fut* eaten!



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THE SOUTH IN FICTION

I—Kentucky and Tennessee

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

HEN Eliza crossed the ice from the unfriendly region that the Indians had once called "the dark and bloody ground" she literally took the first step toward annexing Kentucky to the domain of fiction. Likewise, she put in motion a "best selling" machinery that has not been surpassed even in our animated day of highly commercialised literature. But it was the traditional "far cry" from Mrs. Stowe's era to the time when the old Commonwealth really took on the dignity and the appurtenances of being a literary *locale*.

No State perhaps offered more varied beginnings and backgrounds for the makers of her literature than Kentucky. Across her bosom swept the tide of early colonial conquest that surged onward to the winning of the West; into the composition of her people mingled the blood of the Puritan and the Cavalier that blended into a sturdy race. Yet for many years the State had no literature despite the rich material that waited to be welded. The simple reason was that her gifted sons were orators and their ideals were of statesmanship, not letters. While they lived they thrilled people with the impassioned fervour of their eloquence, and when their tongues were stilled they left nothing behind but the grateful memories of picturesque personalities. One man alone of that whole group had his speeches printed, and that man was Henry Clay. Besides, the Bench and the Bar beckoned to the youth of the State, for the law was an honoured profession that had its generations of social prestige and had created a long and illustrious line of jurists and pleaders before the goddess of Justice. Then followed a decade of journalism, the period of George G. Prentice and the dawn of the day of Henry Watterson, when the wit and satire of the paragrapher vied with the eloquence of the Bar.

It was not until the first published work of James Lane Allen that distinction and form became part of the literary effort of Kentucky. Where the first spark of the State fiction had been struck in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the seething unrest that had preceded the Civil War, the full rich flame of it burst forth amid the sylvan calm of the blue grass between the covers of *The Choir Invisible*. The very mention of Mr. Allen's books brings up in the mind of the reader that fertile lowland region of which Lexington is the centre and where most of the men and women of his imagination have trod their way. It is a clean, green land and a fitting setting. In fact, it was in Lexington that the very first published work of the author was laid, for here are the scenes of the majority of the tales in *Flute and Violin*. Here, on "Old Cheapside," King Solomon of Kentucky was placed on the block for sale to the highest bidder. It is interesting to add in this connection that only last year a monument was raised in Lexington to the memory of this black hero. Within a stone's throw from Cheapside is the store opened by Colonel Romulus Fields and his devoted Peter, with his coat of many inscriptions. They were the "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky." On the outskirts of the town is the graveyard where these two faithful yoke-fellows laid down for their eternal rest. The old church where the Reverend James Moore of the magic flute memory has long since gone the way of the flesh, but there is a tablet in the town which records the faithful service of this shy and sensitive soul, who wrestled with the spirit in the days when the wilderness was young. But far more picturesque than all of this is the background of "The White Cowl," the story that gave Mr. Allen his first fame. It is on the frontiers of the blue grass country . I remember distinctly my own first impression of this place, which had long existed in my mind in a sort of glamour of old

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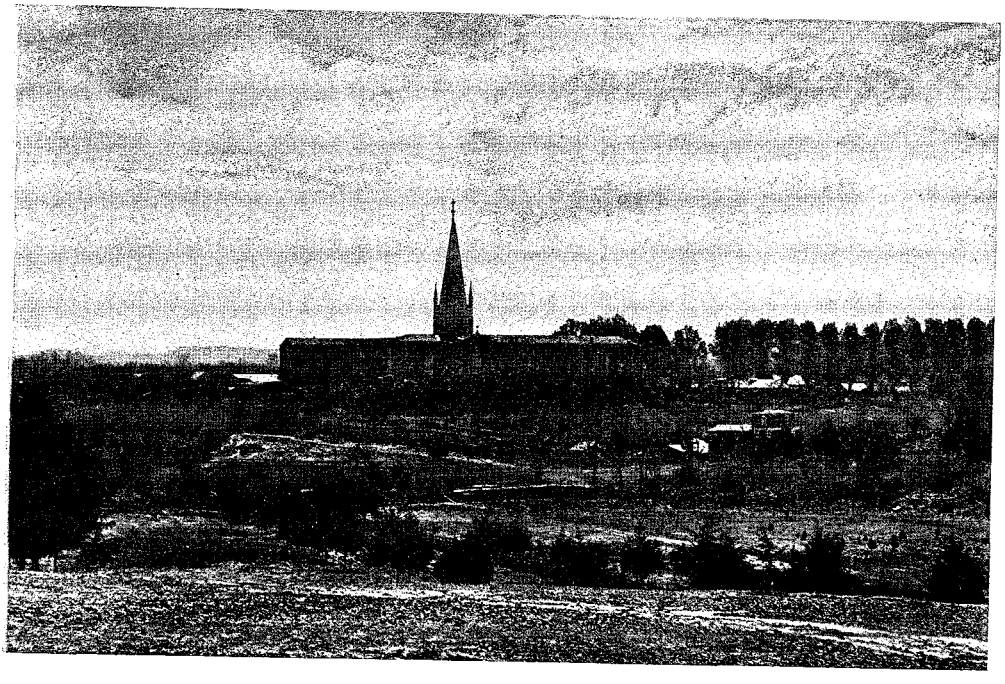
"Where the dead are side by side, their graves covered with myrtle, and having each for its headstone a plain wooden crucifix."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."

"So lies he now in the dim cemetery grave outside, wrapped from head to foot in his cowl, with its stains on the hem and bosom."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."



"In a shadowy, solitary valley of southern Kentucky, and beside a noiseless stream, there stands to-day a great French Abbey of White Cowled Trappist Monks."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."

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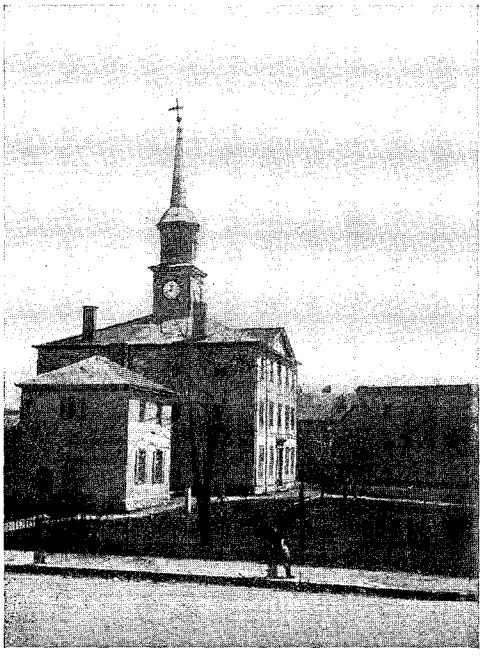
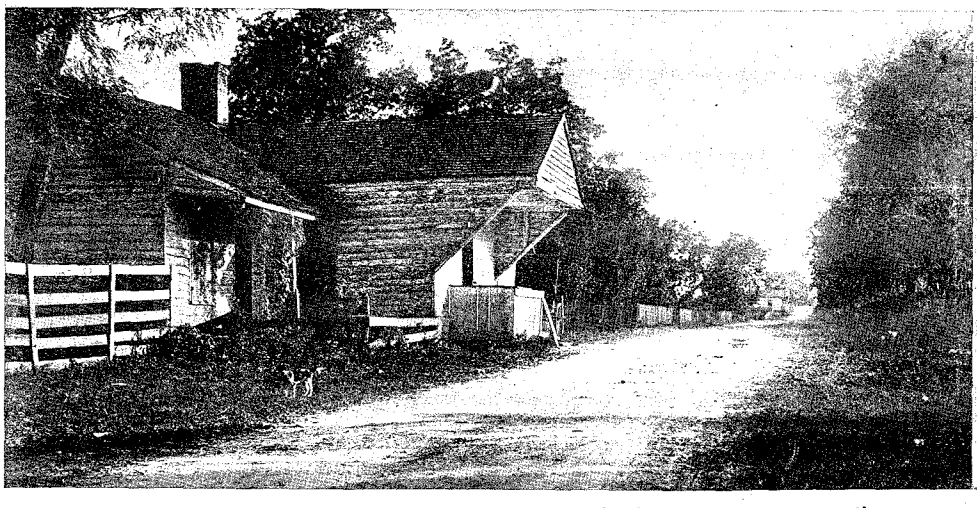


THE OLD LEXINGTON COURT HOUSE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY," "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE" AND "FLUTE AND VIOLIN"

world atmosphere. It is known as the Abbey of Gethsemane and is located in the heart of Nelson County, about seventy miles from Louisville. To the stranger suddenly happening upon it it would seem to be a bit of old France transplanted between the Kentucky hills, for it is a stone quadrangle, with fountains and courtyards, sentinelled by noble elms and hung with a brooding peace. It was here that Father Palemon, pride of the brotherhood, first heard the siren call that lured him out into the world. The old stone fence where he stood is still there, overhung with honeysuckle. Ranging alongside is the monastic cemetery, the succession of grassy mounds topped by plain iron crosses, where the youthful seeker after worldly unrest found his only peace. Since "The White Cowl" was written the monastery has grown in prestige and power. Every year strangers come there, led by the lure they found in "The White Cowl." The old guest master, Father Cyprian, who showed Mr. Allen the institution, is still a member of the silent brotherhood.

The Choir Invisible is laid in Fayette County, just outside Lexington. Through the region which it describes swept the old Wilderness road, the highway on which the east went to the west in the last days of the eighteenth century. The little schoolhouse where John Gray fought the panther vanished long ago and to-day is marked by a prosperous-looking red stock barn.

Most people do not know perhaps that Mr. Allen laid the scenes of *A Kentucky Cardinal* in his own boyhood home. This is located five miles from Lexington and is midway between the Versailles and Frankfort pikes. It is a region of sur-



THE OLD WILDERNESS ROAD. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

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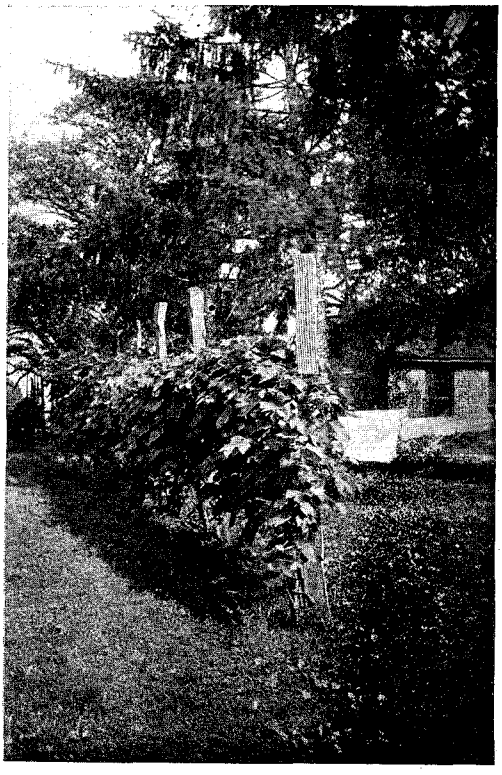

SYLVIA'S ARBOUR. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH"

passing beauty and almost eternal verdure, for the blue grass never dies out. Adam Moss's home is a white building, two stories high, with a colonial porch. It is set amid those storm-beaten cedars where the cardinals uttered their tragic notes of peace and farewell. Sylvia's Arbour, where that sentimental young person was thrilled by swelling literature, has long since rotted away.

The central drama of *The Reign of Law* was of course in old Transylvania University, part of which still stands in the centre of Lexington, a time-defying tribute to the academic spirit that overcame frontier hardship a century ago. The old university is merged into a group of State institutions now, but it will always retain, despite the amalgamation, an heroic individuality, which was only heightened by the courage and faith of David, the hero of the book. The hemp field, which provided the setting for that memorable epic of the hemp, is located on the Georgetown pike, about eight miles from Lexington, and now, as in the days when Mr. Allen's youthful eye beheld "those flowering heads," offers its rich yield to the gleaner each year.

Within a mile of this hemp field is the scene of *The Mettle of the Pasture*. The only time that Mr. Allen ever really got out of the blue grass land was in *Summer in Arcady*, for the two hot-blooded young persons eloped across the Ohio River from what is the present site of Maysville to Aberdeen, Ohio. This was once a great lover's highway and Aberdeen was a Gretna Green.

The scene of *The Bride of the Mistletoe* and *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* are the same. Mr. Allen really had in mind a composite of the old Allen estate where his forefathers settled in the wilderness days. The Doctor traversed the Georgetown pike daily, and it is this road that winds through the new story.

THE JOHN FOX COUNTRY

When you turn to the John Fox coun-

THE HOME OF ADAM MOSS. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH"

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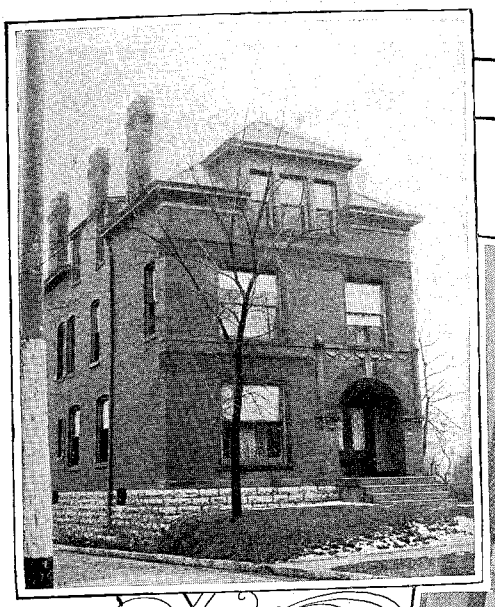

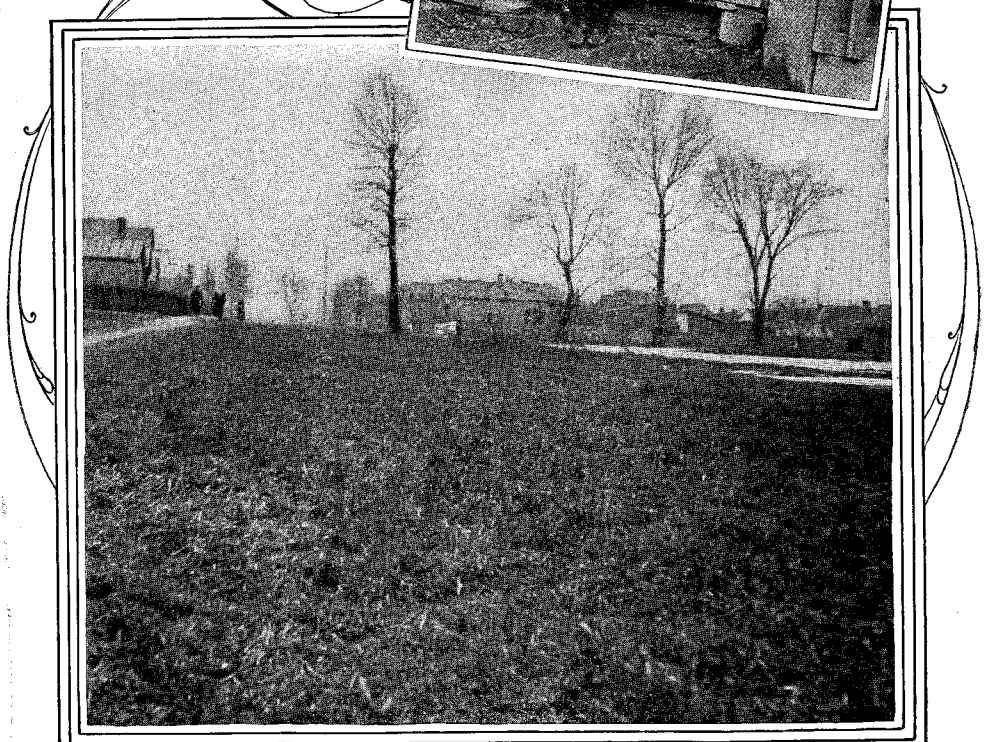

I. HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 410 VICTORIA PLACE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "LOVEY MARY" WAS WRITTEN

II. THE REAL MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

III. THE CABBAGE PATCH

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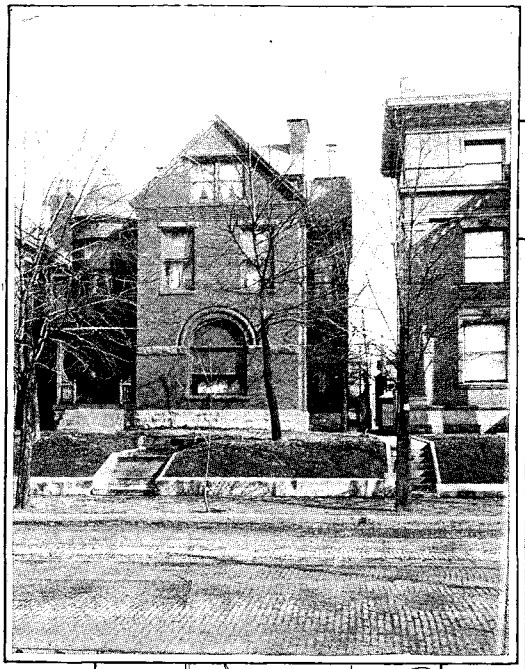

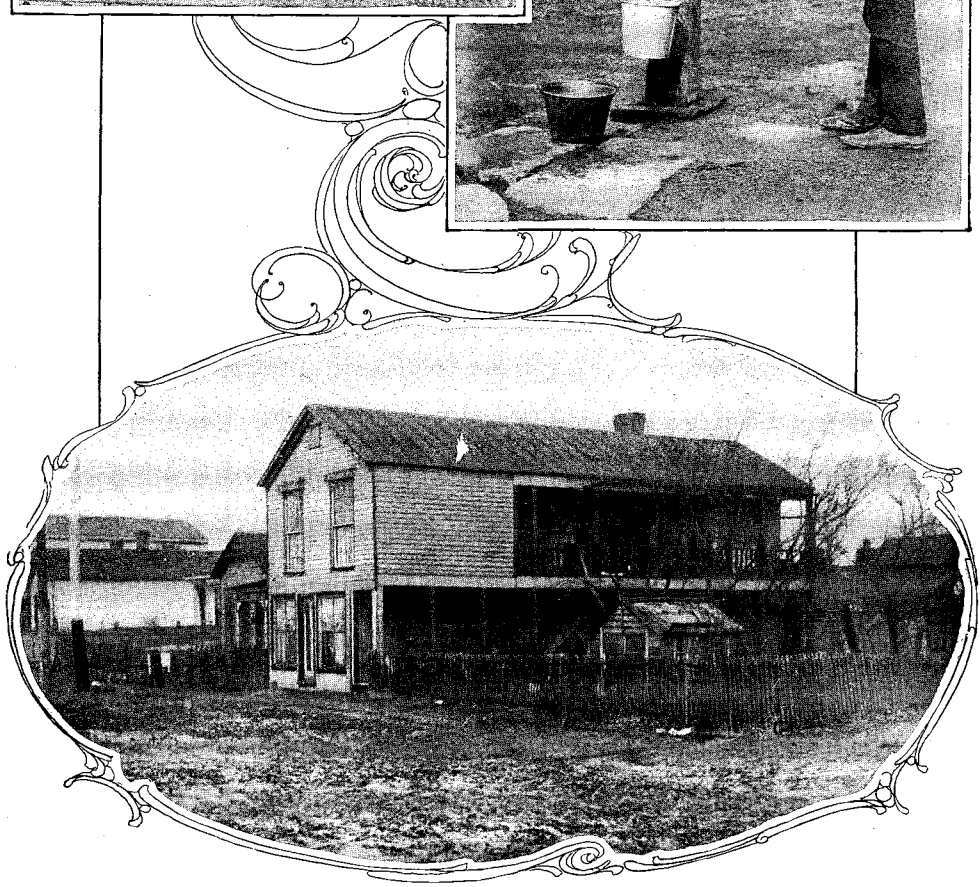

I. GIRLHOOD HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 1705 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "MRS. WIGGS" WAS WRITTEN

II. THE CABBAGE PATCH PUMP. "TRULY, THE WORKS OF MAN ARE WONDERFUL"

III. MRS. WIGGS'S HOME. "THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO FRONT DOORS"

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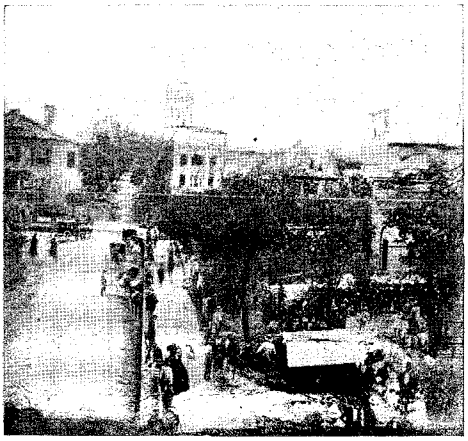
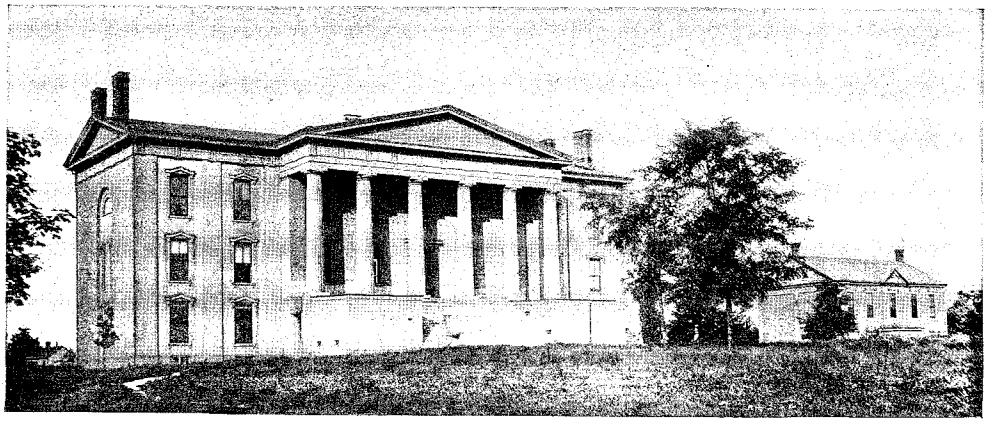


OLD CHEAPSIDE. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY"

try you find at once the very interesting and distinctive fact that stands out in the consideration of Kentucky in fiction. In most States there is a characteristic sort of type, such as the New England nun of Miss Wilkins or the homely middle westerner of Hamlin Garland. But in Kentucky there are two exact opposites. One is the cultured lowlander of James Lane Allen; the other is the rough-hewn highland feudist of John Fox, Jr. And yet less than a hundred miles divides the *habitat* of these widely differing types. Their origin was the same, for their forefathers came West over the Wilderness road. The slipping of a linch pin in the mountains kept here and there a family up among the crags, and they remained there nursing their primitive superstitions and hatreds. Their brothers moved on down to the blue grass, became educated and wore broadcloth.

Mr. Fox's regions are rugged like the mountains he describes. Most of his stories are in eastern Kentucky or just beyond the border in Virginia. His first great popular success, *On Hell fer-sartain,* is named from a riotous creek in Leslie County, in eastern Kentucky. Originally it received its title from the belligerent character of the people who lived on it. The usual greeting to the stranger in those parts was, "You git hell-fer-sartain up there for sure." Near by is the famous Kingdom Come, where the Little Shepherd had his dreams. Both of these creeks, I might add, are not far beyond the frontiers of bloody Breathitt County, where the Hargis-Callahan feud still rages, despite the fact that most of its actors have been laid low by bullets.

There is really no original Lonesome Pine. If you should be travelling up the Cumberland Gap way the conductors on the train will point out a certain magnificent fir that stands on Black Mountain and say that this is the tree where the lovely June was wont to make her devotions. But Mr. Fox says, and he ought to know, that there was no specific tree in his mind. The general locality of this delightful story is in the gap that cuts through the Cumberland in the southwestern part of Virginia. When you see that wild gash cut in the very side of the world there are a good many stately and splendid pines that, "catching the last



THE BIBLE COLLEGE, TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "THE REIGN OF LAW"

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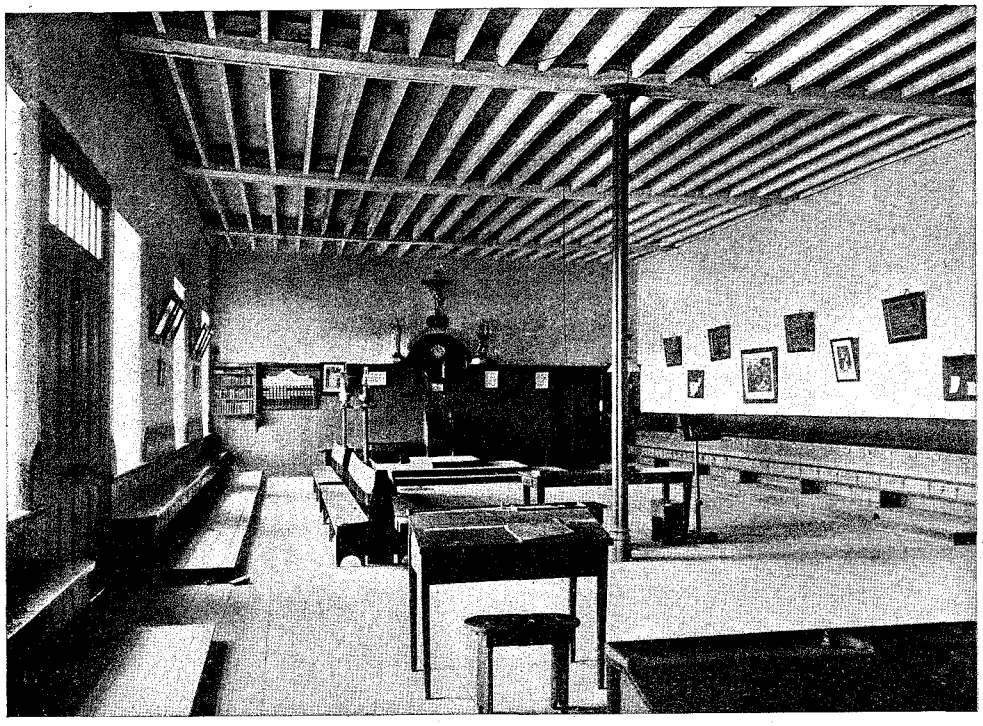
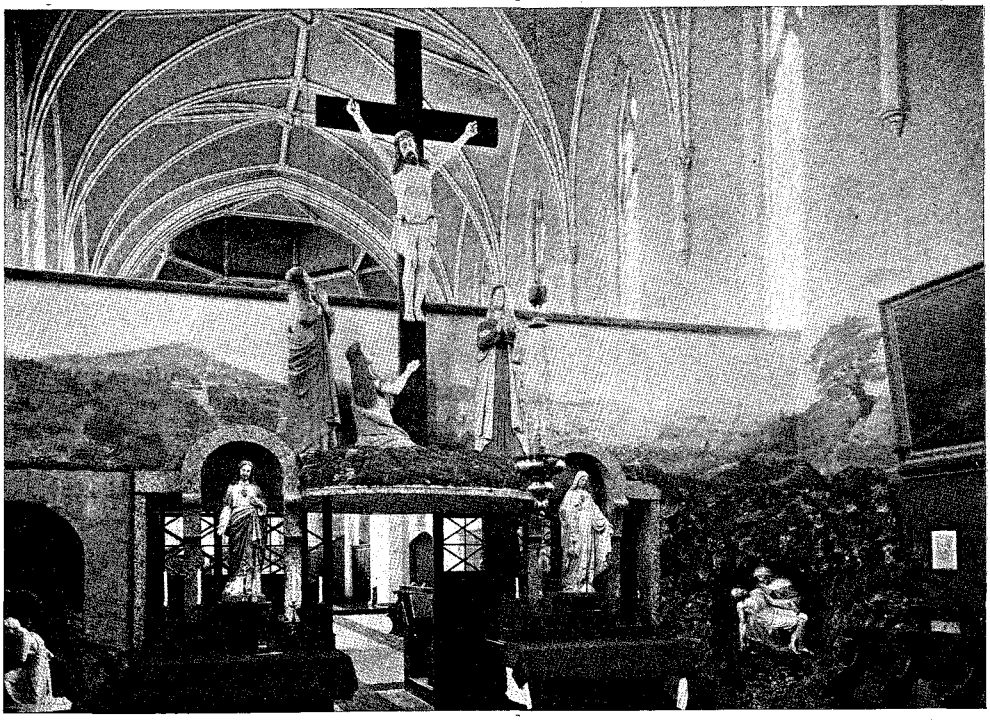


"Every morning the entire Trappist brotherhood meet in a large room for public confession and accusation. High at one end sits the venerable Abbot."—James Lane Allen's "The White Cowl."



"The crucifixion scene behind the altar, consisting of wooden figures carved by one of the monks, now dead, and painted with little art."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."

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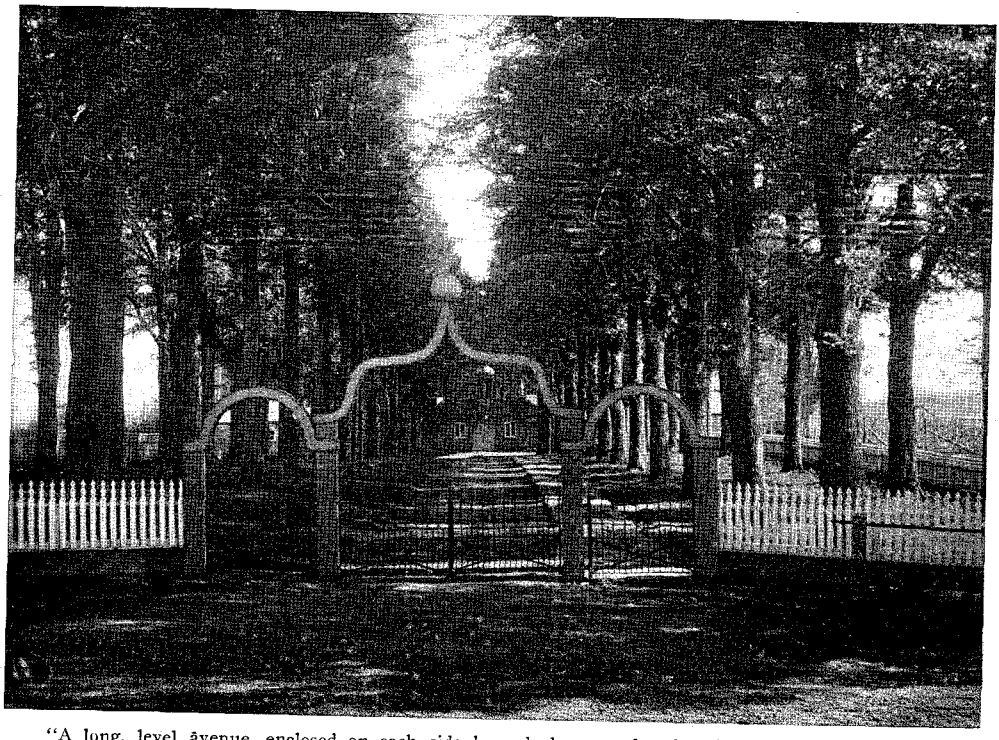
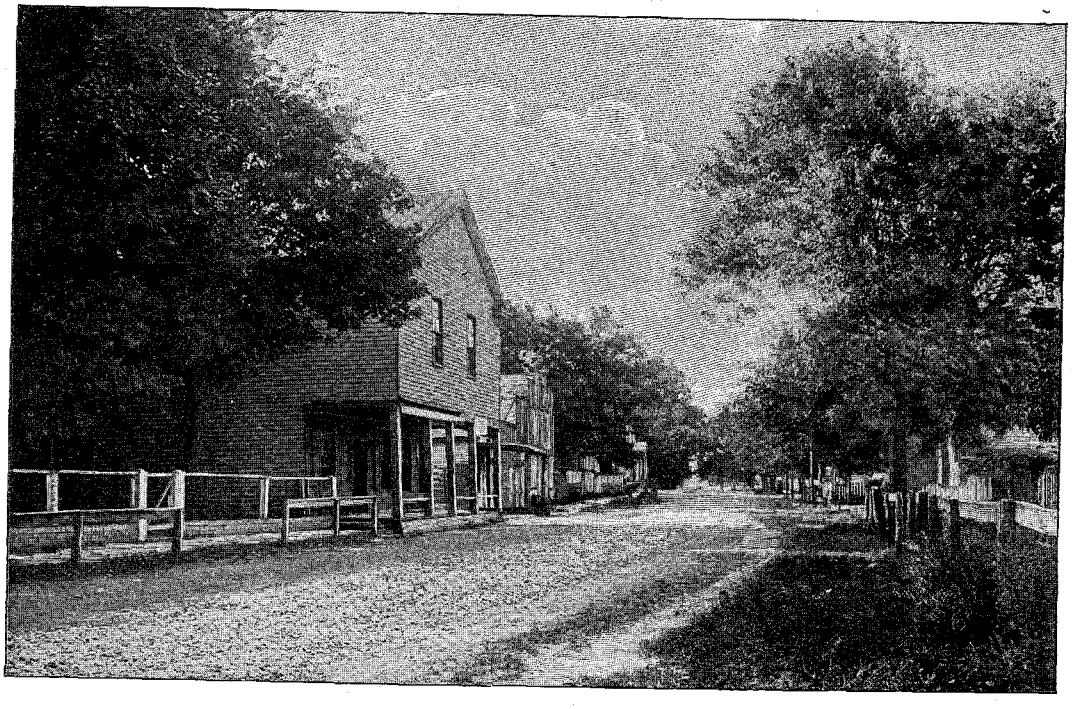


"A long, level avenue, enclosed on each side by a hedgerow of cedars."—James Lane Allen's "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky."



FLORENCE, KENTUCKY, THE REAL STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE

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glow of the sunset clear-cut against the after-glow green amid dying autumn leaves, green in the grey of winter time, and still green in the shroud of snow," make you believe that any one of them might have been the sentinel of the story.

Unlike Mr. Allen, Mr. Fox has taken some of his characters all over the State. Once he invaded the lowlands with *Crittenden,* which is partly laid a few miles out of Lexington, and in *The Kentuckians* he puts the main action in Frankfort, the capital of the State. Here and there in this story you can see the walls of the Executive Building, from whose window leaped the bullet that laid Governor Goebel low and which plunged the whole State into near civil war.

THE REAL STRINGTOWN

As you proceed with a study of the real locality in Kentucky fiction you are impressed with the fact that no section of the Commonwealth has escaped. Turn now, for example, to the stories of John Uri Lloyd, which are really a succession of invaluable folk-lore studies with permanent scientific and sociological value.

Thousands of people who have spent all their lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, or in Covington and Newport, Kentucky, do not realise that the real Stringtown is almost at their back doors. If you want to get the real atmosphere (and this includes the "dust of that dear old highway") take a carriage at Cincinnati some day and drive out ten miles to the drowsy village of Florence, in Boone County, and here you will find the sights and scenes of Mr. Lloyd's very unusual book. It has less than a hundred people, yet the whole region is one of great historic tradition. Within stone's throw of the pike is Bloody Hollow, which figures so dramatically in the story. It may be worth mentioning here that the original of Red Head, the picturesque mountain boy whom Mr. Lloyd later made the hero of a special story, came to Florence in his boyhood with the curse of the mountain vendetta about him. He attended school taught by Mr. Lloyd's father, who is the original of the Professor Drake in the Pike story. This mountain boy, on account of the blood vengeance upon his family, was permitted to carry a revolver, and this act remains to-day a sort of tradition in the Stringtown country.

The scenes of *Warwick of the Knobs* are laid in the Big Bone section of Boone County, Kentucky. This, too, is historical locality, for it was to this place that General John Morgan, chief of the Kentucky raiders, was taken by his friends after his sensational escape from the Columbus prison. Here he remained until after the plan for taking him to the South was consummated. There was an original for the old Hard-Shell Baptist preacher Warwick, whose courage, faith and devotion made him a power and a force in the whole section.

WHERE MRS. WIGGS LIVES

Until the advent of Alice Hegan Rice the blue grass region of Kentucky had the centre of literary interest, but with the coming of Mrs. Wiggs it was forced to divide some of the honours with the city of Louisville. Curiously enough, as so often happens save in the case of a community like New York City, the metropolis had almost been ignored in the fiction of the State.

The original Cabbage Patch was and is a district in the southern part of Louisville where Seventh Street is intersected by the incoming Louisville & Nashville railroad tracks. Here a settlement of shacks and cabins had sprung up amid a vast amount of accumulated débris. The denizens of the place often pilfered their coal from the railroad cars and their wood from the adjacent lumber yards. To this section came the then Alice Hegan doing social settlement work, and on her altruistic wanderings fell in with a Mrs. Bass, who is the original of the story. In some way this lady became associated with the story and her cabin began to attract the curious. The woman became so much annoyed that one day she let go the contents of a pail of boiling water on the head of a reporter who was seeking her "own story" of the original of what at that time was one of the most widely discussed stories of the day. The scenes of *Lovey Mary* are also laid in this section, for there was a community of interest as well as character in the two books.

Louisville has figured in the novels of

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Mr. Harrison Robertson, who is one of the editors of the *Courier Journal* and whose brilliant story *If I Were a Man* marked the début of a talent that might have been a real force in Southern literature.

To round out the cycle of locality in Kentucky you have now only to move westward in the State to Morganfield, a dreamy place which Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks used as the background for her charming story *Oldfield,* which is the Kentucky Cranford. Near this place was laid *Round Anvil Rock* and *The Little Hills.* These stories breathe of their region just as the stories of Mr. Allen exhale the fragrance of the Fayette County lowlands.

The Kentucky that Opie Read used for his *Kentucky Colonel* might be anywhere save in the mountains and is almost as universal in its character as the Tennessee of his *Tennessee Judge.* The Tennessee of Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree) is more distinct, for *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain* early pointed out the scene of the land that his later born brothers were to inhabit, for it is not very far from the Kentucky borderline.

Both in Kentucky and in Tennessee the historians in fiction have clung closely to the soil, for in the big frank democracy of the open country they have found their best and most virile types.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF THE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY GARDNER TEALL

HE Christmas story has never lacked illustrators since type was invented to carry it around the world. It began with the portrayal of the Golden Legend by those nameforgotten artists of the third century, one of whom pictured the Nativity on the walls of the Catacombs of Priscilla. Then the old painter monks, true followers of St. Luke, adorned many a wonderful *evangeliar* with exquisite miniatures in the illuminated works of the tenth century and onward, the most beautiful one, to the writer's mind, being that contained in one of the MSS. of the Vatican Library, which, ten hundred years ago, belonged to the Emperor Basil II. Later came the books containing block-printing, such as the famous *Biblia Pauperum,* but little is known about these early illustrators of the Christmas story before the time of Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Hans Burgmair, and, later, of Rembrandt.

Dürer's "Nativity" and his larger and lovelier engraving of "The Holy Night" long inspired German illustrators who bound their themes in the Christmas

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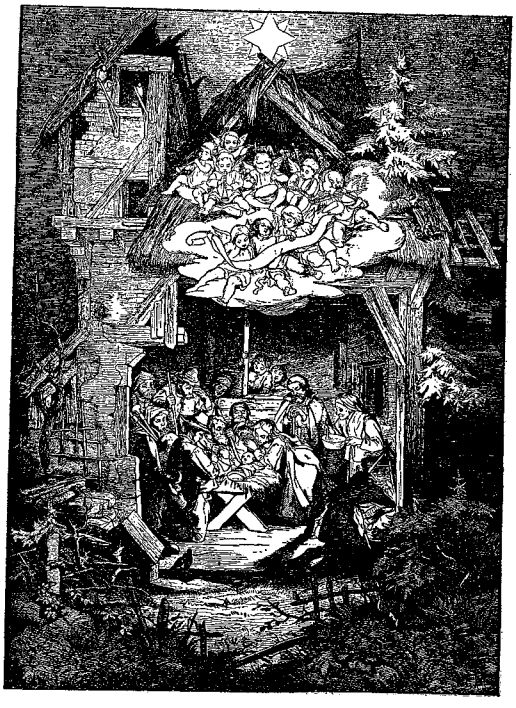
"THE BIRTH OF JESUS." BY REMBRANDT



"THE NATIVITY." BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

"THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR." BY STEINHAUSEN

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story. As for Rembrandt, his small plate "The Birth at Bethlehem" presents a handling, common to other of his etchings and engravings, that seems directly to have influenced the art of the great modern illustrator, Daniel Vierge, just as Rembrandt's works, such as "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds," might well have inspired the composition of Gustave Doré.

The Christmas story has, in its general aspect, found its greatest number of illustrators in Germany, both in followers of the early schools and in the "secessionists" of black-and-white to-day. However, Germany has not produced any literary work on the Christmas story equal in importance to Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol.* Therefore, German illustrators—Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Joseph Ritter von Fürich, W. Steinhausen, Paul Mohn, and others of their school—have contributed illustrations to lesser works, such as the Christmas short story, more or less of a religious character alone, while A. Ludwig Richter, H. Vogel, Theobald von Oers, Roessler, and the group of illustrators that have made famous the *Fliegende Blätter,* and the "secessionists" already referred to—among them Porsche of Munich and Ferdinand Staeger—have concerned themselves with the folk-side of the Christmas story. The most modern of these is Staeger, whose exquisite work in silhouette illustration has not

REVELRY IN THE WOODS. A GERMAN CHRISTMAS SCENE

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been attained by any of his contemporaries.

Chodowieki, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, had parodied the abuses of Christmas-giving (and taking!) in such publications as *Lang's Almanach,* then extremely popular as a Christmas publication. He likewise had furnished illustrations to a child's Christmas book some years earlier. From the time Joseph Kellner furnished the pictures for the text of *The Christmas Gifts, or the Happy Morning,* no one in Germany or the world over, for that matter, caught the Christmas spirit in his work so successfully as did Ludwig Richter; no one has quite risen to his place.

Ludwig Richter was born in 1803 at Dresden, and lived to the good old age of eighty-three. Although in his earlier years he had been professor of landscape painting at the Dresden Academy, his later life was devoted to drawing scenes from pastoral life, and to illustrating child-life. There is a pretty little mediæval touch to Richter's later work, but infused into it is the quality of sweetness and of jollity, exhibiting the utter lack of the dismal, the grotesque, or the lean, all of which omissions mark Richter's drawings with a style distinctly his own.

French writers have, in common with German novelists and story-writers, little concerned themselves with books in which Christmas is the main theme. Indeed, there are only François Coppée's

"THE WINTRY WIND BLOWS COLD AND SHRILL." A GERMAN CHRISTMAS SCENE

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Les Contes de Noël, with its few drawings by Myrbach, and one or two tales by Daudet. There have, of course, been numerous children's Christmas books illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel. It should be remembered, however, that a French edition of Dickens's *Christmas Carol,* illustrated with woodcuts by Mar-

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

old and Miltis, was published years ago by Guillaume of Paris.

A propos of this, it is safe to say that no Christmas story has ever known so many illustrators as has Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol.* It was the celebrated draughtsman John Leech whom Dickens, in 1849, chose to illustrate the first edition of the tale. It contained four steel engravings, afterward coloured, and four wood engravings. These latter, drawn directly on wood by Leech, were engraved by the hand of W. J. Linton. Leech, like Cruikshank and others of his contemporaries, never drew from models, but depended upon their careful memories, an interesting fact to remember in considering their work. Dickens's other Christmas stories, *The Chimes, Cricket on the Hearth,* and *The Battle of Life,* were also, in part, illustrated by Leech. In 1893 original drawings by Leech for these Christmas tales were sold at Sotheby's in London, from Miss Dickens's collection, and brought one hundred and fifty-five guineas. Later they again changed hands for two hundred and forty pounds. Fifty pounds is all that Leech received for them in the first place. Leech's share of work in *The Cricket on the Hearth* was seven drawings, in *The Chimes,* five, and in *The Battle of Life,* three. Probably the attractive illustrations by Leech to the first edition of the *Christmas Carol* had much to do with the book's initial success.

Before the Dickens stories appeared, Thackeray, from year to year, had issued little books in pink covers which he called Christmas books, and which, in the opinion of some of his critics, deserved the sarcastic reviews they called forth from the London *Times.* With the exception of *The Rose and the Ring,* the only one of these little books that had anything "Christmasey" about it, the series was insipid both as regards text and the pictures scattered through it. In *The Rose and the Ring,* however, a few saving graces are to be found; at any rate, they are interesting as showing what went before the *Christmas Carol.* In this connection, however, one must not forget to make mention of a tiny Christmas volume, exquisitely illustrated with etchings by R. Seymour, published in London as early as 1836 by William Spooner, the London bookseller. This precious bibliophilic treasure is well worth ransacking old book-shops to find; a copy of it is in the print room of the Lenox Library, New York.

Among other noted illustrators of Dickens's Christmas stories are "Phiz"

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CHRISTMAS GHOSTS OF THE PAST

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Hablôt K. Browne), Edwin A. Abbey, F. A. Frazer, H. French, E. G. Dalziel, J. Mahoney, Townley Green, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, George Cruikshank, and Thomas Nast. Nast's drawings appeared in *Gabriel Grub,* a book taken from a part of the *Pickwick Papers,* brought out as a Christmas book some years ago by an American publisher. This list of illustrators does not comprise a quarter of the number of names of those whose pencils have delineated the characters in the Christmas stories from the pen of Charles Dickens.

Next to the *Christmas Carol* the Christmas parts of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* hold the highest place in popular esteem among English-speaking readers.

THE CHRISTMAS WAITS

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD ENGLISH INN

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In 1876 these parts, under the title of *Old Christmas,* were published with illustrations from the hand of Randolph Caldecott, by Messrs. Macmillan and Company in London. Caldecott never surpassed this work nor that for the companion volume, *Bracebridge Hall.* In these books he reached his true *milieu,* for it must be remembered that although Caldecott was truly a caricaturist, his caricatures were, at best, always of a poetical and romantic nature. His world was in the pastoral, squire-world of the eighteenth century, but not in the eighteenth century of dandyism. Instead his world was in the time and among the people he has so perfectly brought out in *Old Christmas,* of which volume every collector of examples of the history of illustration ought to possess a copy, and likewise a copy of Caldecott's *Bracebridge Hall.*

When Caldecott drew for the *Graphic,* its Christmas numbers always found their principal Christmas subjects by him, and in colour. Edmund Evans issued a volume of them in 1888—*Mr. Chumley's Holidays; Mr. Carlyon's Christmas,* etc.

In Hugh Thomson, Caldecott has had a

THE SPIRIT OF OLD CHRISTMAS

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THACKERAY'S COUNTESS GRUFFANUFF

close follower. At first Thomson's illustrations lacked the subtle humour of Caldecotts', his inspirer, and he lent himself, somewhat, to an exaggeration that, happily, afterward disappeared, leaving his style stronger, more individual, and truly possessing the qualities one did not find in it in his early work, which first began to attract attention in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Indeed, few illustrators of the Christmas story have more endeared themselves to the hearts of Christmas readers than Hugh Thomson.

Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway are names that come immediately to the mind with the mention of Christmas illustrators, for their books, every one of them, is, in effect, a Christmas book. Walter Crane's own *Book of Christmas* is less known than some of his works in colour, among which *Baby's Opera,* with its *Christmas Day in the Morning,* must rank foremost in our affections. The little series of *Almanacks,* issued regularly for years with Kate Greenaway's illustrations, forms another class of Christmas books the collector eagerly seeks, now that they have become so rare and are more truly appreciated than they were wont to be. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, too, figures as an illustrator of the Christmas story, as one fortunate enough to possess a copy of the 1867 edition of *Gatty's Parables* will find. Therein the loveliest drawing is that, by this artist, of the Nativity.

Thus have the illustrators lent their talents to the literature of the Christmas story, and not only have they pictured the story of the Babe of Bethlehem with reverence in their hearts, but they have also shown us that other glad joyous side of the festival of Christmas, the Christmas of King Wassail, of Noël, of the Yule, and the Christmas of St. Nicholas, Mr. Santa Claus and of sweet Charity.

TITLE-PAGE DESIGN FOR THACKERAY'S CHRISTMAS STORY "THE ROSE AND THE RING"

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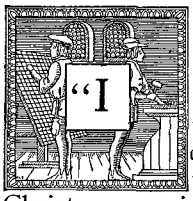
THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY EDNA KENTON



"IT was Christmas Eve. My old friend, Jack Vincent, had persuaded me to join him in the festivities at his father's country house"; so speeds the opening fire of the Christmas society tale. "The winter wind is howling over the bleak moor, and Christmas is ushered in with a sore famine that has already made many a hearth desolate"; this for the angry landlord plot! "I don't suppose you air goin' to do much Christmas over to your house"—rural New England—or perhaps Tennessee Mountains, or the mining camp! "It was Christmas Eve. The heavy clouds, lowering all day, had wrapped the earth in a dun grey blanket that chilled the flesh and the spirit"; so begins the story that may be placed anywhere and treat of anything!

And harking back to the middle of the last century, the time when periodical literature first began to take notice of concrete rather than abstract things, it is apparent that the Christmas stories of 1910, like the Christmas stories of 1900 and of 1890, bear, most of them, the stale bouquet of an ancient vintage, or, to change the metaphor, they are *réchaufées* from bases scores of years old. And still the world demands them for food and drink in December, or, if it does not, the editorial fraternity is self-deceived beyond words.

Christmas stories in the form of folk fables, songs, and traditions, have existed in literature for hundreds of years, but the Christmas story, as the modern world knows it, is probably not a hundred years old. Washington Irving, in his *Sketch Book,* published about 1820, was the notable pioneer in employing Christmas myths frankly as literary material. *The Sketch Book* was warmly received in England, and this American influence, combined with a strong fancy for the German holiday *Annuals* that sold in England for a good many years, gave the impetus to a literary movement that culminated in the "Christmas Books" of Dickens and Thackeray. This period, from 1842 to 1855, was the heyday of the Christmas story in literature. It attained to the dignity of many books on whose title pages were inscribed the two greatest names then known in English fiction. The literary world has not seen the like before or since. It is doubtful if such honour to any single human tradition will ever be paid again. But beginning with the middle of the nineteenth century the Christmas story has played an important part in periodical literature, and has been bound within permanent covers oftentimes far more worthy of preservation than their contents. It is to periodical literature, however, that one turns instinctively in seeking the story of the Christmas story, for the theme is difficult of sustained treatment, and finds its suitable place in that convenient depository of brevities, the monthly magazine.

In the leisurely days of the past mid-century that will probably never come again until the earth and its people are dying together, the Christmas story came, if it came at all, after Christmas. In February, 1853, *Harper's Magazine* composedly published "Christmas Stories," by a writer named Charles Dickens. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1857, splendidly placed between the scientific leader, "New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones" and the muckraker article "Routine," is the timely short story of the month, "A Christmas Tale!" And until far into the '70's the January numbers limped along, freighted with a belated Christmas spirit.

But piping modern days have changed all this mightily. Yellow journalism in the '80's so infected conservative periodicals with the tyrannical germ of "timeliness" that, with the advent of the '90's

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and the cheaper magazines, there was a stirring among the dry bones of "Tables of Contents," and Christmas tales came to be printed promptly in the December numbers. But the December magazines did not then make their bows on the first and the tenth and the fifteenth of November. Now, at best, we must read of Christmas joys before the Thanksgiving turkey has browned, and were we a Thanksgivingless nation the November magazines would have been filled probably long since with all the holiday rehash of fact and fancy that the world, being given, accepts, with the docility that distinguishes the masses under unquestioned leadership. As it is, at least one Christmas tale of 1910 saw the Thanksgiving number and went it one month better, for last October one magazine published after the flare of a September advertisement a story than which none was ever built more openly upon the Christmas plot.

This, however, is a hopeful sign, in that we may take it to mean that there is a growing tendency to break away from the mass of inconsequent variations on the single December theme, and to make up the December programme on more varied lines than in the immediate past. For there was a decade, beginning somewhere in the '90's, during which the American magazines—and English ones, too, for that matter—went fairly mad in the December numbers. The magazine cover came into its own then, and the newsstands were blatant with gold and silver and red and green inks. Within these bedizened covers Christmas art and Christmas fiction and Christmas myths and customs—and Christmas poetry alas!—ruled the pages. The Virgin beamed or sorrowed from every pictured leaf, and the reading matter confirms the gloomy suspicion that in those days the illustrations were articled rather than the articles illustrated. And during this period in particular the perennial short-story writers brought forth—by most of their fruits one is smitten with the memory of the straining mountain's mothering of the mouse—the sad or sweet, or sad and sweet, Christmas story.

And the plots of the Christmas stories, then and now! Art, said Whistler in effect, is art, only all traces of the machinery that has produced it are eliminated. The Christmas plot machinery sticks up from the surface of the Christmas story like a sore thumb on a workingman's hand. The lost child—found on Christmas Day! "And unto them a child was given!" The fatal quarrel—and on this theme may be written as many stories as there are human relationships—the reconciliation on Christmas Day: "Peace on earth!" And all the rest of the familiar contrivances.

The inevitable happened, of course, after years of this retailoring of threadbare material. Not too many such December numbers were needed to rouse the sense of humour in some writers' breast, who began to play with Christmas plots. Frank Stockton did this deliciously in many of his Christmas stories. John Kendricks Bangs turns the same trick in a seemingly desperate effort to preserve his self-respect and to deliver the annual tale. George Ade, in "Mr. Payson's Satirical Christmas," takes a similar line on the Christmas plot, though in the end that tale approximates closely the inevitable annual.

Years ago Frank Stockton wrote "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas." It begins thus: "'Twas Christmas Eve. An adamantine sky hung dark and heavy over the earth," and Arthur Tyrrell, a clerk of Skarridge's, gazing sadly upon his wife and two children, sallied forth with but ten cents to buy their Christmas dinner. He returned with an eight-cent mackerel—happy Mr. Tyrrell who lived before the cost of living must have killed him!—and returned home followed by his harsh and miserly landlord, who, failing his rent, took away the mackerel. That night Skarridge, in his study, sees three ghosts, the mackerel, the fairy, and the giant. Ensues his conversion, and he sallies forth to make amends to the Tyrrells. He showers turkeys, geese, ducks, pickles and pie upon them. Also a farm, bonds and cash. Then, "with an arm about the neck of the still young, once beautiful, and now fast improving Mrs. Tyrrell, Skarridge stood, hounded by memories of the past—Did you ever before read a story like this?"

Now when ridicule comes in, sentimen-

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tality steps out, and pallid imitations of old Scrooge and his Ghosts cannot be published side by side with Stephen Skarridge and his mackerel-eyed spirit. The likeness is too plain. Stockton did not believe implicitly in Skarridge's conversion—neither do the re-creators of Scrooge hold him to kneel at a real mourner's bench. Conditions have changed, and with them the standpoints of men. The world is a little better able to face the truth of environments, and the batter of the typical Christmas story with its fluff of sentiment and the "happy ending" added last is too unsubstantial to rise and hold its own against the heavy atmospheric pressure of modern realism. The times themselves no longer breed men who can write of Scrooge and his Ghosts with such sincere faith in the old villain's story-book conversion as to inspire in the reader, if not a faith in Scrooge's new leaf, an earnest if only temporary desire to be converted himself. The abiding power of *A Christmas Carol* lies in its compelling conviction of its author's faith in his puppets—and latter-day authors do not believe in puppets, even though they employ them constantly. This lack of faith on the part of the modern manipulators of the Christmas Punch and Judy shows is one of the reasons why the modern Christmas story is usually a bore.

The modern method has stepped in, of course, and has saved a number of Christmas stories. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman has written a few in which the New England psychology is entirely worth while, and is plausibly stirred into action by the spirit of the chosen time. Katharine Holland Brown has a little book, *Dawn*, which was published first, by the way, in an August fiction number, and which has never been advertised as a Christmas story. Primarily it is the tale of how a physician, nerve-racked and shaken for months, "comes back" under the compelling power of another's lonely need, and, in the dawn of Christmas Day, looks in wonder at the steady hand that had wrought the miracle of life the night before. But it is worth almost any hundred of the ordinary Christmas stories. And William J. Locke has just out a charming little tale, *Three Wise Men*, modern to a degree with its incidental references to radium and helium, thorum and argon of which Sir Angus McCurdie, physicist, knows the latest word. Biggleswade, the Assyriologist, and the Right Honourable Viscount Doyne, Empire builder and Administrator, make up the group of embodied wisdom which, in a lonely hovel, is brought face to face with the commonest phenomenon and the greatest mystery of the universe, and before it stands ignorant. There comes out of Death, Life, and, to the three childless, embittered men, a son. Save for one unnecessary line it is a tale not for one day in the year, but for all the year. Almost all of the ponderous Christmas machinery is taken away, and yet the spirit of Life and Love and Reconciliation and Peace is there. For a final example of the modern Christmas story, we may merely mention James Lane Allen's uncompleted trilogy, psychological to a degree, with the Christmas tree and the mistletoe standing for any and everything but what they banally signify. It is wiser to wait for the final volume before asserting Mr. Allen's failure or success.

But on the whole, the Christmas story is vanishing. For fifty years and more it has flared in the winter skies. But the sentiment that made possible that annual Christmas labour of writers like Dickens and Thackeray has evaporated somehow in the press of the modern world. A good many people are coming to look upon the holidays in somewhat the same manner that psychologists regard religious revivals, as a purely temporary and rather regrettable cerebral excitement, even for the children to whom they would wholly dedicate the day. The magazine excitement, too, has decreased in the last few years, and except for the more than timely cover designs, and always excepting the women's magazines, they are fairly as they are made up in the other months of the year. One or two Christmas stories, of course, and fillers of Christmas poetry; but the Madonnas are not being reprinted every year now, and the intense editorial interest in the church-art education of the masses has gratefully calmed down. Again, with the exception of the women's magazines there are few encyclopedic articles on "Christ-

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mas Customs in Other Lands" and like dead subjects, because humanity is becoming interested in humanity at last, and seeks to know not so much of its merry-makings as of its civic and working conditions. The nations are slowly growing up, and the magazines and their editors are, a little more slowly, growing up with them. And since the Christmas story is essentially a beautiful fairy tale for children in their grown-up moods or for adults in their childish ones, enough have already been written to survive, and more than enough of the weaker that must perish. That there is always room for a masterpiece goes without saying.

NEWSPAPERISHNESS

BY FARLEY CUNNINGHAM

IT is too soon after the political campaign for us to resume the wonted accents of these columns. The habit of political speech is strong upon us. Our ears so ring with newspaper editorial language that we simply must go on talking for a little while as if we were a public sentiment or an enormous number of "plain people" or "all sober citizens" or "all right-thinking men." We must say "let it be remembered" and "no sane person can deny" and "the heart of the people is sound at the core." For days we have eaten, drunk and slept in editorial plurality, voted ourself in and out of trolley-cars with very intelligent majorities, advanced to meet our meals in that spirit of justice and fair play which all the sober, thinking people of this country may be trusted to exhibit when an issue is clearly presented before them, and gone to bed with the sound conservative common sense which, say what you will, lies at the bottom of the American character. Therefore, let no chance reader of these pages expect to be talked to just now as man to man. We are feeling too numerous and important. The country has spoken in no uncertain tones. The grounds of its dissatisfaction are not far to seek, and no man who is not wilfully blinded can fail to see them. That is the way we always begin in our post-election newspaper condition. Sometimes we do allow for lunatics, saying indulgently that they of course need not think as we do, but lunatics are after all a class apart, and it is safer generally to assert a wilful blindness. It puts dissenters in their proper place at once. But to continue. The country has spoken in no uncertain tones from Maine to Kansas. It has spoken the decisive word as between ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft, and there is no mistaking the arbitrament. With crushing force it has rebuked the selfish, personal ambitions of Mr. Roosevelt. Nothing could be plainer than the just resentment of all sober, sane, right-minded, law-abiding, upright, and intelligent citizens for Mr. Roosevelt's shameful betrayal of President Taft. That much leaps to the eye of all save the incurably insane. And the second lesson is one that our present Chief Executive would do well to take to heart. With equally crushing force the country has rebuked the time-serving, inert spirit of the administration and its base surrender of certain fundamental Roosevelt policies to their deadly foes. Nothing could be plainer than the righteous indignation of enlightened and progressive public opinion, as registered at the polls, against President Taft's betrayal of Mr. Roosevelt. This much at least is visible to all men except the paranoiac with averted gaze.

With sturdy independence and genuine devotion to the public weal the sane, self-respecting American citizen came to the fore, as he always does in times of stress, and declared plainly what he demanded of our public men, rebuking Taft for not resembling Roosevelt, rebuking Roosevelt

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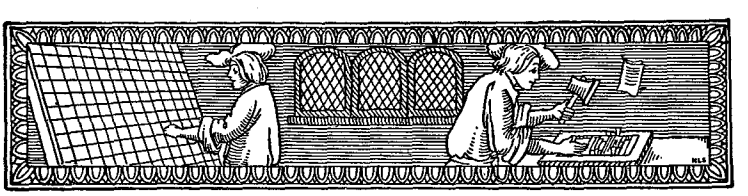
for not resembling Taft. Nor was the answer at the polls to the great political questions now before the country any less distinct. One thing stands out clearly and beyond all discussion, and it cannot be blinked. The elections were a triumph of sound and sober commonsense and can be viewed in no other light than as an uncompromising condemnation of corporate rapacity and its repression, of doing little and of doing much, of corruption and purity in politics, and as a plain, straightforward, emphatic endorsement of advance, retreat, conservatism, progress, resignation, reform, energy, hesitation, common and uncommon decency, the old and new ideas, the constitution, the sanctity of the Supreme Court, and socialism. The outcome is matter for rejoicing. It renews our confidence in the sobriety and intelligence of the American electorate. It should hearten every man, be he Democrat or Republican, by its overwhelming demonstration of the stability of American institutions and by its square assertion of an abiding faith in those principles of safe, sure, steady, and courageous retroprogress which have ever constituted the only sound and substantial basis of our national well-being. Though we were perplexed at first by the diversity of editorial counsels, this remains our sober second thought.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his new volume, *What's Wrong with the World*, has spoken, as he has often done before, somewhat disparagingly of the British newspapers. Possibly it applies as well to our own. We are too much enlarged by newspaper campaign phrases to decide the question now from the point of view of the mere citizen, but we quote the passage for the benefit of those readers whose minds perhaps may have already resumed their natural size:

> The Tory paper and the Radical paper do not answer each other; they ignore each other. Genuine controversy, fair cut and thrust before a common audience, has become in our special epoch very rare. For the sincere controversialist is above all a good listener. The really burning enthusiast never interrupts; he listens to the enemy's argument as eagerly as a spy would listen to the enemy's arrangements. But if you attempt an actual argument with a modern paper of opposite politics, you will find that no medium is admitted between violence and evasion. You will have no answer except slanging or silence. A modern editor does not have that eager ear that goes with the honest tongue. He may be deaf and silent; and that is called dignity. Or he may be deaf and noisy; and that is called slashing journalism. In neither case is there any controversy; for the whole object of modern party combatants is to charge out of earshot.



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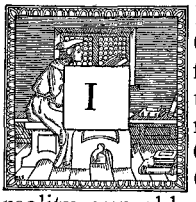
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



IN this year's cheerful Christmas bundle, the first three books come under the head of what might be called the Christmas Card Between Covers. They are in reality our old casual callers dressed up more pretentiously in the hope of greater permanence. They try to solve the problem, "what to do with Christmas cards the day after?"*—A question which became important when the cards themselves got so expensive as to defeat their own purpose. It would thus be unfair to judge them by standards they do not seek to come under. The persons who will reluctantly remove from the mantel last year's pictorial parallelogram only upon opening the mail this Christmas morning, will be glad to get something which doesn't have to be dusted so often; others will gratefully recognise the service of such books in keeping waiting visitors good-tempered, and put them near at hand upon the centre table; and lastly, there are many who will honestly get a great deal of enjoyment out of them—an innocent enjoyment, as there is little likelihood of their taste being injured. These three books bear the gay titles of *Girls, A Garden of Girls,* and *Colonial Holidays.* Mr. Hutt's pictures are compounded of Mr. Fisher's and Mr. Gibson's, and his book presents a genial forerunner of February fourteenth. Mr. Fisher has, more wisely, held his pictures together by a group of pleasant poems from all sources. He, too, has attractive models, and a nice girl is always an engaging matter. But it is the model which interests and not the interpretation—though possessing a cleverness in drawing, he shows here no quality which raises it to the level of art. Mr. Walter Tittle has got together a collection of quaint contemporary accounts in *Colonial Holidays,* for the purposes of illustration and illumination. This is a bright idea not without value, and the book shows good decorative sense and in general effect is rich. Critically speaking, the pictures are negligible but the page borders and the illuminated texts are interesting.

With the *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* we get into the domain of books worth keeping on account of their more permanent value. Yet it cannot be said that the illustrations do much more than render this large well-printed volume superficially attractive. They are by W. Heath Robinson; eight black and

*Girls. By Henry Hutt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Garden of Girls. By Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Colonial Holidays. By Walter Tittle. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling. Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Ancient Mariner. Presented by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Girl I Left Behind Me. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Shakespeare's England. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Brittany and the Bretons. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Holy Land. By Robert Hichens and Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company.

Romney. By Arthur B. Chamberlain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur. Edited by Theodore Stanton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Whistler Book. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

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whites and nine colour inserts. The latter are after the Parrish school and show little originality of conception. They are well produced, however, and their air of being artistic will be satisfactory to those who find that any illustrations at all are an improvement. The next reprint—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* presented by Mr. Willy Pogány—is very effective in its make-up and in its general quality of substantial richness. It can be highly commended as a serious attempt to improve the holiday book. But the care and expense which make it splendid might have made it more really artistic and worthy of its original. The publishers have done their part well to bring out whatever pictorial qualities the decorations and illustrations possess, although it must be owned that the florid printing often makes the text a puzzle. The borders are artful and artfully arranged, but the pictures are strangely uneven. Occasionally imaginative, they are often unpoetic and unsimple, and not seldom flat and trivial. There is no unity of treatment or feeling, and one fails to perceive the personality of the artist; he has adopted at will—and sometimes in glaring juxtaposition—the styles of very different men, Parrish, Beardsley, Blake, and Dürer. Nor does he know how to concentrate the attention and some of the pictures are extremely incoherent. But, taken as a whole, the publishers have reason to be proud of their work. The next book in the list of reprints is *The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie,* the first volume of the Ring, translated from the Wagner librettos by Margaret Armour and illustrated by Arthur Rackham. The translation follows the curt broken line of the original and is easy, idiomatic, and vigorous. It seems impossible, however, to get into English Wagner's terse concreteness and colloquial strength without occasional triviality and even comical effect. But the translator has been very discreet with Wagner's dangerous diction and in general merits only praise. Mr. Rackham, with the more difficult part of the task, has reached a more positive success. His pictures have the large air of the operas—not seldom they come near matching the pictures in the mind of the opera-goer. His gods and goddesses have power, dignity, and charm; the gnomes are grotesquely impressive; Fafner and Fasolt perhaps smack too much of the nursery book—but still one cannot demand that any visualised giant be really a terrible object as much as a comical one. It is a more legitimate fault that others of the pictures seem illustrations for children's fairy stories rather than Wagner librettos—but here again one must go slowly. The fantastic elements of the operas and their legendary material compel, in stage visualisation at any rate, many effects which must be childishly accepted if they are to have any appeal at all. The artist's chief shortcoming is that in his natural attempt to arouse the imagination by landscapes more significant than those we are accustomed to see, his drawing often becomes confused and his background instead of being fantastic is merely shapeless. In spite of this, many of his illustrations have the true grandiose spirit to enclose such movement and strife; and some are admirable realisations. The make-up of the book is as satisfactory as the pictures and is a thoroughly finished piece of work.

In *The Girl I Left Behind Me,* by Weymer Jay Mills, the Christmas appeal is equally of text and illustration. This "romance of yesterday" is desperately romantic, with the romance of the theatre and the cunningly set scene. But it is all very pretty, a Christmassy nothing of lace and filigree, with hearts and cupids on every other page. The story is laid in the old Astor House of the old New York, "when there were lilac trees in many a city dooryard and some citizens still persisted in calling Broadway Great George Street and ladies were wondering if Marie Brouchard would dare make her customers wear the threatened Parisian hoopskirt." There is a gallant Irish baronet of twenty-three whom no maid could ever scorn; and a maid who is not unlike the rest of her sex, with roguish dimples and true blue eyes and a magnetic tenderness about her; and springtime and apple-blossoms and honour and heartbreak—all the never-old, never-new ingredients of the right romance mixed according to rule, done to a turn, and sugar-frosted. Best of all, there are a dozen charming

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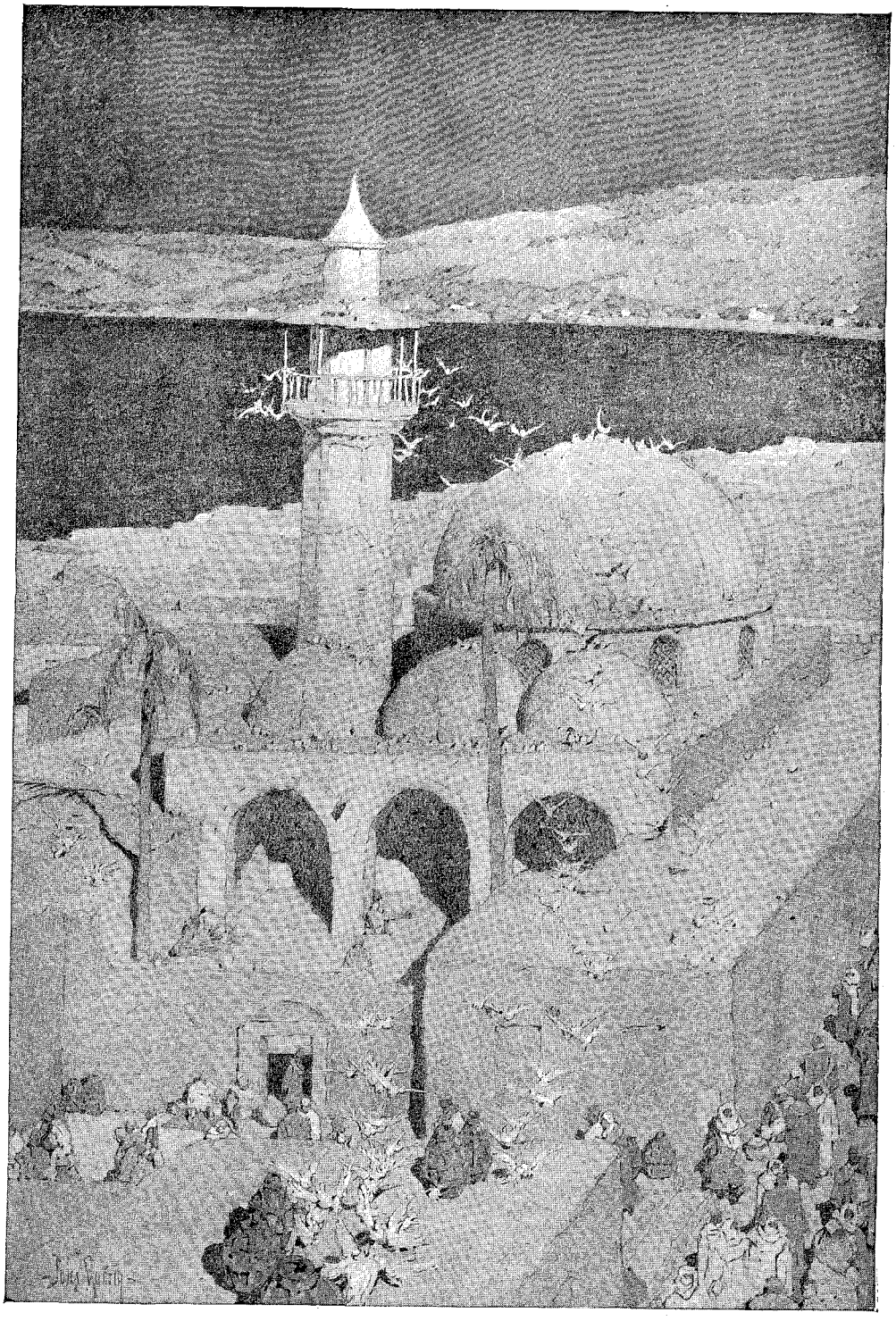

TIBERIUS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE. FROM "THE HOLY LAND." BY ROBERT HICHENS AND JULES GUÉRIN

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pictures by John Rae, some of which are quite delicious. But they are far better as illustrations than as pictures, although some of the interior scenes have a successful atmosphere.

Mr. William Winter's book, *Shakespeare's England,* makes little use of illustrations for any pictorial quality, their interest being purely descriptive and architectural, and it appears at this season merely because it has the habit of doing so. It is an old friend which one gladly sees again. There is little to say of this edition except that it contains much material not included in the previous twenty-five. In a mood of pleasing and endearing sentiment, the author rambles through English scenes and pauses in mellow meditation at English monuments, aiming to suggest the ideal England of her poetry. The book has the quiet autumnal atmosphere which made Miss Ellen Terry say that she always associated Mr. Winter with graves, and which the author defends by saying that he has lingered "upon the hallowing associations of antiquity and indicated the pathos more than the pageant of human experience."

Two new books, more definitely of travel and the traveller's local impression are *Brittany and the Bretons* and *The Holy Land.* Both of these demand more extended quotation of text and more detailed comment on the personal illustration which accompanies it. In both respects Mr. George Wharton Edwards has made his Brittany better than his Holland of last year. One feels that his pictures—sixty-five in number—grasp many of the temperamental characteristics of the Breton peasant and some of the atmosphere of the landscape. The *moyen age* feeling of village street is excellently presented. The text is full of legends and stories told him by the people of themselves and their neighbours, and is only occasionally marred by the pages of perfunctory information which made *Holland* something of an unwieldy guide book. "Brittany, land of granite, of mighty oaks, and druid remains, land of silence entwined with wild briar"—the author begins in telling phrase—"land of poetry and romance of the Middle Ages; men, the flower and pride of the French navy, with long hair framing faces of ascetic sternness, simple as children; ancient towns of the aspect of forgotten times, ignoring the Republic's existence, crying vehemently, 'Français oui, mais Breton avant tout.'" For him the country is neither sad nor desolate, but presents a great variety of interest and amusement, though the people are intensely religious, and even in their fêtes never gay. As for religion, the fruit dies on the blackberry vines because of the crown of thorns; as for their pleasures, they are few and simple because of a laborious, hopeless life; and their Gaelic cuts them off from the rest of the world, so that even the railway has made little difference. But they are hospitable when they know you or your voucher, and give you what they have out of a land impoverished and primitively cultivated, wretched with the inevitable results of landlord absenteeism. One must view them from the artistic and poetic standpoint or be appalled at the gloom of the picture. In Saint Malo, the corsair city—embattlemented, with a tall slender spire rising mastlike from its centre—you cannot stay long because of very ancient sanitary ideas, and nowhere in Brittany is the best hotel any too good. The silence of Saint Servan is really startling; Dinan is as unique as if it were the only walled town in the world—it is as if Saint Michel with its incredible theatricality and Saint Malo and Saint Servan were squeezed into one by some giant hand. Montcontour, perched upon a walled, moss-clad promontory, sleeps two hundred years in the past, and even its shops are so quiet one fears to intrude. Cornouaille has the most boisterous men of the Bretons, and their taste runs to heavy yellow embroidery and gorgeous handkerchiefs, whose hues set the teeth on edge. But even they are like the rest—one moment all confidence and loquacity and then all at once in a cloud of suspicion. The grey village of Paimpol is once a year in great excitement, for her hardy crews start for the fishing banks of Newfoundland, and the blessing of the fleet takes place with the most elaborate solemnity. Lannion has so many unexpected gables and haphazard windows and overhanging stories in lavish confusion that one is quite

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spoiled for the picturesqueness of any other place. The chaos of Ploumanach is savage and terrible, with its fishermen's huts hardly distinguishable from the piled-up masses of broken rock; yet it has a statue under a stone shed and young girls come secretly to stick pins into it to get them husbands. The nun who is clerk at the large hotel at the Château of Tonguedec pointed her visitors out to a sister, saying: "Americans they say. It is incredible—and they so white!" Before the hotel, among numerous small islets, is Avalon, "where falls not hail or rain or any snow," and where by Breton legend King Arthur lies buried. One does not write without restraint of Morlaix lest he become incoherent, so full is it of antique rich façades and misty blues and violets, strange and elusive; but even here a watchful eye must be kept aloft for certain emptyings from upper windows. At Saint Jean du Doigt is a finger of the Baptist which is supposed to pare its own nail annually; and there is a local saying that there are more fountains here than souls in paradise. Here is one of the most famous Pardons, but at Le Folgoet the costumes are most unique of all. There is a wonderful variety of caps and headdresses for the women; and for the men scarlet and orange vests, with violet and blue short jackets, all heavily embroidered. The public washing pool is the feature of every village, and the washers are sensitive Amazons who duck strangers. All the spurious coin of Europe seems to have been sent into Brittany. The peculiarities of the people are to be respected, for they are not exploited by bric-à-brac merchants as in Holland. Living among the peasants are everywhere priests, ministering in self-denial and cheerful endurance; and their devotion is part of the landscape.

In *The Holy Land* the pictures of Mr. Jules Guérin and the text of Mr. Hichens are perfectly wedded. They try in different mediums to do the same thing—to convey the colour of their impression. The eighteen pictures of the painter—there are many good photographs besides—have brilliance, warmth, and suggestiveness. Mr. Hichens's glowing description, with its subtle shadows, is too well known to need comment, but here is added a tone of reverence haunted with wistfulness and the pathos of what the civilisations have made of the footsteps of Christ, and the religions of His words and spirit. He entered the Holy Land by way of Baalbec; it is a place that seems more foreign than other foreign places, full of a sort of magic of strangeness. Its people are strange, too, for they seem actually to love their glorious golden ruins. Here are remains so stupendous that it seems as if only mastodons could have transported from the quarries their huge blocks of stone, but—unlike some of Egypt—they are harmonious and neither stupefy nor sadden. The "head of Syria" is Damascus, city of the narghile and the striped sofas, most ancient and in appearance newest, sacred yet seductive upon its dancing water. Representative of the faith which promises sensual joys, it is the silken garment, while Jerusalem is the hair-shirt. It is still, unique in Syria, thoroughly Oriental; and even the trams do not interfere with the atmosphere of the East. In no other town are so many alluring displays of food, and the butcher and baker and confectioner are coquettishly clever in arranging their wares. The essence of its wonderful charm is that it is a garden city, touched by the great desert; under its roses one feels the sands. The calm of Galilee on a Spring morning is like no other calm; gentler and sweeter than that of the desert, it is as if you drew near to God the Son. Everywhere there is beauty, touching and exquisite. Nazareth is a gay, clean-looking, almost complacently respectable large village, un-Oriental and rather German-Swiss in feeling, together with some quality of spuriousness. The efforts after conversion, power, spiritual and worldly domination of so many sects which have sent their members to Palestine have produced here, as elsewhere, confusion and artifice. The approach to Jerusalem is inhospitable, sterile, and cruel; one wonders why a great city should ever have been built on such a site. You might easily fall among thieves in the strange but profoundly uninteresting turmoil of rocks and ravines of Jericho. The town is a place of peculiar fascination and poetry, the beauty of desertion at the edge of the most ghastly and abandoned

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BROADWAY, WHICH SOME ANCIENT CITIZENS PERSISTED IN CALLING GREAT GEORGE STREET.

FROM "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." BY WEYMER JAY MILLS

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FROM "COLONIAL HOLIDAYS." BY WALTER TITTLE

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wilderness. It is a tumble-down village embraced in a riot of gardens and thickets, their outskirts of delicious green touching the terrible pallours of a waterless world. The beauty of the mountains of Moab is ineffable, and tradition has given it a sort of consecration, but at their feet lies the Dead Sea, as if under a hand lifted in imprecation. In the Holy Land you pass from one little world to the other with bewildering swiftness. Circassian, Jewish, Italian or German, Mohammedan, Druse, do not dwell together in peace; and even in the Church of the Holy Nativity stands a Turk, gun in hand, to keep the Christian dogs in order. Jerusalem is an austere city on sterile hills. It has amazing complexity, and is interesting as no other city is interesting. Conflict is in the air; Moslems keep the gate of the Holy Sepulchre to hold in check the furious passions of Christians, while Jews wail day after day by the great wall for a possession taken from them. Almost the whole of the ancient city lies underfoot; no one knows to-day the sites of the seven stations, but innumerable people claim to know. It is both moving and absurd to see pilgrims stirred to the very depths of their natures while guides and monks declaim lies consecrated by long usage. Few buildings can compare in splendour with the Dome of the Rock, the most sacred place in Palestine for the Moslems. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a barbaric and glittering labyrinth of vestibules, chapels, balconies, stairways, crypts and caves in the living rock. The Mount of Olives is decorated and defaced with buildings, and its huge Russian tower is blatant with ostentation; the garden of Gethsemane is trim and smart. Everywhere the voice of one religion clamours against another, passions run riot, and Jerusalem is the home of discord through which seethes a human whirlpool.

Last in the Christmas bundle are three books on painters, with a bountiful array of their pictures—Rosa Bonheur, Romney, and Whistler. These, in the two requirements of text and illustration, make the best kind of Christmas books. The *Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur* is edited by Theodore Stanton, who has discharged his work beautifully. He gives her letters and personal expressions of opinion and allows her friends to talk as much as possible. Between them we hear the voice of pretty nearly everybody in her world. Those letters are selected which bring out her life and her personality, and one shuts the volume with a thorough idea of the appearance, mind, and tastes of its subject. The Bonheur ancestors for three generations were cooks, but a talent for drawing exhibited itself in Rosa's father. Rosa herself said that a veil hung over her mother's birth which she was never able to lift, and that she had received from several crowned heads more marks of esteem than she could attribute to her talents. Her father tried to turn her from an artist's career, knowing of his own experience how hard it was for any one obliged to gain a livelihood. Her growing love for animals soon turned their home into a Noah's ark. When she was about twenty-three she began to go to the slaughter houses, and after a good deal of rough treatment was able to work there at ease. "Mlle. Rosa paints almost like a man," wrote Thoré of the Salon of 1847; and indeed Rosa in her own household scarcely counted as a girl. More than one man, however, worshipped her. Her individuality and life work were shaped by those noble-minded though erratic reformers, the Saint Simonians. What Emerson said of the Transcendental Club could be repeated of many of their meetings—"it was very much like going to heaven in a swing." Saint Simonianism, wrote her father, is based on love, fortified by labour, and enveloped in faith; and he designed them a costume to show it. His favourite child was thus "almost born an emancipated female." She had no patience with women who asked permission to think, and her philosophic mind judged everything with originality and independence. "I have the honour," said Rosa, "to hold the same views as Mme. George Sand concerning the brief sojourn we have in the world." Her friend, Nathalie Micas, literally worshipped her, and Rosa returned the devotion, although she enjoyed the absurd side of her friend's character as well as any one. Nathalie and her mother freed Rosa of all material and household worries, and their home

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enabled her to follow her artistic development without anxieties. She had considerable sense of humour and her letters are full of comicalities. She was not a good speller and was indifferent to grammar, flinging her words on paper with the same energetic freedom as she handled her brush. Slang and doggerel she charmingly indulged in, and often she seemed in them to be living up to her trousers and blouse. She was very patriotic and the misfortunes of France in the German invasion and afterward went to her heart. "To be loved by animals," she said, "one must love them." She had a mare that would rear up, put its hoofs on her shoulders, kiss her, and then actually follow her upstairs. "I find it monstrous for religion to say that animals have no souls," she wrote. "My lioness loves me: therefore she has more soul than certain people who do not love." As with everything else written of her, her assumption of masculine attire gave rise to much exaggeration. When she went to Paris or out in society she always wore a black silk gown and cloak. She was femininely proud of her hands and even coquettish about them. Not only had she a man's heart, but she could do manly acts with those little hands of hers. A policeman, who thought she was a young man masquerading in woman's clothes, arrested her, and Rosa, in return for some roughness on his part, gave him such a sounding box on the ear that later he was stupefied when he found out she was a woman. There was no posing about her adoption of trousers; it was simply for convenience and occasionally for protection. These and tobacco were offset by a taste for dancing and music. No money offer could ever hasten her; she had excessive modesty about her work and made her customers wait long for canvases practically finished. The rougher side of her character often inclined her to unsociableness; her dominating qualities were honesty, candour, and uprightness; full of apparent gaiety, her nature was serious and meditative; and finally, all the countryside adored her.

Not so delightful as *Rosa Bonheur* is *Romney*, a large and pleasantly discursive book. It contains, it would seem, about all that is to be collected on the subject of Romney's life and the people he came in contact with, together with opinions of his art and a detailed description of all his works. There are seventy-two plates, which give as good an idea of his product as can be had in black and white. The book exhibits no particular personality, but is readable and judicious throughout. Romney has suffered greater fluctuations of reputation than any other artist of the period. For a time the most popular painter of his day, he was forgotten almost as soon as he was dead. He never exhibited his portraits and he himself was unsociable; for both reasons he soon became but a name. Only in 1871 did he begin to come into his own again, and his reputation now stands probably higher than it deserves. No English works have increased so rapidly in value during the last few years. A picture he sold for twenty guineas brought in 1904 £4,305. In reaction there is just now a tendency to overestimate his faults. It is needful, therefore, that his true and permanent position be found, balancing his extraordinary sweetness and charming sympathy against his conventional prettiness of handling, his lack of real insight and his sometimes empty elegance. From his father he got little more than a sound though scanty education and a strict and sober bringing up. He married without any means of support a respectable, unintellectual woman, who proved to be possessed of more than ordinary patience and unselfish loyalty. Her lot was to be enforced absence from her husband for almost forty years. He left her to go up to London in 1742, when art under George II. was at its lowest ebb and nobody bought any pictures but portraits. After years of patient toil he accumulated sufficient money to visit Italy. In Rome he availed himself of opportunities to study from the nude, which his prim and precise son regarded with great disfavour. On his return it took him some time to get a connection again; but once started he had more work for the rest of his life than he could accomplish with justice. The fascinating and radiant Lady Hamilton became, at his first glimpse of her vivacious youthfulness, his ideal of womanly beauty. She had extraordinary mobility and unusual im-

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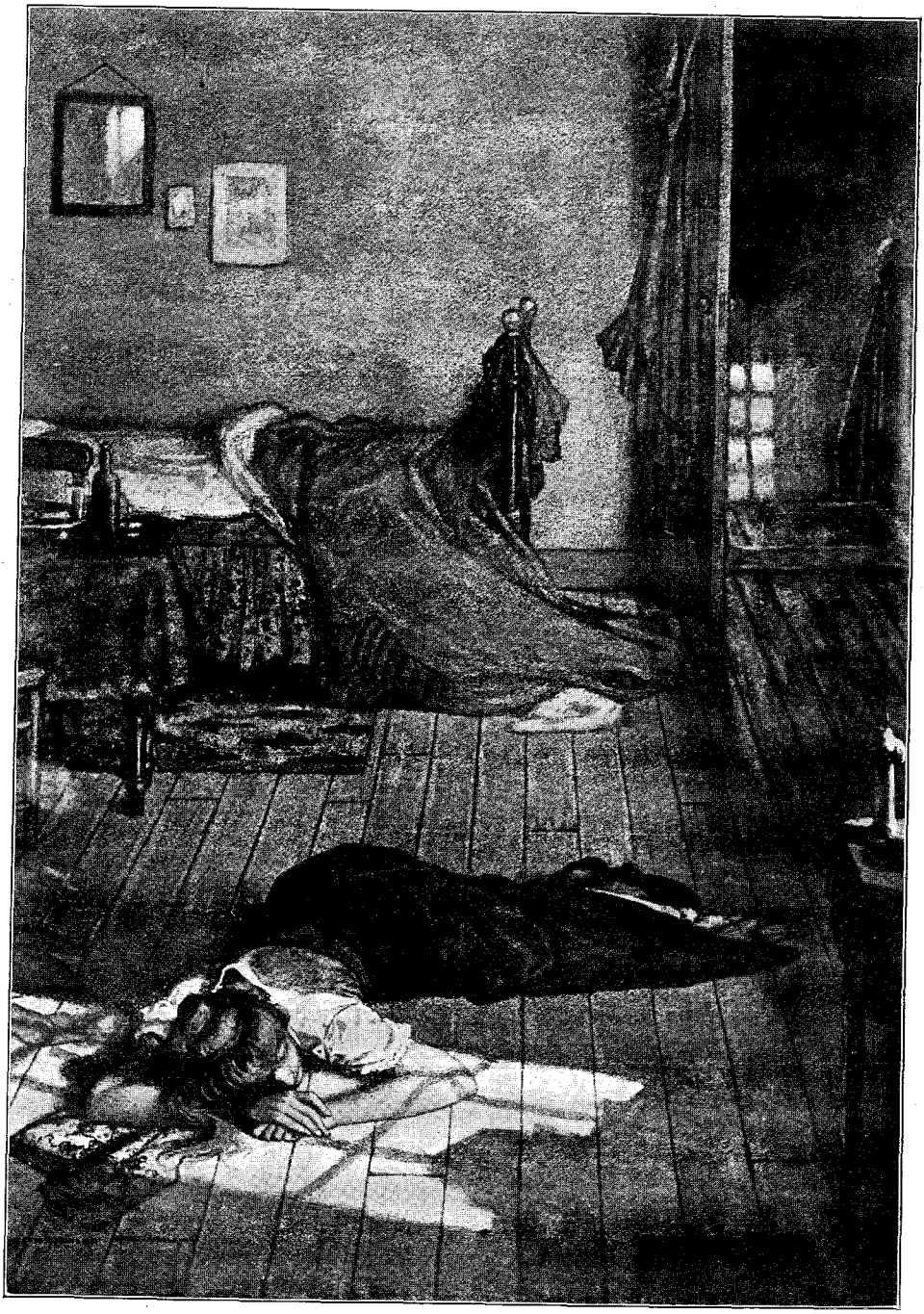

"MARY, PITY WOMAN." FROM THE "COLLECTED VERSE OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

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agination, and must have been as fine a model as ever sat to painter. He no doubt adored her, but it was largely an ideal love; and furthermore, he was fifty and she was twenty. He painted at least twenty-three pictures of her, as herself and in masquerade. Everything known of him, in an age when loose living was regarded with singular leniency, tends to show that the only blot on his character was his desertion of his wife. This, though he always kept the fact of his marriage in the background, seems to have been at first entirely unintended and to have been continued merely through circumstances. His closing years were darkened by the forerunners of mental decay, until, unable to work, he at last returned to his wife, who nursed him for three years without reproach or complaint. Much of his unhappiness was doubtless due to the knowledge that through lack of moral courage he had failed in the most sacred duty he ever undertook. Lack of resolution reflected seriously upon his art, but he was one of the most poetic painters his century produced. In portraiture he laid bare no subtle traits of character; but what he discovered he realised with keenest sympathy and rare felicity. His technical range was narrow and he was hampered by lack of early training; yet his faults pass almost unheeded in the vision of graceful beauty which he pictured both with simplicity and dignity. His children are always little ladies and gentlemen, but fresh and breathing happiness; and when he brought mother and child together on a single canvas he reached a point beyond which even his greatest contemporaries could not go.

Very different indeed from the Romney book in respect to the possession of personality is the Whistler book, by Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann. Here is a critic whose affiliation with Japanese ideas particularly fits him to understand Whistler, who owes so much to Japanese art. Furthermore, he is a critic unusually equipped in the technique of painting and etching and an expert on pictorial composition, both allowing him to discuss Whistler's particular idiosyncrasies with the greater intelligence. With these temperamental and technical advantages, then, one would say here is precisely the man for an appreciation of Whistler. And so it proves. His perceptions, too, are subtle and he can explain them without recourse to vague statement or scattering rhetoric. The half-tone reproductions with which the book is generous are not particularly satisfactory, though they are of great service to the text. Mr. Hartmann begins by stating in personal phrase that he does not know why a white chrysanthemum means more to him than any other flower, only that it does. Just so Whistler was busy all his life affixing the symbols of his æsthetic creed on canvas. This was that every object had for him its moment of transcendent beauty—he didn't know why; his business was to catch that fugitive moment. His conception of beauty was largely a sense for tone. His subjects were merely means to express the character of the colour arrangement. He said he would like to dispense with them and concern himself solely with the music of colour. With this new idea in his head he had naturally a long time to wait before fame knocked at his door and to content himself largely with recognition through novelty. Little is known of his private life; few but his intimates were aware that he married at the age of fifty-four. Although he managed to keep himself in the fullest limelight constantly, he never allowed personal details to get out. Only the personality of the artist was made public. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he went at the age of nine with his family to live in St. Petersburg, where the barbaric splendour of Russia excited his imagination. Six years later the family returned, and in three years he entered West Point, to leave it in his junior year. He seems to have acquired there only a liking for trigness and smartness in attire. Having enough money for a few years' study of art, he went to Paris and joined the youthful enthusiasts who fought for modernism and a new technique in the days when they attested their faith by eccentric and exotic garments. There he was the typical Bohemian. The turning point in his struggle was the exhibition of the "Girl in White," which "had a beauty so peculiar that the public did not know whether to think it beauti-

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ful or ugly." He moved to London and began to solve the problem of creating tone which should suggest atmosphere with as little subject matter as possible. Famous at last, he went into successively better lodgings until his pretentious abode, the "White House," became one of the centres of art life in London, and here he gave Sunday breakfasts, which were as much a colour scheme as the dining-room itself. He became a recognised leader in decoration, but he was one who invariably preferred beauty to comfort, and he would never give people enough chairs to sit down upon. Nevertheless, in spite of his fame, only gradually did people begin to see more than cleverness in his products. The second turning point in his career was when, having lived beyond his means, he put—not unwillingly—his establishment under the hammer and retired to modest quarters again. During the next ten years he was a nomad of Europe. In 1884 he was elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists, but soon quarrelled with the old-fashioned element of its membership, and his policy of elimination and arrangement brought disaster; he retired with as much noise and controversy as he could manage. The death of his wife in '95 brought about a long silence and he also ceased posing in public. In '98 he became president of the International Society and in 1903 he died. Even his exit from life he endeavoured to make as odd and picturesque as possible. No pamphleteer ever became famous on as few manuscripts. A well-turned phrase was to him the ideal of a diction. He was an iconoclast when problems of art were in question; and he was one of the greatest egoists that ever lived. Even when he knew he was wrong he would fight. He forced nearly all his friends to cross swords with him and his feuds were endless. As for his repartee, only Oscar Wilde occasionally got the better of him. He used the press like Barnum and Boulanger. Lashing himself into the erroneous belief that he was the sole judge of his work, he fought a losing battle for his convictions a quarter of a century, jested through it all, and finally triumphed magnificently. It was from Hiroshige that he learned to make his signature a detail of the composition of his picture; and his famous butterfly showed that he could be self-assertive and arrogant and yet refined. Well-nigh twenty-five years it took him to learn his trade. It was, for instance, a long time before he realised that he was introducing incongruous things for the sake of colour. He learned his process of elimination from the Japanese way of doing things. Finally he perceived that a refined sense of colour is but an external accomplishment of Japanese art and the true soul of it is its suggestiveness. He pruned always, for he meant that nothing should remain but the most essential. The desire to enclose the whole world into one colour tone tormented him. An impressionist, he had no use for the new technique; protesting against literary elements, he emphasised the psychological and symbolical; a realist, he insisted on refinement. He felt that the time for both idealistic and realistic interpretation had passed—a characteristic attitude that expressed in a simple pose the entire personality was what he wanted. Both for breadth and simplicity he avoided perspective arrangements, and his interiors and backgrounds nearly always represent a straight wall. That he knew just when to stop in his process of elimination proves his genius. He limited himself to one-figure composition because he wanted a big total effect. The thinness, the frugality of his brushwork, taken together with its astonishing variety, virility and vibrancy, is his greatest triumph in technique. He is the first man who combined the beauty of Eastern design with the principles of Western art. He was not an imitator like Monet; he merely pushed to their extreme the principles which all great painters since Velasquez have championed.

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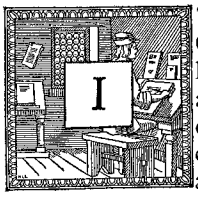
THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

V—The Gospel of Infinite Pains

The preceding article in this series emphasised the importance to every young author, not only of having ideas and learning to express them clearly, but of knowing which of the various artistic forms is best adapted to be his medium of expression. Yet ideas, and a clear style and a mastery of the technique of the form best suited to his purpose are not enough to ensure a young writer's success, unless he is willing to submit to a certain amount of drudgery—unless he accepts the Gospel of Infinite Pains.



IT was the Roman poet, Ovid, who once said, at least in substance, "It is a fact that some authors cannot correct. They compose with pleasure and with ardour; but they exhaust all their force. They fly with but one wing, when they revise their work; the first fire does not return."*

What was true in Ovid's day has been equally true in all periods of literary production. There are always certain authors, eminently brilliant some of them, who not only cannot revise, but rather pride themselves on their inability to do so. Byron, for instance, is a striking case in point. "He wrote with astonishing rapidity—*The Corsair* in ten days, *The Bride of Abydos* in four days; while it was printing, he added and corrected, but without recasting:

> I told you before that I can never recast anything. I am like the tiger. If I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I do it, it is crushing.

Now, the ability to get one's thoughts onto paper with great rapidity is in itself an admirable gift. There is a freshness, a spontaneity, and oftentimes a crude strength in the first rough draft which must inevitably be partly sacrificed in the process of final polishing. There is a great deal of truth in Thoreau's advice:

> Write while the heat is in you. When the farmer burns a hole in his yoke, he carries the iron quickly from the fire to the wood, for every moment it is less effectual to penetrate it. . . . The writer who postpones the recording of his thoughts uses an iron which has cooled to burn a hole with. He cannot influence the minds of his audience.

*Quoted in this form by Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, who goes on to cite numerous interesting cases of industrious revision.

The Fatal Mistake

"Write while the heat is in you" is, so far as it goes, excellent advice. Pages written under great heat and pressure are not unlikely to turn out diamonds in the rough—for that is Nature's way of making diamonds. The trouble with the advice is that it does not go half far enough; it tells only half the truth; it fails to point out that all the fire in the world will never do the effective finishing, or add the final lustre, like a little slow and patient rubbing, after the ideas have grown cold. In other words, one of the most fatal mistakes a young writer can make is in thinking that writing is just a matter of inspiration; that you either have the inborn talent, or you have not; that if you have it, you need only to plunge into a sort of vortex of creative energy, a fine sybilline frenzy—and your inborn talent will do the rest. That, of course, is arrant nonsense, and very disastrous nonsense as well—because, if you once get the idea firmly fixed in your mind that a masterpiece can spring, like Pallas Athene, perfected from its author's brain, then good-bye to all hope for that honest drudgery, that loving patience over infinite detail, which is such an essential accompaniment of the creative gift that it almost justifies that threadbare paradox that genius is the art of taking infinite pains.

Now this, of course, is precisely what genius is not, and never can be, in literature any more than in the other arts. No amount of patient juggling with the contents of unabridged dictionaries will give birth to a great poem, if there is not the inspiration of a great thought back of it.

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The statement that if, according to the law of permutations, you toss a sufficient number of Greek alphabets up in the air, and keep on doing so for a sufficient number of times, they will sooner or later come down arranged to form the text of the *Iliad,* may be all right in higher mathematics, but it is not helpful to the Craftsmanship of Writing. But just because technique will not produce immortal epics all by itself, there is no sense in leaping to the other extremity, and either shirking it or discarding it altogether. The best laid stone-ballast railway track in the world won't take us anywhere unless we run trains upon it, but that is no reason for expecting our little intellectual railway trains will run themselves without any guide rails at all. Undisciplined genius is an erratic, irresponsible thing that people may admire on occasion, but dare not trust, for they never know what it is likely to do next. As between two artists of equal inborn talent a wise man would every time give preference to the one who, in addition to his inborn talent, shows the best command of that technical part of craftsmanship which comes only from persistent drilling. This, I take it, is the real point of that almost threadbare story of how Pope Benedict IX., wishing to have some paintings executed in St. Peter's, and having heard of the fame of the Florentine, Giotto, sent for some specimen or design by which he might judge Giotto's work; and how Giotto, with a turn of his hand, made a perfectly symmetrical circle and delivered it to the messenger, saying, "This is my design." This perfect circle was no evidence of an inborn talent, for nature does not endow any one of us at birth with the power of making perfect circles—whatever she may do for spiders in regard to equilateral polygons. But it was evidence of a trained hand, a perfect technique; and that is a pretty important matter to be assured of if you are ordering work done by a genius, whether you happen to be Pope Benedict IX. or anybody else.

The Lesson of Giotto's Circle

The whole point of this illustration of Giotto's circle is, not merely that it is something which has to be learned, but that the learning costs an infinitude of practice. It is apparently such a simple thing to do and yet you can keep on trying and trying, day after day, month after month; and probably never in the whole course of your life reach the point where you won't have to say, "Yes, that is pretty good, but I ought to do better." That is precisely the feeling that a conscientious craftsman ought to have in regard to his writing. He may or may not be satisfied with the inspiration behind his work. For that, there is no rule; it depends upon the individual case. But in regard to the technical side, it would be well if he could always feel that it would be possible to do it just a little bit better—always feel that there is some one perfect way of building the structure or rounding the sentence that elusively keeps just beyond his reach.

The Inevitable Drudgery

Consequently, one of the first ideas that every young writer should promptly get into his head is that, whatever degree of talent he may have, there is no escaping a certain amount of tedious drudgery, if he ever expects to accomplish anything of real importance. This does not mean that the man who frankly says that he cannot revise his work after it is once written is necessarily in the second grade of authorship, any more than the man who admits that he cannot map out his whole work in all its details before writing his opening sentence. There is no hard and fast rule as to the point at which the real drudgery of writing shall begin. Some authors have served their time in the ranks, as it were, before their first book has ever seen print; they have learned their craft pretty thoroughly by a thousand abortive efforts that have either never been set down on paper at all or else have gone speedily into the scrap-basket or the furnace fire. This does not mean that they will be relieved of the necessity of pruning and polishing; but it does mean that a long and faithful apprenticeship reduces the amount of such detail work to a minimum. Then again some writers have the trick of doing most of their verbal sand-papering in advance, turning and twisting each sentence a thousand times in their brain, before ever committing it

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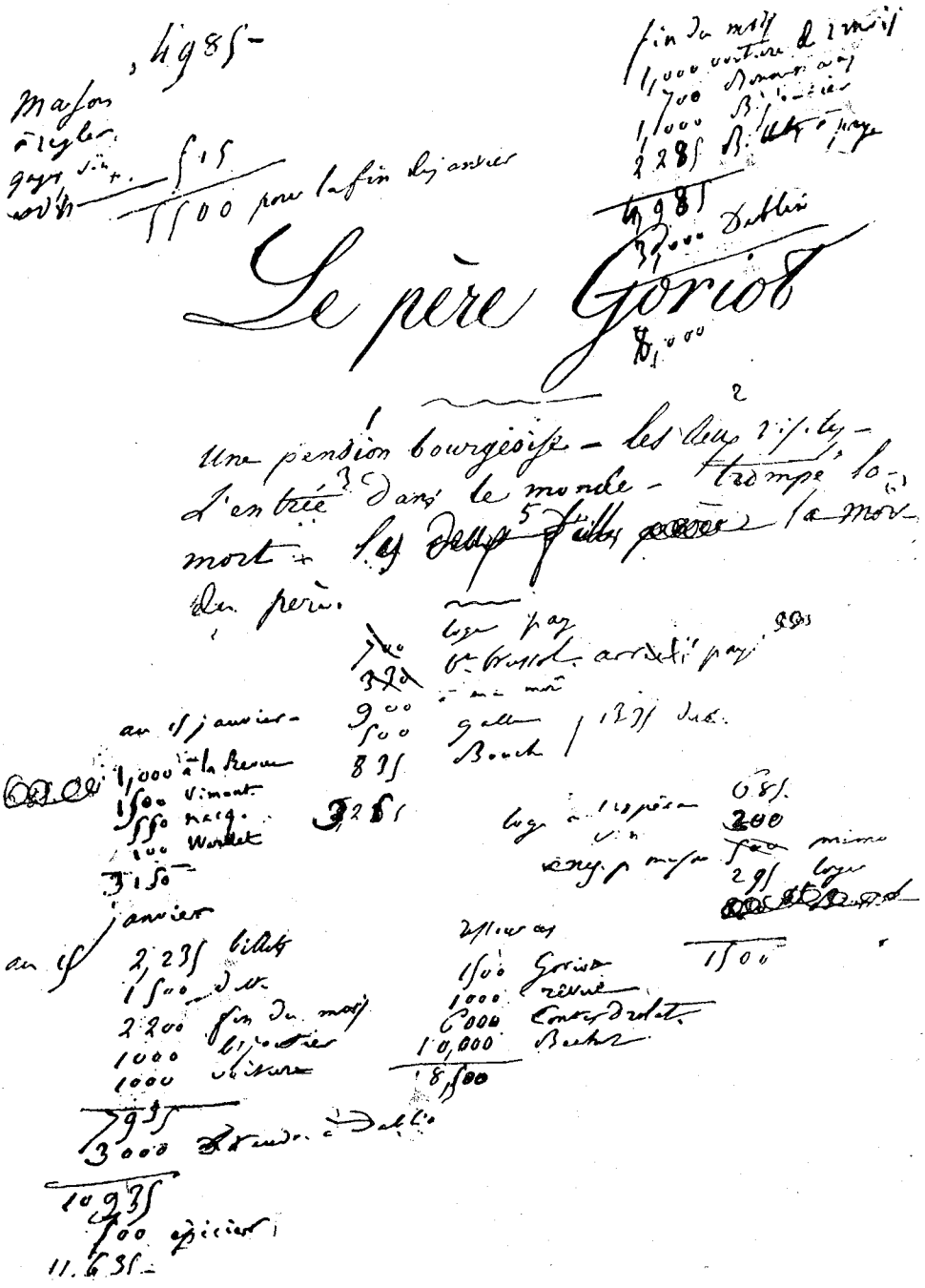

BALZAC'S FIRST DRAFT OF "LE PÈRE GORIOT"

A very curious and characteristic page, indicating the novelist's life and method of work. In the lines in the middle is outlined the plot of the book as it stands. The figures scratched all over the page epitomise Balzac's gigantic efforts to make his income from his pen keep up with his huge debts.

Photographed for THE BOOKMAN from the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul.

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to paper. That, when we stop to think of it, is the original, the natural way in which literary composition was evolved. The primitive sagas, the early folk tales were all slowly crystallised into shape, not only before they were reduced to writing, but before there was any writing into which to reduce them.

But it makes no difference at what point an author gets in his really hard work; there can be no definite rules laid down for preparation or for revision. There is no magic in a second re-writing or a third, in a fifth or a tenth revised proof. If your first draft of a sentence satisfies you, a second writing is a waste of time. But fifty re-writings are none too much if the forty-ninth still fails to content you. Every writer must in this respect work out his own particular method. A few years ago the statement went the rounds of the literary columns that Mr. Maurice Hewlett made a practice of re-writing all of his stories no less than four times; that each of these drafts was made with all the care that he could bestow upon it and when finished promptly destroyed; that the second would contain only so much of the first, and the third only so much of the second as, by its excellence or its striking and peculiar phrasing, stamped itself upon his memory. Whether or not he really works in that way, such a method would, of course, account for much of Mr. Hewlett's peculiarities of style. But it might prove extremely disastrous to many another author.

No Definite Rules for Revising

Some writers apply the Gospel of Infinite Pains from the first moment of their conception of a plot down to the last revision of the page proofs. Balzac was one of these. His erratic and laboured methods of revision, as recorded by Théophile Gautier in his *Portraits Contemporains,* are such an interesting object lesson of the extent to which the fever for revision may be carried that it seems worth while to quote him here rather extensively:

> His method of proceeding was as follows: When he had long borne and lived a subject, he wrote, in a rapid, uneven, blotted, almost hieroglyphic writing, a species of outline on several pages. These pages went to the printing office, from which they were returned in placards, that is to say, in detached columns in the centre of large sheets. He read these proofs attentively, for they already gave to his embryo work that impersonal character which manuscript never possesses; and he applied to this first sketch the great critical faculty with which he was gifted, precisely as though he were judging of another man's work.
>
> Then he began operations: approving or disapproving, he maintained or corrected, but above all he *added*. . . . After some hours, the paper might have been taken for a drawing of fireworks by a child. Rockets, darting from the original text, exploded on all sides. Then there were crosses: simple crosses, crosses re-crossed, like those of a blazon, stars, suns, Arabic figures, letters, Greek, Roman or French, all imaginable signs, mingled with erasures. Strips of paper, fastened on by wafers or pins, were added to the insufficient margins, and were rayed with lines of writing, very fine to save room, and full themselves of erasures; for a correction was hardly made before that again was corrected. . . .
>
> The following day, the proofs came back, . . . the bulk of course doubled. Balzac set to work again, always amplifying. . . . Often this tremendous labour ended with an intensity of attention, a clearness of perception of which he alone was capable. He would see that the thought was warped by the execution, that an episode predominated; that a figure which he meant should be secondary for the general effect was projecting out of its plan. Then, with one stroke of his pen, he bravely annihilated the result of four or five nights of labour. He was heroic at such times.

Balzac, of course, was one of the colossals, and all of his methods, whether right or wrong, were colossal like himself. The vast majority of us will never write a *Comédie Humaine* nor overspread our proof sheets with mad pyrotechnics of erasures. Nevertheless, the essence of Balzac's method is a sound one. You can follow no better plan, provided your mind works that way, than to get your whole initial thought down on paper in the first heat of creation; and then, after a day or two, re-write and amplify, and re-write and amplify again, building up, little by little, filling in the details, smoothing the rough places until your

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work finally reaches a stage that you are content to keep as its permanent form. Yet even then, if you are a convert to the Gospel of Infinite Pains, you will still find some changes to make in your proof sheets, some further amendment to work into your second and third editions.

Flaubert's Pursuit of Perfection

But, of course, it is possible to carry anything too far, even such an apparently limitless thing as Infinite Pains. Flaubert was the signal instance of this. His pursuit of perfection verged upon mania; his tireless zeal in connection with every detail of whatever work he had on hand for the moment was in the nature of a fixed idea. Zola, in his *Romanciers Naturalistes,* has given an admirably detailed account of Flaubert's methods of work in pursuit of "that perfection which made up the joy and the torment of his existence." When he had once got a rough draft upon paper the "chase after documents" began with as much method as possible:

> He read above all a considerable number of works; or rather one should say that he merely skimmed them, going with an instinct of which he was rather proud, to the one page, the one phrase that would be of use to him. Often a work of five hundred pages would give him only a single note which he painstakingly transcribed; often also such a volume would give him nothing at all. Here we find an explanation of the seven years which he spent on an average on each one of his books; for he lost at least four in his preparatory readings.

And as he read, his notes piled up, overflowed his portfolios, became unwieldy, mountainous. To give some idea of his conscientiousness in gathering material, Zola mentions that before writing *L'Education Sentimentale* he ran through the entire collection of *Charivari,* in order to saturate himself with the spirit of petty journalism, under Louis-Philippe; and that it was out of the words found in that collection that he created the character of Hussonnet. At last an hour would come when, as Flaubert put it, he would feel the "need of writing":

> When he began the work of composition he would first write quite rapidly a piece consisting of a whole episode, five or six pages at most. Sometimes, when the right word would not come, he would leave it blank. Then he would start in again with this same piece, and it would be a matter of two or three weeks, sometimes more, of impassioned labour over those five or six pages. He wanted them perfect, and I assure you that perfection to him was not a simple matter. He weighed each word, examining not only the meaning but the conformation as well. Avoidance of repetitions, of rhymes, of harsh sounds was merely the rough beginning of his task. He went so far as not to allow the same syllables to recur in a phrase; sometimes a single letter got on his nerves and he would search for words in which it did not occur; then again he sometimes had need of a definite number of r's to give a rolling effect to a sentence.

All this is given here not as an example to be imitated by the young literary craftsman but as a sort of ultimate standard by which to measure the extent and the earnestness of his own efforts. Your latest story, perhaps, came back this morning accompanied by its third rejection slip. In writing that story did you take the trouble to work it over for the third or fourth time? Did you erase and rearrange the opening sentence endlessly until you knew all its possible variations by heart? Did you wake up suddenly in the night with a happy idea that would just fit into page seventeen and could not wait till morning?—or did you, on the other hand, simply sit down quite comfortably one day, possessed only of pen, ink and paper and a good working idea, and dash off your five thousand words at top speed while the heat that Thoreau speaks of was still in you? And, as you signed your name, did you say to yourself, "Well, I suppose some of this is a bit ragged, but it will have to go as it is"? If the second is the case, then your collection of rejection slips deserves to multiply. You may be a genius but you are not a craftsman. Better a hundred times the exaggeration, the hair-splittings, the *reductio ad absurdum* of Flaubert's Infinite Pains than such deliberate slovenliness. If you think that your lot is a hard one and that literature at best is a steady grind with slow results, read just one more paragraph on Flaubert's method and perhaps you will readjust your ideas.

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One Sunday morning (writes Zola) we found him drowsy, broken with fatigue. The day before, in the afternoon, he had finished a page of *Bouvard et Pécuchet,* with which he felt very much pleased and he had gone to dine in town, after having copied it out on a large sheet of Holland paper that he was accustomed to use. When he returned about midnight, instead of retiring at once, he had to give himself the pleasure of re-reading that page. But he became greatly disturbed, discovering that he had repeated himself within a space of two lines. Although there was no fire in his study and it was very cold, he obstinately set to work to get rid of that repetition. Then, finding other words which displeased him, he gave up the attempt to change them all and went to bed in despair. But once in bed, it was impossible to sleep; he turned and turned again, thinking always of those devils of words. All at once he hit upon a happy correction, sprang to the floor, relighted his candle and returned in his nightshirt to his study to write out the new phrase. After that he crawled back, shivering beneath the coverlets. Three times, he sprang up and re-lighted his candle, in order to change the position of a word or to alter a comma. At last, in desperation, dominated by the demon of perfection, he took his page with him, bundled his muffler around his ears, tucked himself in on all sides in his bed and until daybreak cut and pruned his page, covering it all over with pencil strokes. That was the way Flaubert worked. We all have manias of this sort, but with him it was this sort of mania from one end of his books to the other.

The Value of System

It is somewhat of a comfort to turn from a writer whose efforts were so vastly in excess of the bulk of his actual production and turn to another novelist who holds a fairly eminent position in English literature and who, through long years of remarkable average fertility, succeeded in making the quality of his writing keep steady pace with the quantity—Anthony Trollope. His advice to young writers is not only interesting but valuable, provided it be taken understandingly.

Nulla dies sine linea. Let that be their motto. And let their work be to them as is his common work to the common labourer. No gigantic efforts will then be necessary. He need tie no wet towels round his brow, nor sit for thirty hours at his desk without moving,—as men have sat, or said that they have sat. More than nine-tenths of my literary work has been done in the last twenty years, and during twelve of those years I followed another profession. I have never been a slave to this work, giving due time, if not more than due time, to the amusements I have loved. But I have been constant,—and constancy in labour will conquer all difficulties. *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed saepe cadendo.*

The Honest Labour

Steady, plodding work: that is Trollope's panacea for success in literature. "Let their work be to them as is his work to the common labourer," that is the one phrase to be treasured up and committed to memory. The art of writing—that is the part that savours of genius, the part for which we cannot prescribe rules, the part which makes laws unto itself. But the craftsmanship is a different matter. It may be congenial labour, but labour it must always be, differing in kind but not in degree from that of the hewer of wood or the tiller of the field. The great thing is to make it honest labour, to be quite sure that we are not skimping it or doing it grudgingly. We must each of us find our own best working hours, must decide for ourselves whether we will sit thirty hours at a stretch without moving and then do nothing more for a week or whether we will accept the monotony of systematic daily effort from breakfast until luncheon, day in and day out, whether we feel like it or not. Some men can work that way, and some men cannot and that is all there is about it; they cannot tell you why, they simply find that that is their individual case. Now, there is no virtue in one way more than in another—but whatever method of work you follow remember always that there is no such thing as a royal road to literary achievement, that it always means sooner or later work, work of the hardest, most earnest sort, and often the hardest of all work where it shows the least. For the greatest triumph of writing, as of other arts, is to conceal most carefully those spots upon which you have most conscientiously practised the Gospel of Infinite Pains.

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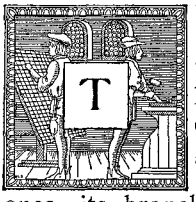
AS A LITTLE CHILD

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



HE Christmas season is indeed a "time of New Talk," of much talk, at least, among the writers of books. And the biggest tree in fiction-land is decked for the little ones, its branches sagging under their weight of gifts. Books for children everywhere, this Christmastide, as every Christmastide. The sheer quantity of them brings the thought, "How many of these books for children are there that have the true quality, that make the lasting appeal to that most honest and sincere class of readers for whom they are designed? And furthermore, wherein does this true quality lie?"

Edwin Pugh, author of *Tony Drum,* in writing once to a reviewer of his book, said: "I went to the children to ask them what they saw, because I think children look at life with their eyes, whilst men and women, as often as not, look at life through their opinions."

Here is a bit of far-reaching philosophy which gives us a measure of value for the quality of children's books. Only such can be deemed truly successful that embody a realisation of the child's blessed power to look at life with his eyes, not with his opinions, as the grown man so often does.

Did you ever enter a strange town after nightfall? Or stop over at a station in such a strange town after dark? Or even wander through its streets between trains, say for an hour or so, and then steam onward to your destination? It is one of the traveller's most delightful sensations, bringing a charm that is always fresh. And the reason for this charm is possibly that you are looking at that town with your eyes alone, with the eyes of the imagination, Nature's great gift to man. Everything that might call into play your preconceived opinions as to what that town, or any town, should be like is cloaked and hidden by the beneficent dark. How fairy-like the most commonplace little hamlet can appear under such circumstances. Anything wonderful or beautiful or deliciously weird and uncanny might be hidden, for aught we know, behind those isolated or clustered points of radiance flaring out of a sable veil of mystery. Now life to the child must be something like a strange town seen after dark. It is mysterious, wonderful, full of delightful possibilities lurking just around every corner. For there are no preconceived opinions to spoil the little traveller's joy, to tell him ruthlessly just what commonplace everyday sort of thing may be expected behind every turn in the road. The eyes that see just so far, the imagination that shivers in delicious wonder at each new discovery to be made—this is the Golden Apple that the good Fairy Fate has thrown into the lap of childhood. It's sad how few of us can keep it bright in later life! It is really only the poet-soul who succeeds in the attempt, who can remain the eternal child and never grow up. And it's a doubtful blessing to grow up, as the good fairies could tell us if we would only listen. The poet never loses his ability to wonder, another of the joys of childhood. For, as Eden Phillpotts says in his fairy story, *The Flint Heart* (one of the best of this season's tales for children): "Everybody ought to be astonished at pretty nearly everything that happens when they are five. The age when nothing astonishes you is eighteen. But after that, as you grow older and older, things gradually begin to astonish you again, until, when you get quite old—say from forty to a hundred—much that happens will amaze you and you'll find the world as puzzling and as wonderful at the end as you did at the beginning." Herein lies the same deep truth as in Edwin Pugh's words.

Life is indeed astonishing and greatly to be wondered at when we look at it through our eyes. It grows commonplace only as we grow mentally lazy and are content to see through cut and dried opinions and to express ourselves in stock phrases. The normal child is never men-

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tally lazy. His brains are always alert and anxious to see, to learn. His wondering does not crystallise into opinions until that fatal day when imitation of his elders takes the place of his own fresh and original explorer's outlook on life.

What we may reasonably demand of stories for children, therefore, is that they shall appeal to this direct outlook on life, that they shall stimulate the imagination to work for itself, not force opinions on it. The child asks for facts, not opinions. Preaching, always a deadly sin in fiction, is doubly unpardonable in books for children. For its purpose, and sometimes its effect, is to hasten the coming of that fatal day to which we have just alluded, that day when the child ceases to look at life through its eyes and is willing to accept opinions in place of imagination. And yet no class of readers is so sinned against by those who write books for them, as well as by those who buy books for them. It would create a horrified astonishment to hear it spoken, but the fact is that a tacit understanding prevails that anything is good enough for children's books.

Triviality, an untrue outlook on life, pedantic patronising sermons, anything goes as an offering to this most honest and sincere class of readers a writer can ever hope to have. But fortunately there are still some few who recognise that the highest skill, the greatest art is needed for the writing of children's books, an art, a skill so perfect, so finely attuned, that they have completed the circle and come back to Nature. "Unless ye become as a little child," which, unless we are born with the poet's soul, which is the soul of the eternal child, is the hardest thing of all to do. Ripe and comprehending experience of life, a keen sense of proportion, and broad sympathy and insight are necessary for the writing of the perfect tale for children. When accomplished it is something that appeals not only to children, something that will last as the great tales told in the childhood of the race have lasted, and something in the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of which we may safely measure the minds and hearts of those about us.

This is not a childlike age. The old world seems just now to be somewhere between the ages of eighteen and fifty—if we may accept Phillpotts's dictum. It is as hard for us to write perfect tales for children now as it is for us to paint Saints and Madonnas. Our forefathers accomplished them out of a naïve sincerity of belief. That we no longer have, and we have not yet won in its stead the mature poise out of which we can understand and appeal to a sincerity of belief in others. Which is probably why, among the books brought to the child's Christmas tree each year by Santa Claus, the busy publisher, there are so many that appear to have been written from the point of view actuating the remark of a woman who may easily serve as a representative of the buying public. This woman once said to a young girl in whom she was interested, and who was taking her first timid steps along the thorn-strewn path of literary effort: "Why don't you write children's stories? You could do that, and they're so well paid." The idea being that a girl in her early twenties, brought up in a sheltered home, with no experience of life, could not expect to write anything *but* stories for children—the sort of stories that no one without a special gift for it can possibly be able to write well until after a long life of fighting with fate!

However, the greater part of what is offered the little ones each Christmastide is at least sincere and written with affection if not always with understanding. Let us take it in the spirit in which it is given—the true spirit in which to receive what Christmas brings.

The Lilac Fairy Book. Andrew Lang. Illustrated by H. J. Ford. Longmans, Green & Company.

The Fairy Ring. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Flint Heart. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Little Girl Blue. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrated by Virginia K. Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

The Christmas Angel. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 60 cents.

The Star People. By Katherine Fay Dewey. Illustrated by Frances B. Comstock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

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Finella in Fairyland. Demetra K. Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Emerald City of Oz. By Frank L. Baum. Chicago: Reilly and Britton.

Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by Grace Wiederseim. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

Sugar and Spice and all that's Nice. The Child's Harvest of Verse. Compiled by Mary W. Tileston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

First and foremost, always and forever, among tales for children come the fairy tales. What were childhood without the fairy tale? That child who has never wandered through the magic gardens of Fairyland is unfortunate indeed. But that child does not exist, for the mind and heart of every child, even all unaided, will make for itself a fairyland out of anything and nothing. But the art of writing fairy tales seems to be another thing that has vanished with the vanished childhood of the race. The best fairy tales are always the old ones, stories that were never really *written,* but just grew in the telling as they passed down through generations of fireside evenings. They were told or enjoyed by grown men and women in an earlier, more naïve age, and they never lose their appeal to the child in us as to the children around us now. As to new fairy stories, well, Mr. Andrew Lang, the untiring editor, who makes it possible to unearth new-old stories every year and dress them out in a new colour of raiment for the Christmas tree, says some very unkind things of them in his latest offering, *The Lilac Fairy Book.*

"The three hundred and sixty-five authors who try to write new fairy tales are very tiresome," he says. "Their fairies try to be funny and fail, or they try to preach and succeed. Real fairies never preach or talk slang—nobody can write a new fairy tale; the thing is impossible." The tenor of Mr. Lang's reproach of modern writers of fairy tales is that they attempt to write just for children and therefore fail. Possibly he may be right. But we will forgive him his feeling against the writers who prefer to write rather than to edit, for the sake of the fine new-old stories he has found for us here. It is really astonishing how Mr. Lang goes on unearthing so many new stories—new-old is what we mean—every year. Some of the stories in this new book have come from Ireland, some from the Highlands of Scotland, some from wild Wales. Some from far off Asia, others from Portugal; still others from the frozen North. The majority of them have what the true fairy story should always have—enough of the marvellous to keep us guessing, enough of humour to show us that we aren't expected really to believe it all, and the delightful disregard of conventional behaviour which characterises the doings in Fairyland. For if it were not so, why go to Fairyland at all? The equipment of the book is as dainty as usual, even more so if possible, on account of the delicacy of the chosen colour. And a word of sincere praise is due the charming illustrations by H. J. Ford. If the imagination of the modern writer cannot achieve a new fairy tale, the modern painter can at least understand the old stories and awaken them to new life for us.

Another book of similar character is *The Fairy Ring,* a collection of tales gathered from many lands and many decades by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Besides some well-known English and German stories there are less familiar ones from Scandinavia, Ireland, Russia, France, and some charming old Gaelic tales. Like all real fairy tales, these stories do not mind a joke now and then at the very virtues that a really truly story is supposed to hold sacred. The clever "Widow's Daughter" in the Gaelic tale by that name had little regard for truth, but the story of how she outwitted the mother who would have her work and won a prince for a husband is certainly amusing.

Now the gist of what Mr. Lang and the editors of *The Fairy Ring* have to say about old and new fairy tales is that children of to-day would rather hear about the marvellous adventures of princes, princesses and monsters of old rather than about the doings of the little boy or girl who, as Mr. Lang says, happens in the tiresome new stories, "goes out into a garden and meets a fairy in the flowers, and then wakes up to find he has been dreaming." Possibly. And the brave

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princes and beautiful princesses and wicked witches and giants of old were very human and gave the child a more wholesome view of life than the priggish infants of the modern "instructive" fairy tale. In so far Mr. Lang may be right. But no one who reads Mr. Eden Phillpotts's modern fairy tale of *The Flint Heart* can help making a mental reservation in its favour, however much he may at other times agree with Mr. Lang.

The Flint Heart is a story of Dartmoor, but the little boy and girl who do see the fairies and restore the lost peace and happiness to their own family do not find they have been dreaming. The reader is left with the delicious belief that it all really did happen, even to the fierce battle between the Hot Water Bottle and the Marsh Galloper and to Unity's friendship with the omnipotent Zagabog. This is one of the books for children which fulfils the requirements of bringing enjoyment to children of any age, even to children with grey hairs and wrinkles. There is enough in it to delight any child and enough that the child will appreciate later if he puts the book away on his shelves and looks at it several times a year as years go on. It is full of delightful humour, some of which may possibly appeal only to children of an older growth. But the child who still wonders will find much delight in it either in the marvellous adventures of Charles and Unity Jago or in the history of *The Flint Heart* and the evil it did throughout the ages. Also children of any age will enjoy the charming poems scattered through the book. Admirers of Eden Phillpotts's talent will find delight in a bit of work so different from his usual style. Although here also we find bits of wonderful nature painting, something Mr. Phillpotts simply can't resist doing. And no one has yet complained of this tendency of the Dartmoor story-teller, because he *is* such a good story-teller as well.

A sheaf of books of modern fairy tales which come to hand amid this season's choice, may some of them come under Mr. Lang's censure because their fairies try to be funny and fail, and, worse yet, because they try to preach and succeed. Yet each one almost will give pleasure to some young readers; the best of them will leave a little lesson which it is well to have learned.

The Christmas Angel of Abbie Farwell Brown has his little sermon to preach, it is true, but he preaches it so sweetly, and it is such a good and useful little sermon of love and thoughtfulness for others, that the little preacher deserves to be made welcome in many a home. *Little Girl Blue,* Josephine Scribner Gates's story of the Live Doll that lived in the woods until she learned to say please, has her preachiness relieved by the charming illustrations. *Finella in Fairyland,* by Demetra Kenneth Brown, is not so fortunate. But as long as Mr. Lang doesn't overhear we'll give her credit for a sensible little lesson which selfish little girls would do well to learn.

In *The Emerald City of Oz* (Frank L. Baum) we meet most of our friends again who surround the famous "Wizard of Oz." Oz is a delightful place, where every one has just what he wants for the asking. But in fairy lands people are kind and considerate and never ask for more than they really need. So the easy granting of their wishes has no danger in it. *The Star People,* by Katherine Fay Dewey, gives us ever so much useful information in the guise of fairy tales about themselves and their doings. The Little Bear who carries the Sailors' Star is certainly a darling. But the book is marred by a self-consciousness which is the worst quality in any book intended for children. There is too much "writing down" to the young reader. *Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad* is as "John-Kendrick-Bangsy" as its author's warmest admirers could desire. Some very funny things are said about the grammar ways of learning languages, and any one who has struggled with grammar-French will sympathise with the Unwiseman's difficulty in finding some one to give the proper answer to his inquiry as to the "ormolu clock of your aunt's music teacher." Also that famous American institution, the Custom House, comes in for a certain share of "Bangsistic" humour, and altogether one can do worse than to spend half an hour with Mollie, her rubber doll and the Unwiseman.

Should books of verse be counted

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among fairy tales? If it be good verse, the answer is plain, for good verse is indeed the Magic Carpet which transports us all to regions of eternal beauty and happiness that does not dim. Two little volumes of verse for children come before us to-day, *Sugar and Spice and All that's Nice* and *The Child's Harvest of Verse,* both compiled by Mary Wilder Tileston. In the first-named book nursery rhymes are given in old and new setting; in the second, wise and careful selection is made of the verse of great poets which young readers would understand. Such compilations serve their purpose, albeit there are those who think it safe to let children browse unaided in the gardens of the great masters of song.

The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by J. M. Conde. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Hump Tree Stories. By Mary Joss Jones. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Sammie and Susie Littletail. By Howard R. Garris. Illustrated by Louis Wisa. New York: R. F. Fenno Company.

Old Mother West Wind. By Thornton E. Burgess. Illustrated by George Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Brothers in Fur. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

True Dog Stories. By Lilian Gask. Illustrated by Miss Dorothy Hardy. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

Adventures of Two Ants. By Nanny Hammarstrom. New York: F. A. Stokes and Company.

Stories of animals, only just a little less dear to the child heart than fairy stories, come next in importance on the literary Christmas tree. In no sort of stories for children has the change in literary fashions of the past decade made such a difference as in animal stories. The "nature faking," as its opponents call it, has brought a host of little wildwood things into the child's world of books in their own characters, living their own lives without his help or hindrance. Rabbit, fox, woodchuck, 'possum, crow and many more have become his familiars, and have come to supersede in his favour the princes and princesses of the fairy tales. Albert Bigelow Paine comes to tell his young and older readers more stories of the Hollow Tree People in a book which is entitled *The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book,* and is dedicated to "All dwellers in the Deep Woods of Dream." The Hollow Tree People, Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, Mr. Crow and their friends, are snowed in for several wintry months, and, like the philosophers they are, they tell stories to beguile the time away. The fun of the stories, of which perhaps the prime are "How Rabbits came to be Cottontails" and "The Cat who would be King," is enhanced by the charming pictures of J. M. Condé. Dressed in their funny baggy human clothes, the animals have each his own characteristics emphasised and humanised, as it were, in a way that is as delightful as it is artistic. *The Hump Tree Stories,* by Mary Joss Jones, follow along the same line, but this collection is notable mainly from its odd and rather attractive outer garb of soft tan and greens. Otherwise the stories lack spontaneity, the style is self-conscious. *Sammie and Susie Littletail,* by Howard R. Garis, and *Old Mother West Wind,* by Thornton W. Burgess, have nothing particularly noticeable either to praise or blame about them, except that in the former book one learns that the muskrat lives with the rabbit family; also that cats eat rabbits, which really is quite shocking, for it surely seems like a species of cannibalism.

Apropos of cats, all lovers of that elusive household Sphinx, young or old (the lovers, not the cats), will enjoy *Brothers in Fur,* by Eliza Orne White. The life-history and the point of view of Mrs. Martha Furbush Tailby and her four delightful sons, whose real live photographs adorn the book, are charmingly narrated as only a lover of cats could narrate them. Cat caste-feeling, cat selfishness, and cat fidelity, as well as the unswerving determination under furry softness that characterises the pets that keep us guessing always, are all to be found in this unpretentious little volume. The poems written by the various members of the Furbush-Tailby family add not a little to the real fun of the book. *True Dog Stories,* by Lilian Gask, is a book of the old-fashioned type of stories of dogs just as

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dogs in their daily relationships with their human friends. Such stories are a little out of date now, but they will never be unwelcome. *The Adventures of Two Ants,* by Nanny Hammarstrom, translated from the Swedish by A. B. Fries, is instructive, and frankly intended to be so. But it is not unamusing, and will therefore fulfil its other mission the more easily.

Everybody's Lonesome. By Clara E. Laughlin. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

A Prairie Rose. By Bertha E. Bush. Illustrated by Griswold Tyng. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hilda of the Hippodrome. By Dorothy Charlotte Paine. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. Chicago: Reilly and Britton.

A Dixie Rose. By Augusta Kortrecht. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Second Chance. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Hearts and Coronets. By Alice Wilson Fox. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Home Comers. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.20 *net.*

Betty's Happy Year. By Carolyn Wells. New York: The Century Company.

When Sarah Went to School. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Frolics at Fairmount. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Wide Awake Girls at College. By Katherine Ruth Ellis. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Sidney—Her Senior Year. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Now as to the books for girls about girls and the books for boys about boys! Something of what Andrew Lang says about modern fairy stories might be applied to them too. Girls like to read about something besides other girls occasionally, and certainly boys like to read about other beings than always just about other boys. Now one woman there is who says that when she was a little girl and a young girl she never read girls' books, therefore she does not know how the girls' books of to-day compare with the girls' books of twenty years back. But as she read boys' books with avidity all through her childhood and young girlhood, she asserts with conviction that the boys' books of to-day wouldn't compare at all with the boys' books she read. But she isn't quite willing to say whether they may not be as interesting to the boys of to-day even if they aren't quite as interesting to her.

In both these sorts of books there is too much of the conscious "writing down" to one's audience, too much seeking to give just what the audience is supposed to want, without realising that that particular audience is the most adaptable in the world. It is said to be a sign of age when we look back and believe that things were better "when we were young." But somehow a generation of either girls or boys who were allowed to read the great classic novelists seem to have taken in heartier nourishment, more brain-building food, at any rate, than a generation for whom so many "girls' books" and "boys' books" are written, that they don't get time to read anything else. There is every possible sort of a girls' book this season, books that take the girl in childhood and in youth through many sorts of homes and lives; books of school and college life; books about the girl or for the girl; books that lead their young heroine even as far as the altar, leaving it then to the sex-problem novel to carry her history further.

Among a dozen or more "girls' books" that come to hand three alone are worthy of especial mention. Clara Laughlin's exquisite little story, *Everybody's Lonesome,* will find a willing audience among grown-ups as well as among young girls. And indeed, some of its finer points will be better appreciated by girls of an older growth. The same can be said of Nellie L. McClung's *The Second Chance,* in which we hear more of the life story of the Watson family, to whom we were so favourably introduced in *Sowing Seeds in Danny. The Second Chance* is in no sense a book for children, except in the simplicity of its point of view, the sincerity of its telling. We can enjoy it all the more with maturer years, but we must become "as a little child" in

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our attitude toward life if we would really know and love little Pearl Watson as she deserves. *When Sarah Went to School,* by Elsie Singmaster, has a strength and originality that will make the reader remember it. Sarah's portrait is painted with a sure and certain hand, and she is a type not yet overdone in our fiction, yet a type distinctly American.

In *Betty's Happy Year,* Carolyn Wells seems trying forcibly to restrain the qualities so familiar in her other work; this is about all that makes the book notable. *A Prairie Rose,* by Bertha E. Bush, is interesting as a story of frontier life, with its hardships and its dangers. It makes us see what such life meant to the women and children who endured but had little of the glory of recorded achievement in after years.

Harper's Athletic Series: The Runaway Flying Machine. The Young Detectives. The King of the Plains. New York: Harper and Brothers. 60 cents each.

Billy Topsail and Company. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

The Bobs Hill Braves. By Charles Pierce Burton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Two Boys in the Tropics. By Eliza H. Figyelmessy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

Light Horse Harry's Legion. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Minute Boys of Boston. By James Otis. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

A Scout's Story. By Owen Rhoscomyl. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

Martin Hyde: The Duke's Messenger. By John Masefield. Illustrated by T. C. Dugdale. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Boys Drake. By Edwin M. Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Story of Our Navy. For Young Americans. Told by Willis J. Abbot. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Don McGrath. By Randall Parrish. Illustrated by J. W. Norton. Boston: A. C. McClurg and Company.

The White River Raft. By Lewis B. Miller. Illustrated by J. W. Kennedy. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

Of more than a dozen of boys' books so called, three or four only stand out in excellence. The rest are good enough in their way, but are very much the usual sort of thing. But *Billy Topsail and Company,* by Norman Duncan, is a book many boys will read with keen enjoyment. Life in Newfoundland is so full of adventure that it is not necessary for the author to give his boy heroes any fictitious excitements. The usual round of daily life for man and boy in wresting a meagre living from the dangerous sea, fighting wind and cold, gives chance enough for all the manly qualities of reliance, strength and courage to develop. Also the book is unusual among boys' books in view of the excellent style in which it is written. Mr. Duncan appears commendably to disagree with the idea that, as far as literary style is concerned, "anything will do for boys." He has written his *Billy Topsail* books with the same big virility and the same care that he has given to all his other work.

The Boys' Drake belies its name. Edwin Bacon's story of the life of the great sea fighter and lawless pirate, the "Master Thief of the Unknown World, or the Sea King of the Sixteenth Century," as Francis Drake has been variously styled, will interest other readers as well as boys. The ill-chosen title also might offend some youth just growing into manhood to whom the book itself would be very welcome. Much of the story is told in the words of old records, and interesting old maps and pictures make it still more valuable. The faults of this most fascinating of all sea rovers, pirates and Royal Admirals are not slurred over, but kept well in the foreground to serve as foil for his brilliancy of achievement. And certainly few more striking careers has history to show than that of Francis Drake, who made the reputation of the English seaman for all time.

The Scout's Story, by Owen Rhoscomyl, is also a misleading title for a story of adventure as exciting as many of those written to appeal to serious-minded mature readers. There is nothing in the story that suggests the studied appeal to boys, which fact will probably make it all the more interesting to boy readers.

In *Don McGrath,* Randall Parrish has

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written a very interesting story of life on the Mississippi, a story of good characterisation and tender insight. Among other things, the "show-boat," the travelling theatrical companies going up and down the river in their own boat, and mooring it to the shore to give their show, is a new setting for fiction. It is a phase of life on the Father of Waters which is not well known in the East. This book, too, will appeal to older readers as well as to boys of any age. But it has a quality of simplicity and sincerity in the writing which brings it within the scope of this article. It is among the best of the offerings brought this year by Santa Claus, publisher.

The Story of Our Navy for Young Americans, by Willis J. Abbott, is just brimful of useful information. Also it is of interest, in the pictures which illustrate it, to see the changing type of ships.

Uncle Remus and the Little Boy. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

But we've kept one book to the last which really should have come in on the "animal story" section. A new "Uncle Remus" book by Joel Chandler Harris, this time *Uncle Remus and the Little Boy.* Who does not love Uncle Remus, with his sound, wholesome view of life? And Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox came to us long before the new animals of the "Nature books"; also we shrewdly suspect they will be with us when all but a few of the other sort have faded into oblivion. Uncle Remus's story of the Doodang in this new book is delicious, and his poem on "Ole Joshua an' de Sun" will surely earn its meed of laughter. The Little Boy's Letter is too good not to be true. And the Little Boy's grandmother, Uncle Remus's admired "Miss Sally," says, among several other things, one sentence which gives good sound advice to all critics and book reviewers, literary-wise or otherwise:

Why, grandmother said she'd rather count the hairs on a tarrypin's back than to bother about the small things in a story that was worth listening to.

Which others besides Uncle Remus must acknowledge to be "sho good common-sense."

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Lord Alistair's Rebellion*

There is a rule of fiction so obvious as to seem hardly worth the stating, yet contemporary writers constantly violate it and the critics do not seem to care. It is the law for insuring the egregiousness of heroes and heroines. If any novelist who is not a genius takes for his central character a person who is a genius he must rigidly abstain from presenting any samples of his ware. Of course, the chief danger arises when the novelist chooses a literary genius for the hero. If he takes a painter, architect or musician, he cannot from the nature of the case offer any specimens of his actual work. He may swear his hero is a genius and we have no proof to the contrary, as we might have if he accompanied his text with a photogravure of the hero's landscape or the ground plan of his post-office or the score of his opera. But with a literary genius he has a fatal opportunity. *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* is only one of many recent novels to take for its chief character a person of remarkable literary gifts. We have the author's word for it that the man was almost, if not quite, a genius. Then, instead of discreetly screening this remarkable intellect, allowing us to imagine its colossal proportions, he shows it in action, shows it putting forth its best efforts in speech and in deed. Readers better versed than we are in contemporary fiction could no doubt cite a hundred similar instances.

*Lord Alistair's Rebellion. By Allen Upward. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1910. Pp. 397.

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Novelists seem utterly reckless in this matter. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, will present a man as an amazingly brilliant talker, then prove by his own words that he was really very dull. Mrs. Craigie has been equally destructive; so has Lucas Malet. Women novelists somehow come first to mind, possibly because they are so apt to caress an intellect inordinately in the intervals between exposure. They pet their hero's intellect down to the very moment when they put into his mouth the fatal words that steal away his brains, and even afterward. Miss May Sinclair did the maddest thing of all in *The Divine Fire*. Taking a literary genius for her hero, and a true poet at that, and telling of his strange, sweet power and inimitable charm, she nevertheless quoted actual verses of his which showed him quite the usual monthly magazine bard, so common-hackneyed in the sight of men. Yet after printing his poetry on one page, she would speak just as highly of him as ever on the next.

Now comes Mr. Upward with the barefaced assertion that his Lord Alistair is amazing, magnificently endowed, ahead of his times, failing in life by reason of his greatness, which was not appreciated by lesser minds. Then he not only tells us what Lord Alistair's ideas were, but lets Lord Alistair himself express them, with never a hint that he was not putting his best foot foremost at the time. So we are forced to conclude either that the author is a bad judge of genius or that a good many people of our acquaintance are far more astonishing than we had hitherto supposed. The inevitable result is the ruin of our expectations. For Mr. Upward, as the author of *The New Word*, is one from whom much may reasonably be expected. That was a remarkable book, witty and penetrating in its criticism, full of suggestion, provocative, delighting in spite of its vagaries or on account of them; and one might naturally suppose that if the man who wrote it chose to describe a remarkable person he could give us at least a hint of him. But Lord Alistair is merely an heirloom of fiction, the wild younger son, debauched but with a pure flame still burning in him, better after all than his spotless, priggish elder brother, driven to profligacy by the misunderstandings of the unco' guid, hating conventional virtues, which after all masked sordid motives. The heroine is also an heirloom.

> Hero Vanbrugh, as she stood framed in the archway, was a picture to gladden the eyes. It was not only that her features were delicately chiselled, and her body a harmony of slenderness and strength; there were men who declared that at some moments she seemed to them to be actually plain; but the freshness of the rain was in her face, and the laughter of the wind in her hair, and the blue breath of the sea in her eyes, and there were other men to whom at many moments she seemed the fairest sight that they had ever looked upon.

One would never guess that the book was by the author of *The New Word*. He would merely set it down among the writings of a score or more of the efficient, well-documented novelists of the day, clever enough in catching the ideas in the air, problems, half-philosophies, insurgencies, reactions, literary stampedes, and anarchies, but never by any chance embodying them in individuals or seeming to be individuals themselves. Good work, too, from a certain point of view, getting as near to life as most talkers, getting as near to people as most of them wish to have you get, but not the sort of work that will seem to readers of *The New Word* worth the author's doing.

For it was impossible to represent by any such direct and open method the high qualities attributed to Lord Alistair by his maker. Such promises of genius are always irredeemable. The Lord Alistair whom the author actually did achieve ought not to have been treated in that serious way, but with Ibsen's irony toward Hedda Gabler, or Barrie's toward his famous Tommy. Lord Alistair was one of those who never do the best of which they are capable because they know in advance that it will be too good for the world.

> "Have you given up writing?" she asked. "I don't think you have published anything for a long time."
>
> "Every one has given up writing," Alistair returned with a bitterness that surprised him-

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self. It had grown up in his mind unconsciously; his literary disappointments had become part of his general feud with the successful order of mankind.

The look on the face of the Princess made him hasten to explain himself.

"The English public will not tolerate literature; that is the simple truth. The publishers will not publish it, the booksellers will not sell it, the public will not read it, and the police have orders to suppress it. My old publisher told me plainly the other day that it was a waste of time to print anything but four-and-sixpenny novels. He said the booksellers have got used to making up their accounts in items of four-and-sixpence, and they consider it a nuisance to handle anything else. And even the novels are falling more and more into a stereotyped pattern; they must be exactly the same length—a hundred thousand words, I think he said—and be written well down to the vulgar provincial mind. . . . The public likes what it calls immorality —will have it, in fact; no book that is really pure has much chance of success—but it insists on the writer pandering to the proprieties. Either he must slobber over his adulteress in the Nonconformist vein, or else he must tell the whole thing in an epigrammatic falsetto. It is a choice between *East Lynne* and *The Innocence of Henrietta*. . . . The supreme sin in English eyes is truthfulness. Truthful thinking, truthful speaking, and truthful living are all equally under the ban. And the worst of it is that those who clamour most for freedom of thought are most severe on freedom of life, and those who live most freely are the least tolerant of free speech. The Dissenter persecutes the sportsman, and the sportsman persecutes the sage. All the racing men I have ever met have been bigoted, High Churchmen who would have cheerfully burnt Darwin and the late Mr. Spurgeon. And if they had begun with Darwin, they would have had Mr. Spurgeon's help."

This is the spirit of Lord Alistair's revolt. He earnestly desires to lead his own life, but the world will not let him do so. The world consists of some people of considerable social importance in London. Literature is forbidden by other people's bad taste. Religion is denied him because other people are bigoted. No political career is open to him because politics are pervaded by selfish class feeling. He cannot fight because no cause is good enough to fight for. His dreams of moral and artistic beauty cannot take shape because society has not put a premium on them. He cannot marry the girl he loves because her father being a eugenist believes he has inherited an evil strain. Society is everywhere inexorable.

"How merciless science is!" Alistair observed presently.

"Science is not so merciless as the old religion," the scientist was not sorry to respond. "At least, it does not reproach you for what you cannot help. Its sentence is not pronounced vindictively, like a bad-tempered judge denouncing crimes which he himself was never tempted to commit. And when it forbids you to pass on your evil inheritance to the unborn, it is acting, not without mercy for you, but with greater mercy for them."

Rebuffed at every other point, he at length bethought him of the Roman Catholic Church. That at least had never persecuted him. He determined to join the Legitimists in posting up placards on the death of Queen Victoria protesting against the usurping Hanoverian dynasty. His objections against the Church of Rome were easily answered. A restored Papal State might, he reflects, afford him a place of refuge, but how about the censorship of books? This compunction was soon removed. Was there not a censorship of books in commercialised Protestant England? Its Index Expurgatorius" of ignorance and spite was vaster than the British Museum Catalogue." The censorship was not administered by educated men but "by rabid zealots in whom sex perversion took the form of prudery." The Free Libraries were more intolerant than Rome. Then commercial success was the only question before the publishers and mere tradesmen could decide the fate of half the books that were brought out. Rome, however, was no permanent refuge but only a temporary vantage-point whence further criticisms might be hurled against British society.

In the end he might succeed to a dukedom and become a member of the cabinet and perhaps prime minister, but he

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firmly renounces these prospects, saying that England expects every man to be a humbug and that in him at least she shall be disappointed. Instead, he retires to an island in one of the Swiss lakes, which he determines to purchase in order to found there a hospital for men of letters. He hopes to add to the various sanitariums of Switzerland a sanitarium for genius. If this fails he will visit the countries of the East in the hope of finding some place for a city of refuge and perhaps of establishing a new spiritual order like the Knights Templars. "Who knows that we may not be able to preserve one spot on the planet alike from the millionaire and the Socialist, the slave-driver and the slave?" In short, as it may appear from these summaries and quotations, Lord Alistair is not a man in the flesh or even a rare spirit, but that very familiar thing, the symbol of literary insurgency. It has been handed down from novel to novel, many of which assailing the gross commercial spirit of the times have themselves achieved no small commercial profit. As a novel it damns success in an entertaining and not unusual way and so deserves it.

C. M. Francis.

II

Brander Matthews's "Molière"*

The method of Professor Brander Matthews's *Molière* is not personal but critical. Thus, in its intention, his book differs diametrically from other recent studies of the king of all comedians, like Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's for example. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's biography is an industrious and entertaining agglomeration of all the gossip and all the legends that have gathered round the personal life of Molière; it is rich in what, if it were fiction, we should call the *atmosphere* of the comedian's career; and its criticism of the plays themselves is coloured by an attempt to read into them an intimate confession of the circumstances of their author's private life. Professor Matthews, on the other hand, devotes most of his attention to an impersonal and analytic study of the plays of Molière as plays; he traces the gradual growth of Molière as a dramaturgic artist; he explains the dramatist's importance as an exemplar of French life and an exponent of French thought at the most glittering period of French history; and he makes us infer the man from a study of his works, instead of relying upon legend as an aid to personal portraiture. Whereas Mr. Chatfield-Taylor sought to deduce an understanding of Molière's plays from a study of his life, Professor Matthews seeks to induce an understanding of Molière's life from a study of his plays.

In pursuance of this purely critical method, Professor Matthews has resolutely refrained from repeating any of the gossip which is familiar to special students of Molière, and has based his biography solely on the uncontested facts. In his preface he announces his intention to ignore both the *Elomire Hypocondre* and the *Fameuse Comédienne*. "Holding these abusive pamphlets to be wholly beneath credence"—he explains—"I have borrowed no hints and I have drawn no inferences from either of them." Any biographer of Molière who assumes this attitude evinces an artistic self-denial which is laudatory; and yet these two pamphlets have so frequently been quoted and discussed that the student is a little surprised that Professor Matthews deems it so easy to discard them. When, after two hundred and fifty years of repetition, gossip has grown into a legend, it imposes an inevitable burden of proof on the critic who discards it. Nobody ever believed *all* that was suggested in these two scandalous attacks; but a critic who, on the other hand, deems them *"wholly* beneath credence," is laid under obligation to support his disbelief. Professor Matthews should have amplified his preface, in order to make clear to English readers the evidence which recent French scholarship has adduced against the authenticity of asseverations which so many of his predecessors, like Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, have to some extent accepted.

Professor Matthews's determination to admit into his narrative no hint of anything that has not been absolutely

*Molière. His Life and His Works. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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proved results in a certain austerity of attitude that at times is disappointing to the reader who looks for an intimate revelation of Molière the man. In only a vague half phrase does he permit himself to suggest that Madeleine Béjart may have been the mistress, as well as the professional associate, of Molière during his early years of barn-storming through the provinces. Of the gossip that has gathered round Molière's relation with the beautiful De Brie, Professor Matthews offers not a hint. Mlle. Du Parc is not mentioned as a personal factor in the playwright's history. The critic assumes without argument that Armande Béjart was the sister, and not the daughter, of Madeleine; and of that darker suggestion with which special students are familiar no shadow is cast on his account of Molière's marriage. Though Professor Matthews states that at a certain period Molière lived separated from his wife, he does not state that Mlle. Molière was unfaithful to her marriage vows. It is evident that the author felt that these merely personal matters did not demand discussion in a study that was essentially critical in intention; and yet, in view of the fact that jealousy (and conjugal jealousy in particular) is one of the passions most frequently and fruitfully expounded in the comedies of Molière, it is necessary for an understanding of the plays themselves that we should understand Molière's relations with women, and particularly with his wife.

This statement of what Professor Matthews deliberately decided not to do has been given special prominence in this review, because all that he determined to do has been done so superlatively well as to allow the reviewer little opportunity for comment. Molière's productions are criticised in chronological order in a series of masterly analyses; and the reader is made gradually aware of the dramatist's development from apprenticeship to mastery in his craft. His theatre is studied, his actors, and his audiences. His predecessors and his sources are discussed; the formulas of his farces and his social satires are expounded; and a panoramic picture is presented of the whole life of his nation and his time as that life is concentrated in his career and in his art.

No such solid and consistently articulated study of the life-work of Molière has ever before been presented to English readers. Professor Matthews's criticism is reliable and thorough. Only once or twice in the course of the entire bulky volume does he make an ill-considered statement. On page 53 he speaks of "the essentially comic struggle of character with social condition," forgetting for the moment that the struggle of character with social condition has been utilised by Ibsen and the best contemporary European dramatists as the theme of all their tragedies and can therefore no longer be considered as essentially comic. Again, on page 64, after referring to Victor Hugo's admiration for the verse of *L'Etourdi,* Professor Matthews says, "At its best, Molière's verse is ampler and more vigorous than Racine's or even Corneille's." Appreciation of style is, of course, a matter of taste and will not bear disputing; but it would be difficult to find many French critics who would agree that Molière's verse in *L'Etourdi* is "ampler" than Racine's or "more vigorous" than Corneille's. These two sentences have been singled out for censure; but it would not be easy to find elsewhere in the volume a single statement with which the qualified student will not feel himself completely in accord. And Professor Matthews's criticism is not only sound and satisfying; it is—and this is said reflectively—definitive.

When the student who has previously read a dozen biographies of Molière closes the covers of Professor Matthews's study, he does so with a sense that the long task of criticism has at last been accomplished and all the essential things have finally secured expression in the compass of a single volume. The book is conducted with an unfaltering concentration of thought upon its single subject; and yet, like all great works of criticism, it stimulates thought concerning many matters outside its own immediate domain. For instance, the general student of the theory of the theatre can find his entire subject implied in this thorough study of one of the world's very greatest dramatists; and

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the general student of history can nowhere find a more satisfactory delineation of Louis XIV. than is presented in the chapter that deals with Molière's relations with the king. The whole work is massively, yet gracefully, constructed; and it is written with a beautiful lucidity.

As a work of art this book is by far the best of all Professor Matthews's contributions to the literature of criticism. He has always been an affluent and ready writer, exhibiting a quick and lively interest in innumerable phases of life and art; he has always written clearly and often cleverly: yet in many of his most entertaining essays he has failed of making an appreciable contribution to thought, because no man who is interested in a myriad matters can be an authority on all of them. But he has long been recognised as the best equipped American authority on the acted drama; and Molière has been, throughout his lifetime, not only his favourite dramatist but also his favourite man. It is only once in his life that any critic can achieve his greatest work, and that is when he writes about the one man who in all history has meant most to him. Professor Matthews, who has often written several bright and entertaining books in the course of a single year, states in the preface to this volume that it is now forty years since he first began to hope that he might one day be able to write a life of Molière. This life-long preparation for a lofty task has been rewarded by a definitive achievement. All that Professor Matthews has to say about the great art of the drama, and nearly all he has to say about life at large, has secured expression in this orderly and eloquent study of a great dramatist and a great man.

Walter Clayton.

III

Francis Gribble's "The Love Affairs of Lord Byron"*

Sure of entertainment and an evening spent in the agreeable companionship of a man whose mellow judgments of people's actions are his own and firmly planted on the comprehending basis of a member of society at large, one sits down to Mr. Gribble's new book with pleasant anticipations. One knows he will be taken into a world vividly recaptured by an alert and perceiving mind, and that he will get sagacious comment and real interpretation none the worse for the *sauce piquante* with which it is served. But it will be well if over *The Love Affairs of Lord Byron* he has not smacked his lips in too much anticipatory gusto of the sauce. For Mr. Gribble as a comedian has here fallen a trifle off. Enough of the familiar sprightly explicitness is here, in all conscience, but some of its spirit is gone. The author seems too much in protest with the hideous wrong done Byron by his bloodless wife and too much in sympathy with the poet's splended end, to pipe his puppet through the old bantering paces. But though less blithe, Mr. Gribble is still Mr. Gribble, as the following abstract may show.

Byron's love affairs were almost the only incidents of his life. He said he was not very much concerned in them, but in reality they very deeply affected him. In spite of his own famous dictum, they came near being his whole existence. His entire life, the author thinks, was thrown out of gear by his first unhappy passion and by the subsequent bombardment of his heart by women of all ranks. Only at the very end of it did he tear himself away from the series of entanglements and cross the sea to strike a blow for freedom.

The pedigree of George Noel Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron, is undistinguished. His ancestors were neither brilliant nor literary, and they were all impetuous and reckless men who charged through life like a bull charging a gate. Byron imposed himself far more through the quality of his personality than the quality of his poetry, and his genius had all the hard-riding temper of his family. He felt that he was an aristocrat who was sure of himself and had no need to pick his words. Throughout life he damned things as one having authority, and the consequence was that the world was always listening for what he would say

*The Love Affairs of Lord Byron. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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next. The aloofness of his temperament, its sensitiveness, and their ultimate attitude known as the Byronic pose, were all matters of his upbringing. His life began in cheap and gloomy lodgings amid the wrangling of impoverished and disillusioned parents. His father was a "waster" and his mother a nagger (but one who had, indeed, enough to put up with). He early got the sense that his family was one of the oldest, that his school companions were really not worthy of him, and that he was unjustly kept out of his rights. Not only because he was insignificant when he ought to be important was he sensitive; but because his lameness was in school an irremovable mark of his inferiority. But suddenly the passionately resentful child of ten found himself a peer of the realm and heir to great though heavily mortgaged estates. Being somewhat of a lout and ill at ease and unprepossessing, his pride became all the greater because of his inability to express it in strict accordance with the rules of the best society. At thirteen his new guardian sent him to Harrow to be licked or kicked into shape. But he himself did all the kicking and won all of his many fights, in spite of his deformity. When he became big enough it pleased him to protect small boys from being bullied; and their adulation gave him the first taste of the incense that was to be so lavishly burned before him later. He there showed himself a boy with a great capacity for passionate affection, deprived of its most natural outlets.

Byron was very proud of his first love affair. Each was only seven, and he wondered if any other lover had been equally precocious. He said that years afterward when he heard of her marriage he nearly had convulsions. But at the time, both for her and her successor, he wept on stilted paper according to the rules. It was only with his third love —Mary Chaworth—that intensity and the personal note began; and with the failure of this love affair began, too, his cynicism and defiance. When he met her he was a schoolboy of fifteen, awkward, lame, and fat. She was seventeen, already engaged, and amused at his raptures. Both Byron and his other biographers insist that his later loves were only concessions and that the memory of her haunted him to the end. Certainly his secret sorrow added to his sense of superiority when he returned to school; and certainly he set himself at once to the difficult task of compelling his too, too solid flesh to melt. To reduce one's weight from 14 stone 6 to 12 stone 7 is no small achievement to be passed over lightly, and it left him no time or inclination to read for honours at Oxford. Here he was spoken of as a young gentleman of very tumultuous passions, kept a bear as a pet, lived much beyond his means, and sums up his existence thus: "Sorry to say been drunk every day and not quite sober yet." Thus, at any rate, he did not mope on account of Mary Chaworth, and sentimental verses addressed to all and sundry young ladies kept pouring from his pen. All the young ladies liked his verses, and he was now slim, elegant, and strikingly handsome. But for all that, he had not yet conquered his place either in county or in smart society, out of which both his mother's shrewish eccentricities and his guardian's chill indifference still kept him.

Chateaubriand always accused Byron of plagiarising his personality, and that personality Byron for the first time put on in all its cultivated gloom of theatrical introspection when he departed for "the grand tour," seeking "his escape from life" at the age of twenty-one. His conception of himself as a forlorn exile impelled to wander because the world had betrayed and trifled with him, was —even if certain realities had furnished a hint—a young man's literary affectation. On his tour the two feats he particularly boasted were swimming the Hellespont and indulging in a passion for a married woman at Malta. This lady, who had a very romantic history by reason of Napoleon's pursuit of her, was the first really interesting woman he had ever met. He fancied, as usual, that the passion meant a great deal to him, but at any rate he learned from it that he had really grown up; and she got much better verses out of him than he had written to the others. But before long he was writing verses to the Maid of Athens. She was used to having her mother's

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lodgers flirt with her and considered it a fit tribute to her beauty; consequently, although Byron wrote of her with much sentimental exaggeration, she played a very minor part in the procession. Throughout his tour most women found him attractive and many susceptible, and he now recognised himself as "a fated man." One married lady embarrassed him by sitting on his doorstep and refusing to leave. He applied to her husband, who embarrassed him by packing off to him the lady's clothes; Byron felt obliged to cart her to England, but he did so very curtly and left her immediately upon landing.

On his return after two years' absence he vowed to leave off wine and carnal company and betake himself to politics and decorum. He had discovered on his tour—when once he had been fighting fat so vigorously that he fell ill—that paleness made him very interesting. Consequently he began to distinguish himself for abstemiousness in public, though in private he made up for it by hearty suppers. He was not averse to the advertising this brought him and incidentally his new poem, *Childe Harold,* which was elaborately heralded. The first edition sold out in three days. It was the manifesto of a new personality, and to its women readers it was bound to be a revelation. Their hearts went out to him with a rush because he gave them sentiment in place of mere gallantry. Besides, he was only twenty-four; was famous and beautiful; and pronounced himself to be as wicked as his poem was: thus all the doors of the best houses flew open with a blare of trumpets.

In the presence of a large, amused, and interested audience Lady Caroline Lamb — tempestuous, notorious, and charming—proceeded to lay siege to his heart with all the audacity of a stage adventuress. Her husband had already wisely learned to leave matters alone where his difficult wife was concerned. That she was a handful may be easily inferred from the fact that when (though this was much later) Byron refused to dance with her at a ball she tried to throw herself out of the window, bit a piece out of the glass of water with which she was revived, and sought to stab herself. (Like most women, interjects Mr. Gribble, she felt she had a right to any man's heart if she demanded it with sufficient emphasis.) Byron may have treated her shamefully, but her people evidently considered her irresponsible and never quarrelled with him on her account.

Byron said he withdrew his homage from the best of motives—which was probably true, although he had others. The inflammable Lady Oxford was one of them; although forty, she determined to annex him and succeeded for a time. Shortly after this he saw Mary Chaworth again. He was no longer the fat little boy she had laughed at, but a man of ethereal beauty, fascinating manners, and undisputed genius. She was slow to yield, but yielded at last; no sooner yielded than she repented; and her repentance, Mr. Gribble thinks, left him a heart-broken, cynical man. The outcome of this spiritual crisis was a sheaf of the most passionate poems he ever wrote; and Byronism was born. When it was all over he realised that a man of twenty-six could not well consecrate all the rest of his years to lamentation, and he must live out his life somehow—by help of either a new love affair or marriage. Miss Milbanke had already made up her mind that he should choose the latter. She entered into it with illusions about his love which he had been at no pains to create or foster; each in a while had against the other grievances a-plenty, which they bore without tact or any sense of give and take, and intentional scenes began to be frequent on both sides. Yet the suddenness of the subsequent developments surprised every one. At his suggestion she went to visit her father, here she talked indiscreetly, and her father, incensed, delivered an ultimatum to Byron and brought "gross charges" against him. On Byron's compulsion she afterward formally denied the charges and a separation was agreed to. This was the signal for a storm of accusation to burst upon his head—she was a suffering angel and he a monster of viciousness. The sneers and hisses forced him to the conclusion that he had better travel until they died away. The reason for Lady Byron's inexcusable

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conduct can only be guessed at; she had come to hate him, and since her case was too weak to go to court, she made abominable charges against him to secure a separation. She probably in time came to believe them, but she in no way acted at first as if she thought them true. Certain it is that she made them without any evidence whatever; the story of a subsequent confession on the part of the woman breaks down completely on investigation.

The next lady to play Mrs. Potiphar with Byron was Miss Clairmont, a friend of Shelley's and Mary Godwin's. He was indifferent to her, and the series of repulses she met might well have discouraged any woman. But at last her urgency conquered and one day she rushed in upon her friends crying in triumph, "Percy! Mary! What do you think? The great Lord Byron loves me!" He records in his letters that he only accepted favours which she pressed upon him. The affair had come at a convenient moment, and as the three friends were leaving England, Byron wisely decided that he would not seek all alone to stem the tide of hostile opinion. This he found abundantly at Geneva, but here as elsewhere he turned to the diversions which were to help him live in the face of the world's contumely. The four found they had to retire in successive refuges from overcurious English residents (some of whom actually used a telescope in their observations!), and finally discovered a retreat where a good deal of their companionship was as idyllic as even the dreamer Shelley could conceive. When Shelley departed, taking the ladies with him, Byron crossed over into Italy.

Here he soon began to show himself on the down grade, consorting with inferiors and in some danger of unfitting himself for the company of his equals. Sick of sentiment which had played him false, he now grasped at the sensual as the solid reality about which no mistake was possible. The first milestone in his downward path was an open affair with a draper's wife, and about this time he allowed himself to grow fat again. Some one said his corpulency was stupendous, and Byron, while objecting to the epithet, admitted it to be considerable. But the rest of his degradation he enjoyed and swaggered about; glad to hear that the community was shocked by his dissoluteness and often sending home defamatory paragraphs he himself had written and caused to be published. Yet even then he never lost sight of his better possibilities, and when his life was most dissolute his genius shone at its brightest. There were not lacking ladies of the better sort in Venice who perceived that he was disgusted with the depraved courses he followed. One of them was the Countess Guiccioli, whose husband was sixty, but who was herself little more than seventeen. She lost her heart to him, he pressed his suit, and she yielded. The Count seemed not intolerant of this intimacy, and indeed courted Byron in ways that astounded him. Shelley wrote that his connection with La Guiccioli was of inestimable benefit to him, which probably meant that it forced him to live a more cleanly life. She certainly insisted that his society was essential to her happiness and even her life. "I am ill—ill," she often said to her husband; "send for Lord Byron or I shall die!" The Count did not find his honour threatened until he had allowed them to sojourn alone together for four months at a villa in the country; and then he demanded a separation from his wife, and Byron became openly her protector.

In the few years that followed Shelley perceived that Byron was becoming calm, tolerant, practical, sincere; and he accredited the change to the placid pleasure the poet took in her society and his new household. Lady Blessington thought the irregularity of their relations was a great distress to him and that he would gladly have married her if he had been free. At any rate, he seemed a lover tired of love-making and desirous of domesticity. When the revolutionary crisis came he might well have thought that he owed it to himself to prove that he was a greater and better man than he had seemed and to redeem the mess he had made of his life by some impressive action. But the end was not to come, as he had hoped, on the field of battle; yet he gave his life for Greece no less because he died of the pestilential climate

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of Missolonghi. And in so doing he lived to regain the love and admiration not merely of idle women, but of a whole people and to be hailed as the Liberator of a nation.

Graham Berry.

IV

Andrew Dickson White's "Seven Great Statesmen"*

It is a privilege of ripe scholarship to rescue important words from mediocre or disreputable associations. When men like Mr. Andrew D. White write of great statesmen to whom the art of winning elections was either unknown or entirely subsidiary to the carrying into effect of great principles, they describe an inner circle near whose circumference are not allowed an indefinite number of minor statesmen, politicians, administrators and bosses. Even if Mr. White had given us a dull book in a dull style his definition of the term "statesman," as implied by grouping under it such men as Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck, would be a service in the purification of language and in the broader interests of truth.

But he has written a book that is anything but dull. Long known as a crusading champion of science against orthodoxy, he is as militant as ever in this volume. He writes of the seven statesmen as such in the warfare of humanity with unreason. Among them are Sarpi, Grotius, and Thomasius—a monk, a philosopher and a publicist. The other four achieved their triumphs by methods that were more settled, technical and modern; but they were not truer statesmen than the first three. Certainly Mr. White's notion of a statesman clears away unessentials.

Sarpi, born at Venice in 1552, was the resourceful enemy of the Jesuits, the trusted adviser of the Venetian Senate in its resistance to the temporal rule of the Vatican, and by his courage and skill destroyed the papal power of coercing a people by an interdict. The character and work of Grotius, the founder of international law, are strongly presented. A philosopher who had faith in human nature and foresight of the development of political communities, he was no less a statesman who embodied his faith and foresight in a practical system. The influence of his great book, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis,* led Cardinal Richelieu to spare, contrary to all precedents, the lives of the captured Huguenots of La Rochelle. The Hague conferences, as Mr. White implies, are in part a result of the influence of Grotius. His ideas, at first unwelcome or misunderstood, yet had force to move the intellects that placed the comity of nations on a reasonable and practical basis. Nor was his career less instructive in enforcing the lesson that the Protestant attitude is in large part vain without toleration. He had seen his friend, John of Barneveld, a Protestant and one of the most illustrious patriots of the Netherlands, perish on the scaffold by the sentence of a Protestant theological court, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment for his fearless course in supporting Barneveld in his defence of a theological opinion. Fortunately Grotius escaped after a captivity of nearly two years.

Of Thomasius, the Leipzig professor who in 1688 broke through the crust of pedantic custom by delivering his lectures in German instead of debased Latin, the biography is unusually interesting and instructive. It was worth while to put an end to a system which allowed a professor to lecture twenty-four years on the first chapter of Isaiah and required a candidate for a degree to discuss the weight of the grape clusters which the spies brought out of the promised land. The liberal thought of Thomasius made Halle the first truly modern university and did much to prepare the way for that noble freedom in higher education and research in which Germany surpasses all other nations.

Of Turgot, who could have saved France from the Revolution and whose measures, rejected by Louis XVI and his ministers, were carefully studied by Napoleon when he began to reconstruct

*Seven Great Statesmen in the Warfare of Humanity with Unreason. By Andrew Dickson White, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin; late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. New York: The Century Company.

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an orderly State from the wreckage; of Stein, who liberated Prussia from Napoleon and prepared the way for its leadership; of Cavour, the unifier of Italy, and of Bismarck, the unifier of Germany, Mr. White has depicted the leading features of character and policy.

His wide historic knowledge and diplomatic experience give added weight to certain political comparisons intended for the consideration of his fellow-citizens. For instance, are there any survivals of the sectarian prejudice and bitterness which opposed Thomasius in his educational reforms? Mr. White answers: "To understand the causes and results of such attacks an American in these days has only to recall the articles in very many sectarian newspapers and the sermons in numberless sectarian pulpits during the middle years of the nineteenth century against Cornell University and the State universities of our western commonwealths; very good examples may also be seen to-day in similar diatribes upholding the sectarian colleges of various Southern States against their State universities."

And do any recent political experiments at home throw light on the decrees of impatient politicians who in the French Revolution tried to make whole populations democratic all at once? Mr. White says: "Still another charge has been made against Turgot by sundry fanatics who believe in bringing in extreme democracy by decree rather than by education and practice—whether in France of the eighteenth century or in the Philippine Islands of the twentieth." It will be the fault of the American reader if the lessons in these biographical essays fail to aid him in his own political problems. *J. W. Russell.*

V

G. K. Chesterton's "What's Wrong with the World?"*

The sport we find in reading Mr. Chesterton is always attended with a sense of danger, not to ourselves, as many reviewers declare, but to him. Robust as he is, to all outward appearances, he contains elements which if they should ever, by some sudden jolt, be brought together, would almost certainly explode him. Little does he know what is going on inside him, we say as we read along, but some day these thoughts may meet each other, and what then? To be sure, he says on page 172 of the present volume that "the only possible collision is the collision of one cosmos with another," and for that reason, perhaps, he feels comparatively safe from any great internal disaster. But he thinks in cosmoses, passing from one universal truth with no exceptions to another universal truth with no exceptions, often bitterly hostile to it. He does not attempt to reconcile them, which, indeed, would be impossible. He simply gives them separate rooms and by the distention of an astonishingly elastic intellect keeps them apart. Hence at any moment you will find on looking into Mr. Chesterton irresistible cosmic affirmatives and irrefragable cosmic negatives, side by side, and unsuspecting; and the wonder is always how well he holds together, contains himself, as one may say. The danger to Mr. Chesterton is not that which confronts the usual modern rapid writer. There is no danger of his falling off. Enclosing day by day larger and larger thoughts, the whole truth about woman, the whole truth about man, human society summed up, pantology, an outline sketch of whatever God knows, he is not in peril of falling off but only of flying to pieces. Not for him the usual literary fate—diminuendo and the small potatoes. Rather, some of his cosmic certitudes will one day of a sudden collide, leaving him a smoking ruin.

Now *What's Wrong with the World?* being his latest book, is also his most expansive, and when you consider the enormous span of one general assertion, you cannot imagine how he can possibly find room for the next. In this book, more than in any other, he has been lavish of mind-space for conflicting universals. Nature and man are always up to something on one page which they have ever consistently refused to do on another. But there is one element of safety. He often speaks in generals and very large generals when he means only some small particulars. When he says

* What's Wrong with the World? By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. New York. 1910. Pp. 367.

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Man he means Jones; when he says Woman, he means Mrs. Jones. Where you or I would merely say Jones is wasteful of his money and his wife is mean, Mr. Chesterton would write a delightful chapter about two eternal antitypes. "This female economic ideal," says he, advancing briskly from Mrs. Jones to every woman,

> is part of that great idea of the woman watching on all sides out of all the windows of the soul and being answerable for everything. . . . But though the very stinginess of a woman is a part of her spiritual breadth, it is none the less true that it brings her into conflict with the special kind of spiritual breadth that belongs to the males of the tribe. . . . The very touch of the eternal in the two sexual tastes brings them the more into antagonism.

Or, again, we might remark that Jones sits up too late and that whenever we go there to dinner there is no getting away till toward morning. Probably that is all that Mr. Chesterton would in the circumstances actually think, but this is what he says:

> Partly through the nature of his moral weakness, and partly through the nature of his physical strength, the male is normally prone to expand things into a sort of eternity; he always thinks of a dinner party as lasting all night; and he always thinks of a night as lasting forever.

Thus are the totally uninteresting Mr. and Mrs. Jones transformed by the magic of literary proprietorship into two quite impressive universal propositions. And so it is with many of Mr. Chesterton's largest conceptions and that is why his contents do not dangerously clash. Large and formidable and mutually destructive though they seem they will be found upon examination to be collapsible.

This does not detract from our pleasure in reading him but, on the contrary, often enhances it when we remember that it is due to no deliberate desire to overstate, but to an exuberant eagerness to make the largest possible use of even the smallest experience. And in this volume he is often only using the same huge weapons as his adversaries, for here he is tilting against the people who habitually employ language of great inclusiveness—writers on education, on society, on woman and the future of the race, eugenists, imperialists, biological sociologists, all of whom are accustomed to hurl at one another vast masses of mankind and to hold the nations in the hollows of their hands. On the whole he talks no more nonsense than they do and he has besides the merit of being amusing. Indeed, he seems singularly truthful, almost conscientious in contrast to the solemn, self-righteous speeches of statesmen and class spokesmen which are evidently echoing in his ears as he writes. He says in his chapter on "A School for Hypocrites":

> David said in his haste that all men are liars. It was afterward, in some leisurely official explanation, that he said that kings of Israel at least told the truth. When Lord Curzon was Viceroy he delivered a moral lecture to the Indians on their reputed indifference to veracity, to actuality and intellectual honour. A great many people indignantly discussed whether orientals deserved to receive this rebuke; whether Indians were indeed in a position to receive such severe admonition. No one seemed to ask, as I should venture to ask, whether Lord Curzon was in a position to give it. He is an ordinary party politician; a party politician means a politician who might have belonged to either party. Being such a person he must again and again, at every twist and turn of party strategy, either have deceived others or grossly deceived himself. I do not know the East; nor do I like what I know. I am quite ready to believe that when Lord Curzon went out he found a very false atmosphere. I only say it must have been something startlingly and chokingly false, if it was falser than that English atmosphere from which he came. The English Parliament actually cares for everything except veracity. The public school man is kind, courageous, polite, clean, companionable; but in the most awful sense of the word the truth is not in him.

Edgar Burr.

VI

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S "MARY MAGDALENE"*

There is in Maurice Maeterlinck a blend of Christian and pagan, of mystic

*Mary Magdalene. A Play. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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and moralist, that baffles many of his admirers and often disconcerts even the critic who endeavours to discover the principle of his philosophy and the rationale of his development. In reality he has no philosophy—at least in the sense of any settled system of thought—and his development, which Mr. Courtney has endeavoured to trace in a long essay, is merely that which takes place in every man, to a greater or lesser degree, in whom there occurs a gradual growth of critical intelligence upon a foundation of a deep poetic sensibility. Never has this dual strain in Maeterlinck's genius been more clearly seen than in his latest play, *Mary Magdalene*. Its method is entirely modern, in that historical perspective is employed to represent the greatest event in the history of the world, not as it is accepted traditionally by the churches, but as it must have seemed to contemporaries and eye-witnesses. Yet this artful trick of vision which in the hands of a writer like Anatole France is so seductive an instrument of scepticism, here does not in the least diminish the religious sentiment. Rather it heightens and renews it. It is above all characteristic of Maeterlinck that he is able to take the very closest possible view of a fact or an event without losing any of that fresh sense of wonder and mystery which, to be felt by others, requires a cunningly contrived chain of illusions. He can state the facts of Christ's ministry in purely human terms and yet detect in it the spark of the divine. This is, of course, because for him "human" and "divine," like "natural" and "supernatural," are twin terms conveying opposite sides of a single truth. And if this interpretation of the Gospel story deprives it of much that is specifically Christian in the usual sense, it makes of it a wonderful symbol for the imaginative expression of a broader and more purely spiritual faith.

Naturally, for one for whom life itself is founded in mystery, miracles, so called, have little significance or interest. It is not necessary either to affirm or deny them. "It should astonish us no more to see a man return to life than to see a child come to life or an old man leave it," is the calm and philosophical comment of Silanus, when Appius tells his Roman friends of the resurrection of Lazarus, which he has witnessed and which has made him an amazed convert to the new cult. One feels here that it is Maeterlinck himself who speaks as he is wont to speak through the lips of the wise old men of his other plays, who have come to see the real meaning of life. Thus, when Appius presents the miracle as a reason for accepting the teachings of the strange thaumaturge, Silanus answers: "By awaking a dead man, in the depth of his grave, he shows us that he possesses a power greater than that of our masters, but not greater wisdom. Let us await everything with an even mind. It is not difficult, even for a child, to discern that which, in men's words, augments or decreases the love of virtue. If he can convince me that I have acted wrong until to-day, I will amend, for I seek only the truth. But if all the dead who people these valleys were to arise from their graves to bear witness in his name to a truth less high than that which I know, I would not believe them. Whether the dead sleep or wake, I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to make a better use of my life. . . ." In other words, it is not by reversals in the external order of nature, but by its effect upon the soul, that a religion is tested. This test, which was to prove the moral and spiritual virtue of Christianity, Maeterlinck causes to be made by his Magdalene in the noblest tragic scene he has ever conceived. Verus, her lover, holds the safety of Christ, whom he offers to release if she will but yield herself to his power. Torn thus between her desire to save her master and her perception of the significance of his teaching, she cries out in the exaltation of her agony: "Before he came, the purest would not have hesitated! . . . And, even then, to-day, I, who have been born again through him, if it were not he, if it were a question of another, I should not have the strength! . . . I should perhaps sin against all that he loves, to save what I love! . . . But he gives too much strength to love and suffer! . . . I could save him in spite of himself, but no longer in spite of myself! . . . If I

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bought his life at the price you offer, all that he wished, all that he loved, would be dead! . . . I cannot plunge the flame into the mire to save the lamp! I cannot give him the only death that would touch him!" Whether the old Roman, Silanus, would have divined through the coils of this subtlety the lineaments of the new truth that he sought is uncertain, for Maeterlinck, perhaps discreetly, makes no attempt to maintain the philosophic framework— a blemish artistically, since it makes the termination abrupt and leaves the larger issues of the drama in the air. Verus, at all events, cannot understand her refusal, nor can her compatriots and fellow-disciples—those who have been healed and befriended by the Master and whom Maeterlinck, developing, with bitter irony, the motive of Peter's denial, represents as deserting Him in the hour of His trial, with petty and vulgar thoughts for themselves. They would willingly have purchased His safety if it could have been done wholly at the expense of her whom they would have stoned, even if the means which she employed was that for which they had wished to kill her. And because she stood steadfast they branded her as a traitor and a Judas. Poor repentant Magdalenes! How often have they not been placed in a similar pillory and made to suffer more sorely for their new-found virtue than ever in the past for their old vices! It is strange that Maeterlinck should recall Maupassant—and in such a play as this, on such a subject!—but it is true that he does here. For who can read the last act of *Mary Magdalene* without recalling *Boule de Suif,* and thereby being reminded anew how closely tragedy may neighbour comedy, how permanent are the traits of human misery, and how profoundly the soil of all art worthy of the name is enriched by pessimism?

W. A. Bradley.

VII

F. I. PARADISE'S "THE CHURCH AND THE INDIVIDUAL"*

The problem of the century is the adjustment of the individual man to the social organism of which he is a part. Since the forces of the Reformation have worked to exalt individual rights and to glorify individual liberty, the ancient order, with its security and its authority, has broken down. The most cherished and sacred of human institutions have been challenged. In education the victory of the scientific method has been complete. To-day the earth is filled with the spirit of democracy. Long-established social customs are ignored; governments are divided; churches are neglected; the whole framework of society is passing through a searching and sifting furnace of individual judgment. It is an age, moreover, of industrial reorganisation, and in the new order the toiler will fill a larger place and exercise a greater influence. In the midst of this confused and unstable social order the Church has a great and splendid mission. Planted in another soil, its thought crystallised in the terms of a forgotten philosophy, reverencing traditions which are alien to the best spirit of to-day, it has the mighty task of leading the world of the twentieth century, as it did that of the first century, out of a wilderness of discord and uncertainty into a land of government and order.

The author of this book has tried to picture the individual in the midst of this changing world. He recognises that the changes cannot be explained away; yet the individual alone presents a pathetic and helpless figure. Without guidance or restraint he is but a wanderer striving against a multitude of cross-currents. Where is he to look for a compelling authority? How is he to find the true path of life? The author answers these questions by maintaining that the authority is in the established revelation of truth, that the path of life is in the expansion of the individual mind through the law of sympathy until it reaches the mind of the universe. With a thoroughly philosophical grasp of his subject, and in language bathed in the colours of a glowing idealism, he maintains that the Church, as it grows into a larger understanding of the truth of God's revelation of Himself, as it widens the boundaries of its human sympathies, must become the embodiment of the social ideal, and

*The Church and the Individual. By Frank Ilsley Paradise. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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so the highest leader of men. This will be a living church and will change its form whenever it can increase its serviceableness, will surrender privilege and accept authorities and fulfil its function of spiritual leadership. The writer, it is clear, differs from a great many persons in our time in that he believes thoroughly in the mission of the Church. Only he takes care to show that the church in which he believes is not a church hopelessly wedded to the past, but one that is anxious to relate itself to a scientific and democratic age, to scientific truth and democracy, to economics and to the adjustment of its formularies to modern thought.

The majority of books written on themes such as these are marred either by an ill-regulated enthusiasm, a zeal not according to knowledge, or by a severe and cold intellectualism that leaves the average reader unmoved. Here, on the contrary, is a volume which the intelligent citizen can read with pleasure, understanding and profit, while the lover of good literature will rejoice in its chastened style, evidently nourished on long study of the classic writers of our tongue, in its breadth of thought, in its almost Platonic fulness of language. As an illustration at once of Mr. Paradise's style and mode of thought, take the following passage:

> From an untrammelled pulpit must come the voice which proclaims the absolute authority of moral right. It may be that other institutions shall find their highest form of activity in the arrangement and adjustment of the many conflicting interests of social life. It is not so with the church. Its peculiar mission is to declare the absoluteness of divine authority and to demand the submission of the individual uninstructed will to the higher will which is revealed through the testimony of established truth. Herein lies the supreme error of the French Revolution. In casting off the authority of pretension it had neither the wisdom nor the grace to search after and to submit to the authority of divine revelation. To-day we live in a larger world. Science has opened to us a vision of the Eternal. Truth is a definite and recognisable thing. It has no more to do with the popular will than with the will of a despot; it is as little likely to be found in the secret councils of the anarchists as in the secret conclave of the cardinals. But, wherever it is found, it speaks with an authority that is absolute. Such an authority must be obeyed, and America must learn above all things else that its welfare, its very existence, lies in its willing obedience to the divine mandate. This is a great lesson and one that can be learned only through slow and definite processes. Only a superb faith can believe that man is made in the image of God, and can learn so transcendent a lesson as this. It is of the very genius of democracy to develop the specialist—the man who knows—and who gives his knowledge for the welfare of the people.

One criticism, however, we would make. Mr. Paradise has the defects of his qualities. He is so accustomed to view things from the lofty standpoint of an idealistic philosopher that he forgets the weakness of our ordinary humanity and withholds from us that for which our appetite craves—a little realism, a few statistics, some statement of bald, crude facts. We trust that in a second edition, which it is to be hoped will soon be demanded, an appendix will be supplied setting forth by the use of a map or chart the facts which lie at the basis of this brilliant, informing and pregnant study.

Samuel McComb.

VIII

Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy"*

It happens that I read several reviews of Mr. Aylmer Maude's volume before I came to the book itself; and I noted, in nearly all, some plaint about its vast proportions. That it is long must be admitted. It contains nearly seven hundred pages, and it continues a story left half told in a former volume just as big. Yet I am prepared to maintain that the one entirely right thing about the book is its size. Mr. Maude is not perhaps an ideal biographer. He is very earnest, even very prosaic; and I am not sure that he really has the sense of biographic proportion. But, as a matter of fact, we do not want an artistic biography of Tolstoy, just as we do not want fanciful prose ac-

*The Life of Tolstoy: Later Years. By Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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counts of Central Asia. Central Asia is still a fabulous land. We are prepared to believe anything of it. Here dwell anthropophagi, not only horrid with subhumeral heads, but capable, as Lamb urged, of eating folk with the added malignity of mustard. All this and much more we know already. What we now want about Central Asia is not further fancy, but further fact. So, too, with Tolstoy. He is the contemporary Asian mystery. He is vast, unexplored, fabulous. People will believe the wildest improbabilities if they be alleged of Tolstoy; and audacious tourists, who have beheld no more than the skirt of his garment as he passed, have actually found a market for hypothetical reminiscences. What we want about Tolstoy is not further fancy, but further fact. We have heard so much about the boots that refused to go on that we forget there was a man at the end of them; we have heard so much about the house that wouldn't stand up that we forget there was a soul within the house. Mr. Aylmer Maude supplies us with all the facts that we desire. He makes his prophet a man, and that, since we are men, is no small advantage: "Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace." He lays small stress on the legendary and gives us, not a fabulous Tolstoy, but what is much better, a fallible Tolstoy. He records not only the essentials but the significant unessentials, and his book, transcending the limits of biography, becomes an Encyclopædia Tolstoyana. It includes some trivial and commonplace details; but we want these half-tones to mitigate the violent high-lights and impenetrable shadows that make up the Tolstoy painted in popular report. Obviously, then, such a faithful chronicle must be long. Its weight is its fortune; and here is one reader prepared to swear that he wouldn't have it lightened by a page.

Extravagance of legend is one source of error about Tolstoy; another is the lack of an authoritative corpus of his work, and especially of his most recent and, in the true sense of the word, most questionable pronouncements. The Russian censorship of the press has to be reckoned with—though it is not for Englishmen, with their totally irresponsible and absurdly exercised censorship of the stage, to assume airs of superiority on that score. Further, there are the misdeeds of translators, some bad, some well-intentioned but not equally well-doing. I depart somewhat from my text in raising this question, but after all it is one of great importance to readers, and in justification I may urge that Mr. Maude says something about it in his book. A really good translation of the *omnia opera* is a great desideratum. The earlier versions, some translated out of French and into American, were frankly bad; and of certain later volumes I should like to say that, for my own part, I have the strongest objection to alleged translations whose pages are so peppered with aboriginal Russian that a glossary is not only desirable but essential. In recent years two separate attempts, one unnecessarily grandiose, were made to produce well-translated sets, though I think neither publisher meant to include much more than the stories. The two attempts clashed; each spoiled the other's market, and the end was tragic; for, in one case, the venture failed, and in the other the publisher—not, I am bound to say, through any excess of Tolstoyan unselfishness. At present the field is occupied, though not very strongly, by an edition originating in America, and even this does not include the latest writings. Such a state of things is very unsatisfactory. Tolstoy is the greatest man of the age, and it is high time that we produced an authoritative, indispensable set of his works. We have some translators of proved excellence—Mr. and Mrs. Maude, Miss Hapgood, and Mrs. Garnett, whose Turgenev was so good and whose Tolstoy (one of the extinct attempts) began to be so good. There is enough already competently rendered to make a good start, and as for the rest—the difficult, controversial rest—there is always Mr. Maude himself, breathing easily the Tolstoyan atmosphere, and thus able to give us not only the words of the master, but the fine shades of his provocative doctrines.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of the book itself. It is, of course, indispensable. The influence of Tolstoy, whether you like it or not, is the

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most significant fact in the history of recent thought; and the present volume contains much suggestive matter not available elsewhere. Earlier I spoke of Mr. Maude's comprehensiveness. Tolstoy is so great that he can bear a recital of the whole truth. You may find, as you read, this opinion excessive, that thought ridiculous, this view exaggerated, that action inconsistent; but out of all emerges the great, upstanding figure of a prophet, hated and proscribed, fearless and unashamed, communing with the infinite, challenging the deepest meditation of which we are capable, pouring out his mighty volume of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," yet able so to frame his speech that a little child may hear him.

George Sampson.

IX

Frank Danby's "Let the Roof Fall In"*

The first chapter of Frank Danby's latest novel, *Let the Roof Fall In,* promises much. Characters and incidents alike awaken interest, and the description of a rainy day at Sandow renews all the charm that such scenes invariably have in English fiction. Starting at so swift a pace, the reader expects to be carried on with excitement to the end of the story. This hope is frustrated when Terence, the young Lord Ranmore, whom one has counted upon comfortably as permanent hero, is thrown from his horse and killed in a steeplechase, and there is a sudden switch, first to Ireland and then to Siam, where the story stagnates for two years in the slack-water of a purely sentimental situation.

Terence, it seems, had seduced Rosaleen O'Daly, the orphan daughter of the old collector of the Ranmore rents, and his death rendered impossible the making of that reparation by marriage which the instability of his character would probably have made more or less problematical in any event. With his last breath, however, he confides Rosaleen to the care of his cousin, Derry Malone, a raw Irish lad, who, accepting the responsibility, sees no other way out of the predicament than to carry the girl off and marry her. This he does with such precipitancy that the family, who know nothing of the real state of affairs, see in Derry's act, occurring so shortly after the funeral, a gross want of feeling and respect for his cousin's memory. As Terence's heir he succeeds, as a matter of course, to the title and to the castle. But the latter is wholly out of repair, and Terence's mother, who has been spending money in improvements, immediately withdraws the workmen and determines to "let the roof fall in" now that it is not to shelter her son. Meanwhile the runaways sail for Siam, where Derry, in spite of his peerage, accepts a subordinate position in the governmental survey. Together they live in the bungalow set aside for them. But their marriage is no real marriage. Though Derry loves Rosaleen and Rosaleen loves Derry, the situation in which they find themselves raises an effective barrier of pride and delicacy between them, so that it is a long time before they reach a new and more satisfactory understanding.

This is not a particularly novel fictional motive, but it is one of inexhaustible possibilities, and its success, or rather its freshness, depends altogether upon the way it is handled. Here it is treated exclusively from the sentimental standpoint. The author is no psychologist—at least she has little vitalising insight into the movements of simple, virtuous souls—nor is there anything sufficiently individual or distinctive in the essentially commonplace characters of Rosaleen and Derry, who are compacted of very unconvincing brogue, to make the analysis of their emotions psychologically interesting. For those for whom sentiment constitutes the whole of life in the imagination this phase of the story—there is a second, more full of deviltry—will no doubt prove quite satisfactory. Others will find the substance of many chapters thin and drawn out to an interminable length with monotonous repetition of emotional catch words and stock phrases of emotional description. Even the Siamese setting does very little to stimulate interest in the situation. For, while the author has evidently visited Siam,

*Let the Roof Fall In. By Frank Danby. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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her descriptions are the casual notes of a tourist, not the carefully composed evocations of the artist.

But although this novel thus has serious artistic shortcomings, it possesses, nevertheless, elements of interest, and there are passages from which almost any reader of fiction can derive entertainment. Frank Danby is a clever woman and a shrewd observer of certain phases of life. She knows the shady and seamy sides of London society thoroughly, and sketches with much saliency of relief the types there encountered. But when she tries to elaborate one of these sketches, as in Lady Carrie Carthew, the blackmailer, she overcharges the shadows. Mossy Leon, the money-lending solicitor, is better, because he embodies a more skilful complexity of character. An evening party which the author describes, and at which the guests are drawn from artistic Bohemia and the upper demi-monde, gives her an opportunity to introduce the portraits of a number of real persons, some of whom will doubtless be recognised. It is, for example, impossible not to discover George Moore in "the famous Irish novelist, Oscar Paton, who had been red-haired and flamboyant in his youth, with eyes of china blue and fat, small hands, with which he gesticulated and talked. The red hair had turned white, but the eyes retained their blue, and the speech its flamboyancy. Oscar Paton was the only literary man in an illiterate age. He told this to every one, and some of them believed him. Certainly he devoted his whole life to his art, living in Dublin, and only coming over now and again to visit his publishers. With his waving hands he deplored that he was unable to read modern English. He didn't understand it, he said. He extolled the French novel, and shrugged his shoulders when he regretted our insular lack of literature." He "had a distinct personality. But for his overweening vanity, and his lack of classical education, he might have been the great man he saw himself. As a novelist he failed, and would always fail, because he had no understanding of normal relations between men and women." To this Mr. Moore might retort that if Frank Danby has understanding of such relations, it has not helped her to be a better novelist, or to avoid failure in the present instance. For in that part of her book which may be regarded as exemplifying the norm of emotional experience, she shows herself to be distinctly commonplace, and it is only in those glimpses which she affords of the abnormal and irregular that she displays a sharpness of penetration and a bitter wisdom of the world, that raise her above the ordinary level of English women novelists.

Cleveland Palmer.

X

W. von Seidlitz's "History of Japanese Colour Prints"*

No comprehensive book on Japanese wood-engraving has been written until this *History of Japanese Colour Prints,* by W. von Seidlitz. The book is fluently translated and presents its exceedingly interesting material in a clear and entertaining manner. There are sixteen colour illustrations and seventy-nine black and whites. These are exquisitely clear-cut and the paper is as delightful to the touch as the printing is to the eye. In every way it is an admirable volume.

Of the successive stages in the historical development of Japanese art, it wisely takes the native rather than the European point of view. Accordingly Hokusai goes down and many eighteenth century masters go up in the scale of appreciation—for the art of the nineteenth century is to Japanese ideals in many respects decadent and over-European in sentiment. The author first takes up some general characteristics.

Japanese and Chinese painting, he says, do not attempt to produce immediate illusion, and are all confined to decorative effects in one plane. The Japanese indicate perspective merely by a series of scenes placed like the wings in a theatre. Objects in space have no thickness and cast no shadows, and anything in the nature of chiaroscuro is out

*History of Japanese Colour Prints. By W. von Seidlitz, translated by Anne Heard Dyer and Grace Tripler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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of the question; furthermore, the proportions of the figures used is quite arbitrary, generally from deliberate purpose. The immobility of the figures is prescribed by ideas of decorum, as is also the rigid repose of the body. Even with the moderns, the absence of shadows and modelling remains fundamentally opposed to European art, and can be best compared to pre-Alexandrine art of Egypt and Greece or the Roman and Gothic periods prior to the discovery of perspective. As then, effects are achieved by careful and precise contour, a nice calculation of masses, and a harmonious colour scheme. The roots of Japanese art, as of all art, lie not in the accidental customs of the people, but in national character. Its underlying motive is, thus, not the imitation of nature as an end in itself, but only as a means to another end. Painting ranks on precisely the same level as calligraphy, not as technical dexterity, but as showing individual creative power and exquisiteness of taste. It is a matter of the most perfect solution of the artistic problem consistent with the greatest economy of means. The Japanese deliberately refrains from saying all he has to say. "The art which shows the forms of things without regard for the canons of art," wrote Shuzan in 1777, "can lay no claim to good taste." The development of the European poster would be quite unthinkable without Japanese influence; and—whatever the difference of circumstance, requirement, and race—Japanese art is far closer to our present goal of endeavour than the art of our own past, with which we are completely out of touch.

As for technique, the woodcuts of Japan, like our own, were developed from book illustration and were not intended as a substitute for painted pictures. The Japanese book is extremely unpretentious in exterior, and its first page is our last. Their methods of producing the cuts are very similar to those formerly in vogue in Europe, except that they never draw directly on the block itself and that the artist never does his own cutting. They use a brush to convey the drawing to paper and only outline the central portions. The drawing is pasted on the block and is then cut out by craftsmen. The impression is always taken off by hand or rubber. Those acquainted only with modern prints cannot conceive the colours of the fine old ones. After the scramble at the opening of Japan to adopt the achievements of European civilisation, the people began remarkably soon to realise the folly of despising their national art; but the interval was long enough to allow occidental collectors to get their hands on many masterpieces. Finally Fenollosa wrote the history of Japanese wood-engraving more completely and in proportion than any one has ever covered even a single period of European art history.

Japanese art took over from Chinese only experience, method, and technique; these it applied to national subjects and developed an independent style of more elegance, creative power, mobility, and pliancy. The general impression that wood-engraving flourished especially in the nineteenth century and that Hokusai is its chief representative, is erroneous. As in other arts in other countries, its heroic age was not merely a time of preparation but actually its high water mark. Its rise to truly artistic height began in 1675, under Moronobu, and its development took a course similar with that of the West. As so often happens in art history, a richly gifted man arose just at the right time and suddenly elevated the art to its full stature. Despite the limitations which necessarily attach to the work of such men—their lack of external correctness, their crude and limited materials, and their conventionalism—it has power and charm unequalled later.

Masanobu followed, and with him began naturalistic landscape. In 1743 colour printing—like Japanese art in general, probably brought over from China—was introduced, with rose and green blocks; and the colouring of black and white prints gradually retired into the background. Then yellow and blue and other colours were quickly added, so that the period of transition to the completely developed polychrome prints occupied only about five years. In the rôle of mediator between the old and new style, as well as in his personal qualities, lies Shigenage's essential significance; and Harunobu was his pupil. This latter

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genius, amiable and cheerful, brought about the invention of prints entirely unlimited in blocks and choice of colours, and thus was the first of the moderns. The first products of the new school were also the most perfect, and subsequent generations have seldom been able to follow them up with adequate success. The farther development now no longer depended upon technique but must be sought in the way each artist was able to express his peculiar point of view and sense of colour. The works of the primitives, with whom background as such had no existence, is compared by Fenollosa to mosaic: to this mosaic Harunobu added depth by tinting the background and thus conferring space.

Of his followers, Shigemasa and Shunsho, Shigemasa effected the complete transition from old art to new and was one of the best draughtsmen among Japanese artists. Shunsho achieved in the *Green Houses* probably the most beautiful illustrated work that Japan ever produced, but because he is especially pleasing to the eye he is apt, like Hokusai, to be over-estimated. Kiyonaga, about 1775, brought wood-engraving to such a culmination as only Moronobu had achieved equally undisputedly just one hundred years before. More suddenly than the school of Giotto disappeared before the new generation, the inventor of the polychrome print retired the previous masters. Kiyonaga now completely liberated the art from conventionalism and brought in the normal proportions of the body, though he did not aim at any naturalistic imitation and perspective and shadows still remained absent to Japanese art. But he conceived his figures in relation to natural realities and gave them a fixed position in a real space. This led to a new manner of composition—to fill out the given area completely and in a pleasing manner. He was the most perfect master of Japan.

The three who followed him—Geishi, Utamaro, Toyokuni—represent not the greatest strength and richness, but the extremest refinement of Japanese wood-engraving. The ideal of human beauty had now been modified in response to a general change in manner, and the new admired qualities of carriage and expression found their presentment in art. Utamaro, who gives his name to the period, is—after Hokusai—the Japanese artist best known to the West. His art degenerated into mannerism in a search for new and unheard of effects, just as did European art at the close of the nineteenth century. It was a morbid susceptibility which nothing but the extremes of subtlety and refinement could satisfy, and an attempt to express the inexpressible. Utamaro created an absolutely new type of female beauty and, in his domain of the hyperæsthetic, had a most original and individual style. When his tendency toward the bizarre reached its height his heads were three times as long as they were broad, eyes and mouth were almost infinitesimal slits, and the soft robes hung loosely about figures of unearthly thinness. He glorified the Japanese woman with an enthusiasm unexcelled in any other age or nation. His worship was largely consecrated to the courtesan, but he endowed her with an ideal nobility and loveliness that stamps her as a goddess. No other Japanese artist understands so well how to make a harmonious and rich effect out of a very few and delicate colours.

Hokusai, in Europe the most popular artist, was there for a long time regarded the greatest. For this his realism was responsible, but it is realism without style or subordination of the observation of nature to a higher artistic conception. In the keenness of his observation, however, and in the sureness of his touch the earlier masters rarely rival him, and in the nineteenth century he remains unsurpassed. But in Japan he is regarded rather as artisan than artist. The period of his prime was about 1800. From the infinite abundance of his observation, the art of Japan which seeks to progress only through strength and individuality of style could draw but little inspiration. But the tireless ingenuity, the inexhaustible creative power, and the imperturbable good humour of the artist constantly compels Occidental admiration. Once he presented a dancer in thirty different postures without the head ever becoming visible. He developed still further the sense for plant and animal world which Utamaro had especially cultivated and

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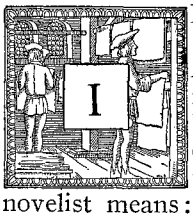
which represents the last characteristic uplift in Japanese art.

Even more than Hokusai, Kunisada may be regarded as the typical master upon whose works is based the European view of Japanese art, but to a native he fails to engage the interest. From our point of view, however, we have not yet equalled him in decorative power or keen observation. Among the moderns only the landscapes of Heroshige rank with the older masters. Despite his close approach to European representation, in perspective and correct composition he still remains completely Japanese in that he produces his effects by the simplest of means and in that he does not paint landscape, but the mood of the landscape. He, more than any other Japanese, has contributed to the development of European art. The Japanese can probably never again attain a characteristic and important art on the basis of the ancient traditions. A new art must be founded on a new basis, but this can certainly not be that of Europe.

A. de Vivier.

THE FACTOR OF THE UNUSUAL AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



N his admirably commonsense little volume, *The Novel—What it Is,* Marion Crawford commits himself to the following definition: "This is what the education of the novelist means: to know and to understand, so far as he is able, men and women who have been placed in unusual circumstances." And then he hastens to add that this need not and should not lead the novelist into "creating altogether imaginary characters, nor men and women whose circumstances are not only unusual, but altogether impossible."

Now all this, so far as it goes, is full of interesting suggestion. Yet it seems as though, by saying just so much and nothing more, Mr. Crawford missed an excellent opportunity of formulating some rules of real practical value. As his paragraph now stands, it is at best only a half truth, a one-sided presentment of a rather important underlying principle. If you stop to think of it, the element of the unusual must always be present, in some measurable quantity, in every work of fiction—since, without it, an author's work sinks to the level of mere trivialism. But the element of the unusual need not be limited, as Mr. Crawford limited it, solely to the circumstances in which the characters happen to be placed. On the contrary, you can conceive of a story in which the circumstances are perfectly simple and ordinary, but the characters highly extraordinary; or usual characters performing unusual acts; or some of the characters, or their actions or circumstances usual and some of them not. In fact, the various combinations of the ordinary and extraordinary elements in a work of fiction are so numerous that it seems worth while to consider briefly the nature of their possible variations, after the fashion of a mathematical problem.

To begin with, it is an accepted axiom that every story consists of three elements, characters, situation and plot. Any one of these, or all of them, may be either usual or unusual. In theory, at least, we may imagine extraordinary people doing extraordinary things under ordinary circumstances—as witness the Beloved

*The Gift-Wife. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

The Green Patch. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Frederick Stokes Company.

An Affair of Dishonor. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Spread Eagle. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Clayhanger. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton.

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Vagabond's revolt against the conventions of smug English society; or ordinary people doing ordinary things under extraordinary circumstances—like Charlotte cutting bread and butter, as her lover's corpse is borne by; or in fact any of the other possible combinations and permutations of these three factors. But as a matter of practical usage, there are some of these combinations which ring true, and there are others that ring wholly false. For instance, we expect extraordinary people to go on doing extraordinary things under extraordinary conditions to the end of the chapter—or what would become of *Gulliver's Travels,* or *Alice in Wonderland,* or the *Arabian Nights,* or the *Jungle Books?* And we expect ordinary people to go on doing ordinary things under ordinary circumstances throughout their natural lives—and the nearest approach to this type in fiction is the Jane Austen novel; any further elimination of the unusual would be intolerable. But we cannot, for instance, conceive of extraordinary people doing ordinary things under ordinary circumstances—and a novelist who tried to show us a Gargantua or a Don Quixote or a Mr. Pickwick leading a commonplace life under commonplace conditions, would find that he had undertaken an impossible task, and one which no trick of art could ever render quite convincing. The question naturally arises: Which of the various possible permutations of these two elements, the usual and the extraordinary, are allowable in fiction? And is there any simple rule, by which they may be classified and determined?

Perhaps the best way to arrive at a solution is to regard the whole question as a sort of algebraic formula, and to recognise that the element of the unusual is in the nature of an unknown quantity. Usual characters and conditions and actions are definite and stable, something that we can understand and count upon, and prophesy about. But the factor of the unusual, whether in people or circumstances or resulting deeds, is never to be definitely reckoned with. Now if we agree to reduce fiction to the formula, Characters plus Conditions = Actions, then it follows that if any one of these three elements is an unknown quantity, at least one other must be unknown also, or the terms of the equation will not balance; e. g., if we have unusual characters, then either the conditions or the actions or both are bound to be unusual. And this brings us to the obvious fact that Charlotte cutting bread and butter is a fallacy—because either she was not an average well-conducted maiden after all, but a distinctly exceptional young person; or else, if the truth was known, she let her knife slip and cut her finger instead of the bread, or shrieked and fainted, or did something else equally futile and feminine.

Now the trouble with a considerable number of our novelists is that they have never formulated the rules for the factor of the Unusual. They have overlooked the simple yet important principle that in fiction as well as in physics, action and reaction are equal and opposite; that we never have queer things happening in commonplace surroundings, unless there is something a bit queer about the people doing them; or that quite ordinary people never undergo a sudden transformation and begin to do strange and fantastic things, unless under the pressure of new and strange conditions. A case in point was brought rather sharply to the attention of the present reviewer a short time ago. There was a certain current novel, which the reviewer, all in the day's work, had weighed in the balance and found wanting. Now for the purposes of the present discussion it is immaterial which this book was, or what was the particular substance of its plot. What does matter is that the heroine had been pictured, either intentionally or by accident, as quite an average specimen of a not unusual type, living an altogether conventional sort of life, and yet falling in love in the most unusual way, and through upwards of three hundred pages fluctuating between two men, either one of whom would have been a rather surprising choice for a conventional girl—while the combination of the two did violence to the law of probabilities. The author was inclined to protest somewhat strenuously against this view, maintaining that, after all, his young woman was a free agent, and at liberty to engage herself to whom she pleased; that it was her affair, and

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not the author's; and that perhaps he himself might think in his secret heart that she had made a strange choice, even a foolish choice. What the author did not seem to realise was that, by these very admissions, he was proving that his heroine, instead of being the usual and rather colourless young person he had actually portrayed, was really quite alive, with a decided will of her own, a rather eccentric outlook upon the world at large, and a healthy indifference to public opinion—in short not a usual character at all, but a rather extraordinary one. If he had only made this all clear in his book, then we should have realised that the formula he was using was Unusual Character plus Usual Conditions = Unusual Actions—which is a logical and effective combination.

Now, of course, in a large proportion of novels, this Factor of the Unusual is not quite so simple a matter that it can be reduced to a cut and dried formula. There are an infinite number of ways and degrees in which it may be employed;—and after all the dividing line between usuality and its opposite is fluctuating and uncertain; even in the most frankly fantastic stories there must be a certain allotment of people and events and conditions that are healthily, even prosaically normal. Otherwise, it would be necessary to sacrifice all the valuable advantage that comes from contrast. But in whatever degree this factor of the unusual enters into a novel, there is just one general principle that a good craftsman will inevitably follow out by instinct: he will seem to divine the reader's unspoken question, his undefined desire for explanation, and will provide the answer. Whatever oddity enters into the story's structure, he will be careful that it is abundantly accounted for.

Now, among the various possible combinations of the normal and the unusual in fiction, there is one distinction to be made that is of some practical value. So long as we are dealing with usual people, or people in whom the unusual element is simply a slightly exaggerated form of some ordinary quality or defect—as, for instance, when the hero is rather braver, or the villain rather more of a coward than we would expect in real life—then, whether the circumstances and actions of the story are normal or extraordinary, the story as a whole may remain sanely realistic—because it is possible to come approximately near to telling the truth about average human beings, even when they are under most exceptional strains of joy or sorrow. But when the chief actors of any story are abnormal, then we are necessarily carried over into the realm of romanticism; because, if we start with the hypothesis that certain men and women are unlike us, that their attitude toward life constitutes a number of unknown quantities, then in theory at least almost anything may happen; the line of demarcation between *The Marble Faun,* where the factor of the unusual is only a pair of furry ears that may or may not be hidden away under Donatello's abundant locks; and Mr. H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds,* in which the men from Mars are molluscs of the devil-fish order: is one of degree and not of kind. Taken as allegories, stories of this type may be rich in suggestion; but taken literally, they must always strike the mature mind somewhat after the fashion of fairy-tales, something that has been outgrown and left behind us. There is a border-line type of story which, in a light and whimsical way, seems in recent years to exert a wide appeal to the mature reader; and that is the story in which the principal actor is not really abnormal but merely eccentric—his eccentricity being due to some outside cause or to some temporary or intermittent physical condition. A perfect prototype of this kind of story is to be found in Henry Cockton's almost forgotten *Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist;* in which there is nothing abnormal about the hero excepting during the hours of heavy sleep immediately following a hearty supper. Mr. McCutcheon's whimsical story of *Brewster's Millions* illustrates a subdivision of the same class; it is, of course, abnormal for the average human being to put all his energies into gambling away a fortune. Temporary outside conditions over which he has no control give Brewster no alternative in the matter and lend him the appearance of insanity when really he is doing only what other sane men would do in his

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place. Still another example a little higher up in the literary scale is *A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* by Marion Crawford, in which a man, perfectly sane and quite normal in all his actions for the greater part of the time, comes under the spell of a fixed idea just one day in the week and spends the other six days in trying to readjust himself from the consequences of that one day.

"The Gift-Wife"

The most recent book of this sort is *The Gift-Wife,* by Mr. Rupert Hughes. The hero is not merely a normal human being; he has rather more than the average mentality, and in his chosen profession, surgery, he has already achieved a reputation far beyond his years. He has, however, the besetting sin of intemperence. At long intervals of periodic recurrence, he takes a first drink, follows it up with others, and then knows absolutely nothing further of what he says and does, whom he meets and where he goes until he wakes up, days or it may be weeks later in strange and extraordinary surroundings. When the story opens, we are introduced to this man in a French railway carriage. He is saddled with the responsibility of a small child whom he is taking home to her widowed mother in America. To his horror, he feels the periodic thirst coming upon him and he knows that the child's fate depends upon the outcome of the race between train and steamer on the one hand and his appetite on the other. Of course, his appetite conquers or we should have no story. When he recovers consciousness, he finds himself in a Turkish harem under the gentle ministrations of the second wife of a local magnate. How he got there, what extraordinary or ridiculous or unlawful acts he may have committed on the way, and at what point of his mad ramblings he lost the child are some of the problems that he has to solve. Conditions are further complicated by two additional circumstances: first, he is penniless; and secondly, he rather rashly falls in love with the Turk's wife. Now here, thanks to this device of making the factor of the unusual an intermittent and transitory thing, we get a most extraordinary situation from which a perfectly normal young man extricates himself in a straightforward and logical way. The Turk's wife, by the way, happens to be one of those undesired additions to a household that would be possible nowhere excepting in the Orient. She is a slave-girl, a present from the Sultan, and as such could not be refused. But since she was not wanted her veil has never been lifted from her face and she has remained, according to the convenient euphemism of the land, a "gift-wife." Incidentally, Mr. Hughes should be congratulated for his success in transferring to paper the somewhat elusive feelings and impressions that a foreigner receives upon his first plunge into Turkish environments. In the chapters on Constantinople, for instance, although done in an impressionistic way, he does not fall behind the truth and the vividness of Mr. Crawford's *Paul Patoff.*

"The Siege of the Seven Suitors"

In *The Siege of the Seven Suitors,* by Meredith Nicholson, we have again a situation dependent upon the eccentricities of one of the characters. There is a certain old lady whose actions are so extraordinary as to be almost unbalanced, yet the reader suspects very early in the proceedings that she is only mad when the wind is nor'-nor'-west, and that when it is in other quarters she is a dangerous and shrewd old person. The number *Seven* is one of her delusions. Her first meeting with the hero, in a pre-Raphaelite tea-room, is due to the fact that the tea-room is the seventh door from the corner, and his table the seventh from the door. Incidentally, it may be said that this old lady, with her youthful briskness, her contempt for other people's fads, her amazing contradictions and vagaries and tendency to fly off at a tangent, is a keen and refreshing joy. The underlying machinery of the book; the two attractive nieces, one of whom is kept in the background, while the other undergoes the siege of a band of persistent suitors whom the aunt has limited to the mystic number of seven; a house brimful of mystery and ghostly magic, wherein there is a chimney that behaves itself quite as a chimney should throughout the greater part of the time, but regularly begins to smoke violently whenever one

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of the suitors starts to propose—all of this is carried out with that happy mixture of seriousness and burlesque which the general public seems to like and of which the author of *The House of a Thousand Candles* has triumphantly learned the trick. *The Siege of the Seven Suitors* may quite honestly be pronounced as a piece of extreme cleverness, and not the least reason for this judgment is the fact that while it is well calculated to satisfy the readers of Mr. Nicholson's other volumes, it contains, here and there, in a few of his characters, something a little finer, more unique and altogether better worth while than anything he has previously done.

"The Green Patch"

One suspects that when Bettina von Hutten wrote *The Green Patch,* she was writing mainly to please herself—and after all, if an author has any fair amount of the inborn talent, that is the one true way to do good work. Not that *The Green Patch* is by any means a model piece of technique; but it has in it certain characters and situations so delightfully and whimsically convincing that even a satiated reviewer of books finds himself disarmed for the time being and forgetful of the accepted rules of construction. There is no purpose in outlining the plot of this volume. And usually the same thing holds true of any book that is really good in spite of an invertebrate structure. To epitomise it would be merely to give the public the skim milk of the story, and throw away the cream. For the purposes of the present article it will be sufficient to note that the Element of the Unusual, from which the whole situation springs, is a peculiar trait of character in a certain otherwise normal Englishman, that leads him to solve the difficulties of an incompatible marriage by simply announcing to his wife quite casually that he has decided to leave home indefinitely, that there is a certain little spot in Italy that he finds congenial, and that he will arrange financial matters in such a way that she and her three daughters will not be inconvenienced. That he has done anything singular or reprehensible, that society at large would expect him to take a more direct interest in the welfare of his children, if not of his wife, are points that do not occur to him, and would not seem important, even if they did occur. Now it happens that just one of this eccentric Englishman's three young daughters inherits something of his eccentricity; her health demands a warmer climate than England, and in this way fate thrusts back upon him the paternal responsibility he has tried to discharge. Imagine the sayings and doings of a group of rare and interesting personalities in a setting of blue sky and sparkling waters and the eternal music and laughter of Southern Europe: all of this done in the indulgent spirit of one who knows and loves well the life she describes and who has the trick of a fluent and rhythmic style—and apparently you have sufficient reasons for thinking it worth while to read *The Green Patch.*

"An Affair of Dishonor"

It has become the fashion to think that a new volume by William de Morgan is in the nature of a literary event; and usually this attitude of the public has been justified. Indeed, it needed only the proverbial exception to prove the rule, and this exception Mr. de Morgan has obligingly furnished in *An Affair of Dishonor.* Now the reason why this latest volume of his does not belong in the same class with his other work is not because it is a historical novel. There are plenty of instances where novelists who year after year have gained their laurels through contemporary fiction have just once or twice added something to their fame by laying their scene a century or two in the past—there are plenty of people even to-day who will argue strongly that *Henry Esmond* is not the least of Thackeray's achievements. The trouble with *An Affair of Dishonor* is not that it is an historical novel but simply that as such it lacks distinction. One feels that there is just one man living to-day in England who could have written either *Alice-For-Short* or *Joseph Vance* or *It Never Can Happen Again.* But there are a score of writers who could give us just as vivid and just as true an historical sketch of adventure, a few hundred years ago, as Mr. de Mor-

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gan has done in this new volume. It has nothing of the uniqueness of such historical novels as, let us say, *The Queen's Quair,* by Maurice Hewlett, or of *The Gentleman,* by Alfred Ollivant. Now, *An Affair of Dishonor* hinges, as most adventure novels must, upon the Factor of the Unusual in plot. A man, having violated laws of hospitality so far as to abduct his host's daughter, is driven into fighting a duel with the man he has wronged. And he heaps one villainy upon another by killing his adversary and making an offer of the poor girl who ought to have been his wife but is not. Now, of course, in a story of to-day such events could not have been concealed for a single day; they would have been blazoned in flaring headlines in extra editions of the evening papers. But in the remote times of which Mr. de Morgan writes it was, of course, just conceivable that, thanks to the absence of newspaper enterprise, and railways and the telegraph; also, in a measure, to the general acceptance of the cheapness of life, a man might keep a woman in ignorance of her father's death, week after week and month after month—and the ingenious measures to which he might resort in doing this might well make up the substance of a full sized novel. That is precisely what Mr. de Morgan has done, and he has not done it badly. In the same way, a master hand at wood-carving might make a fairly good ironing-board or step-ladder—but one might be well justified in pointing out that the time spent on the step-ladder or the ironing-board meant a proportional loss to the world of a finer type of carving.

"The Spread Eagle"

Mr. Gouverneur Morris is a writer who is not likely to make the mistake of doing an inferior type of work passably well, at such times as he happens to be at a loss for better material. If this writer has any one prominent failing it is that of a chronic indolence—a regrettable tendency to produce considerably less than a reasonable amount of good work, and in the work that he does produce to betray a certain unwillingness to take the trouble to make all that he might have made of a given situation. *The Voice in the Rice* is a typical example of this author's tendency to take a really good idea, play with it ingeniously and then apparently weary of it as a child wearies of a rattle and fling it aside. In his new volume of short stories, *The Spread Eagle,* one gets a pretty fair range of his powers. At his best, Mr. Morris is as good a craftsman as O. Henry—and his most finished work is far more likely to endure. Among these stories the one that gives the book its name, "The Spread Eagle," is ingeniously framed up to catch the fancy of that wide class of Americans who are pleased to think without stopping to reason about it, that everything in this country is perfect simply because it is in this country, and everything in other countries is wrong simply because it is un-American. The story concerns a small boy of whom the author tells us:

> No amount of aristocratic training and association could turn the blood in his veins blue. If one had taken the trouble to look at a specimen of it under a microscope, I believe one would have discovered a resemblance between the corpuscles thereof and the eagles that are the tails of coins; and the color of it was red—bright red.

Now this sort of thing, if meant as a frank burlesque—the sort of burlesque exemplified in Mark Twain's *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,* may pass muster; but when offered with apparent seriousness it certainly tends to make the judicious grieve. It is refreshing to turn from this strident scream of the eagle to such a grim bit of sterling craftsmanship as "Targets," which is the story of a man and a woman both of them deaf, dumb and blind, cast away through a series of chance events upon a desert island. There, crawling around in their isolation as helpless as two earthworms and relatively far more ignorant, these two, groping their way in dumb, blind search for food and drink, find each other and in some instinctive, inexplicable way, communicate their loneliness, their needs, their cravings for companionship. The whole story is a strange fantastic idyll; in one sense, as remote from ordinary human experience as the love affair of a pair of moles or a couple of jelly-fish—and yet the author has made us feel

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throughout this story the universal kinship of mankind, a kinship independent of the interchange of glances and of words and thoughts. There is something very big and very fine in the chronicle of these helpless, broken lives and in the story of the child who eventually comes to them and whose flawless sight and hearing grasped to its full extent the mute tragedy of his parents. Here again, in the story of the child, one feels that Mr. Morris lost his interest too soon, that he had big possibilities which he did not trouble himself to develop further. Nonetheless, had he never written another line than this one story of "Targets" he would still have earned a place in any comprehensive collection of American story-tellers who are really worth while.

"Clayhanger"

The distinctive quality of Mr. Arnold Bennett's work is that he has learned the art of photographing life, average, dull, uneventful life, page after page, with an almost literal fidelity, and yet at the same time sustaining our interest in it by the subtlest sort of suggestion of the Unusual, the faintest glimmer of some unexpected element in character, or setting, or plot that by contrast makes the whole picture suddenly vivid. I am not speaking now of Mr. Arnold Bennett's manner in many of his earlier books when he was obviously writing to please the general public rather than himself. But I am speaking of the distinctive note in such volumes of his as picture life in and around the Five Towns, the heart of the English pottery district—the setting of *An Old Wives' Tale,* to mention the volume best known to Americans; and now again the setting for the first volume of his new trilogy, *Clayhanger.* It would be rather difficult to overpraise this study of the unfolding and maturing of a single human character—that is, provided you read *Clayhanger* intelligently, approaching it in a spirit of seriousness as a deep and careful study deserves to be approached, and not as one seeking an afternoon's entertainment. We all of us have our instinctive upward gropings in early childhood; we all have dreams more or less definite of the great things we propose to do some day or other with our lives; and we all find that sooner or later an iron-handed destiny—predestination, if you like religious terminology; heredity and environment, if your leaning is toward the sciences—has reached out to say peremptorily, "So far you may go and no further; you wish to do so-and-so, but instead you must do something quite different." Such conditions are quite independent of the place in the world to which we happen to be born, whether socially or geographically; it is just as true of a small middle-class English boy, looking out upon the smoke-grimed horizon of the pottery district as it would be of some luckier brother in London or New York. Almost any one can write local stories that never for a moment get beyond the confines of the native village. It is the prerogative of just a very few writers of Mr. Bennett's calibre to remain within the limits of their native village and yet at the same time make their theme universal. One can imagine, of course, some unsympathetic, unenlightened reader flinging aside *Clayhanger,* at the end of the first fifty pages, with the random verdict, "Oh, this is a tiresome story about a stupid old fogey who has a job-printing establishment in a stupid old town and about his son who wants to be an architect and hasn't got brains enough or courage enough to have his own way!" And so far as it goes that is a true statement of the book's substance. Its value as a human document lies first in the untiring fidelity with which Mr. Bennett convinces us that his people are so constituted that they must inevitably have said and done precisely what he records and not otherwise; and secondly, making due allowance for local differences that his people are much the same as people everywhere else, with the same hopes and fears, the same futile efforts, the same disappointments. *Clayhanger* is a formidable task to undertake, if you are not in the mood for it. It lacks only two pages of a round seven hundred—and it does not even lack those, if you count the title-page and table of contents. But when you have once gone through that book, if you are a reader of real discernment and broad sympathies, you will

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have added one or two names to your list of permanent friends in fiction; you will have been stimulated to the point of a few new thoughts or at least a readjustment of several old ones; and besides this you will have been filled with amazement of a cumulative sort at certain unexpected flashes of intuition that Mr. Bennett is all the time exhibiting. You find yourself asking over and over again, when you are confronted with one of these shrewd little observations of life, these illuminating explanations of the why and the wherefore: "How in the world did Arnold Bennett know these things, and, knowing them, succeed in expressing them in this inimitable way? How has he caught so marvellously the vagueness of mixed motives that baffle all of us when we try to explain our own actions?" For it is a fact that Mr. Bennett quite frequently dissects and analyses human impulses and desires with the subtlety of a Henry James—and yet without obscurity. He is an extremely interesting product of the modern tendencies in English fiction, as contrasted with the American variety, and one shrewdly suspects that he still has it in him to do still bigger things.

A SONG-DREAM

BY FREDERIC J. SHERMAN

Remembering your music in the night,
I woke from dreams, and listening I heard
Ethereal voices where the zephyr stirred
Amid the green leaves trembling with delight;
From distant fields down airy paths moon-white,
Floated from time to time a fairy word,
Melodious, the lyric of some bird
That sang to cheer its solitary flight.
Then Sleep's soft fingers brushed mine eyelids o'er,
The zephyr hushed, the bird's voice fainter grew
Until at last I slumbered as before,
To dream again, and in my dream I knew
A song familiar and love's voice once more,
And love—which is another name for you.

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EDGAR FAWCETT

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING

A LITTLE reputation is a dangerous thing. While it lasts our vanity will not allow us to see how evanescent it is or how quickly time and fashion will let it slip into obscurity or complete oblivion. We have our day, and no more than a day, when our name is familiar in the newspapers, in the magazines, and on the public tongue; when editors and publishers press us for work, and every new periodical in its window dressing wants to display us in its list of contributors, and when we are stealthily conscious of recognition by people in the street or the lobby of the hotel or theatre who are strangers to us—people who nudge and whisper to their companions as we pass, "See that fellow? That's Jones, the novelist," or "There's Brown, the poet," or "There goes Robinson. You would not think it, would you? He's the author of the new play." It is very difficult to keep ourselves decently under control on such occasions, to keep out of our faces the complacency we feel, difficult to not smile or bow to him who thus assures us of our celebrity. Obeying our impulse, we could fall on his shoulders and embrace him, but our decorum compels the dissemblance of deafness or lofty indifference to that which is as wine to our self-esteem. Charming women persuade us to come to their teas and dinners, and when we sit down there is a hush of expectancy and a polite curiosity as to what we may say, an attention which, however flattering it may be, is more trying to us than a quiet disregard of us would be. The homage is embarrassing and as tantalising as the wiles of a coquette, half-bitter, half-sweet, and, if we have any prudence at all, we take it with a sigh guardedly and do not allow it to carry us off our feet. Fortunate and exceptional is he who in the excitement of it can stop short of intoxication and pause to premeditate the duration of his popularity. He may not see that his temple is a house of sand, crumbling already and soon to be levelled, but the shock of the almost certain change will be less cruel if his modesty or his experience of the world's fickleness prepares him for displacement by other favourites who born to-day will crowd him out to-morrow. Perhaps he picks up out of his dozen or half dozen books the volumes which contain what he regards as his best verses and his best novel, and sorrowfully abandoning the rest as perishable, decides that they alone will live, that they, his chosen fragments, *must* live. Thirty years pass; the novel is unremembered and unprocurable, except in a soiled and tattered copy after a dusty search in second-hand book-shops, and of the verse, lyric and epic, the soundings of his soul, the beats of his heart, all that is preserved covers less than a page or two in some anthology. The present generation may like us, the next too often turns its back.

Take Edgar Fawcett, for instance. Speak of him to readers below middle age now, and you will find that they know nothing of him. Thirty years ago he was a celebrity and one of the best known figures in New York, a man familiar about town as well as in literary circles, from whom came a steady flow of plays, novels and books of verse, all of which attracted attention, though opinion as to their merit conflicted and ran to extremes. One often wished that he would produce less or winnow more: his garden needed weeding and his lilies and roses were choked by the unplucked luxuriance of a rank fertility. I never knew a man with less discrimination, and he often saw more beauty in his cabbages than in the most exquisite of his flowers. Much of his poetry was ambitious, and the higher the flight attempted the less triumphant was the achievement. As a friend of mine said, "His longer things I wanted to read only once, but his shorter ones I could read over and over again." What jewels the shorter ones are! He would not have had it so, but they are the fragments by which his name may be re-

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stored and perpetuated when nothing else of his various and copious work endures. I cannot refrain from quoting "To an Oriole" as an example of them:

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendour through our Northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

And the reader will not be impatient with one more, which, like the other, shows the daintiness and originality of his fancy and his sense of verbal colour wedded with music:

A HUMMING-BIRD

When the mild gold stars flower out
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel!

And then from the shape's vague sheen,
Quick lustres of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat!

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some fresh bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

Then you, by thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily question them:
"Is it a gem, half bird,
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

And a specimen of his sonnets can do him no discredit, that "To Oscar Wilde, on receiving from him a book of his poems":

Your volume like a Provence lute antique
Wed with a classic lyre were fitlier wrought,
So richly opposite its theme and thought,
Its art so Gothic and its aim so Greek.
Till now we had deemed that one alone might seek
From poetry what you with victory sought—
To blend those pure strains the Sicilian taught
With Spenser's line, luxurious and unique.
Nay, since your reverenced master dwells afar,
It has been given your spirit, I am sure,
To pass, deep-tranced by slumber's opiate sweets,
High up some white stair sheer to some white star,
And meet in its immortal vestiture
The splendour that men mean when they name Keats!

Such things as these he valued lightly. Longer and more laboured things, narrative poems and five-act plays in blank verse, the things the public would not have, he gloried in. Oh, Edgar, generous but irascible and unreasonable friend, I quake as I venture on this appraisal! Raise not thy ghostly hands against me. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

I could quote many noble lines of his if there were space, and I think they would gain rather than lose by their detachment. He loved the florid, the polysyllabic, the grandiose and the sonorous. His thought and feeling were often smothered by the decorations in which he framed them. I imperilled our friendship, as any one could do, by candour which went no further than a gentle hint of redundance, but who is there so modest that, much as he may protest his desire for criticism, does not wince when he gets it? Of something he read to me I confessed my thought that it was redundant, and his reply, impetuous, unyielding and unapologetic as a defiant child's, was, "William, I love redundancy!" He had confidence in himself, and that is a possession solacing only so long as it is impassive under the opinion of others who do not believe it to be warrantable. Far from being impassive, Edgar was the most hypersensitive creature I ever knew, except Richard Mansfield, and he let himself be angered even by the gibes of some who were quite unworth his notice. It became a sport to badger him, and he never refused to be drawn, but played the game to the end at his own cost. He wore himself out slapping at gnats and mosquitos. His lack of discrimination and of the sense of proportion was his greatest weakness, and it involved his friends as well as himself. What excellence he always discovered in our work,

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in which there were no flaws and nothing that could be improved! Our lyrics were as good as "Songs Before Sunrise," our elegiacs comparable with "In Memoriam," our sonnets like Landor's, and our novels —one of them which had a bit of success for a month (where is it now? its author cannot recall a character or an incident in it; it vanished like a breath of a mirror) was "better than Thackeray at his best!" We listened with smiles, but were not fatuous enough to be deluded, though we never doubted, nor do I doubt now, that what looked so much like egregious flattery was uttered by him in unquestioning faith and sincerity.

He was commonly spoken of as a poet, but his novels outnumbered his books of verse, at least three of them have documentary value to any student of social conditions in New York, and I think that with the one exception of Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes* his *An Ambitious Woman* is the best novel of New York life ever written. It is strong in characterisation, veracious in its methods, a record of humanity undistorted by the conventional exigencies of story-telling, and satisfying enough without them. The two others—*A Hopeless Case* and *A Gentleman of Leisure*—are slighter, but they also are faithful pictures of their period. *An Ambitious Woman* is, in my opinion, his masterpiece, and neglected as it is now undeservedly neglected, I feel sure that some day or other it will be recovered. If not sooner, it may turn up in the time to come when revolution has thrown this Republic into the hands of a dictator and the excesses of the dictator have led to a constitutional monarchy. An antiquary exploring the ruins of the public library may pick up a singed and crumpled copy and rejoice in his discovery for the light it will throw on the way some of us lived in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I recommend others meanwhile to see for themselves how good it is, though probably to the new generation it will already seem old-fashioned.

He knew society not as an observer from the outside, but as one who has a place in it. Had he chosen he might have given himself up to the glittering but unprofitable waste of fashionable life. He was the son of a gentleman, a substantial scholar, Spencerian in his philosophy, highly cultivated, restless intellectually, urbane in manner and speech, with all the unconscious ease and polish of an assured social position. Nevertheless, his means were small, and he stood in need of the earnings of his pen. Had he been rich his temperament would not have allowed him to be an idler. He seethed with ideas and, travelling or at home, at all hours, early and late, sick or well, he found his chief pleasure in that varied work which flowed from him without intermission, now running clear, and then, as was inevitable, thickening and stumbling in its haste. He always had a note-book in his pocket, and out it came not for mere memoranda, but for things begun and finished while we waited, such as a sonnet composed within ten minutes of our arrival at the top of the Righi when we were touring together in Switzerland, or another sonnet on Austerlitz (both of them creditable) which he excogitated within as short a time amidst the hubbub of embarkation at Liverpool. Facility was his bane, and overwork his ruin. His querulousness was but the outcry of his abused and protesting nerves, which suffered not only from the number of his working hours but also from the fact that those hours were nocturnal.

I called at his lodgings one day. The floor and the table in his parlour were littered with books pulled from their shelves the previous night—the books of Tennyson, Swinburne, Keats, Shelley and Baudelaire, English and French, the books he admired opened at the pages he liked to repeat. The sun creeping through the drawn blinds discovered nothing of the day. Everything betokened the previous night and its occupations, the glasses, the ashes of tobacco, the choice of the books. I surmised congenial company parting only with the dawn—Maurice Barrymore very likely, Frank Saltus and George Parsons Lathrop. My resounding knock on the bedroom door had to be repeated before it told. Then a thunderous and indignant voice cried out from within, "Go away. Go away! How dare anybody disturb me at this hour of the night." I looked in, and there he was in bed, prepared for vengeance on the dis-

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turber, furious till he recognised me. A small table within his reach held a pencil and a pad; he had been writing even after that prolonged causerie. He was a handsome man of florid complexion and jet black hair, with a head and jowl suggestive of tenacity of purpose and obstinacy, beardless but heavily mustached. His eyes in contrast with his other features were like those of a girl's, an exquisite violet.

"Good heavens, William! What's the matter? What has happened to bring you here in the middle of the night?"

I looked at my watch: noon had passed, but the information did not startle him.

"Those fellows stayed quite late," he yawned, and with a smile he handed me the verses he had jotted down before going to sleep—

TO A NEWSPAPER CRITIC

For blood, an adder's gall;
For brain, a gnat's weak hate;
For heart, a pebble small;
For soul, "a whiskey straight."

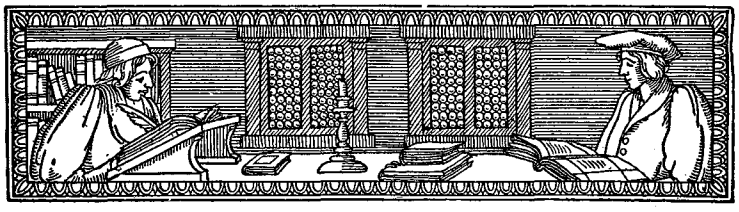
For conscience, pelf and hire;
For pride, a donkey's tether;
For ink, a gutter's mire;
For pen, a goose's feather.

He read them himself *ore rotundo*, and they put him in good humour at once.

A meagre breakfast satisfied him, and then day after day, headache or no headache, after the valeting of a devoted servant, he went forth to work as regularly and persistently as an industrious mechanic, finding both anodyne and stimulant in his appointed task. For his scenes in fashionable life he needed no preparation, and when he was not at his desk he explored the town and its environs in search of material for those humbler scenes and characters which he reproduced with the effect of convincing intimacy.

A wanderer myself and on a similar mission in those days, I often met him in out-of-the-way places, following, for instance, dusty and squalid funerals over the swamps and sandhills of Greenpoint; in the slums of Mulberry Street and Chatham Square and among the old Elysian Fields of Hoboken, green and sylvan then, vanished now, where Aaron Burr dispatched Alexander Hamilton. You could see him sitting on the benches of Stuyvesant Square and Central Park, usually with a tablet and a pencil in his hands, a dignified and dreamy figure at whom policemen and nursemaids glanced curiously, but without suspicion, while now and then he made pictures for the children, who flocked around him confident that he was their friend and a most accomplished and delightful person.

Poor, tired, impatient, splenetic Edgar! While you were his friend you were superhuman, and he never wearied of proclaiming your excellence. Any criticism of you he resented as vehemently as criticism of himself. You became interested in yourself through his interest in you. He encouraged and inspired you. But unfortunately he took offence easily, and when that happened the little rift within the lute could never be repaired. Old friendships once broken were broken forever. He could not forgive.



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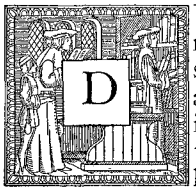
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

VIII—The College Story

BY FRANK C. MYERS

Editor of "The College World"



URING the last twelve months I have visited sixty American colleges and universities, and during the same period of time I have read at least half that number of so-called college short stories and college novels, that is, fiction dealing with life in our undergraduate communities. You ask me what an "inside" view of this species of fiction reveals? Exaggeration, generally speaking, has its finger print in college fiction—curiously enough, even in the different volumes containing stories of various colleges written by alumni of the very colleges described in the fiction concerned. *Yale Yarns,* for example, although delightfully humorous, are exaggerated in their persistent spirit of hurrah optimism, just as Charles Macomb Flandrau's *Harvard Stories* are exaggerated in their insinuating tone of pessimism. Mr. Flandrau's *Diary of a Freshman*—a Harvard story—is, however, as pleasant and convincing a college story as the undergraduate bookshelf contains.

Although college fiction, obviously, is intended only as a means for innocent youthful amusement and diversion, it seems to me that the spirit of purpose is uniformly and regrettably lacking. I do not contend that all fiction—especially that described as "college"—should and must have a purpose. Indeed, no! But I do believe that the writers of college stories might have as their purpose at least once in a while the picturing of college life as it actually is. By such accurate fiction photography, their stories would suffer nothing, while they would gain the added advantage of presenting to their youthful readers the true spirit of university life in America. Why mislead and misinform the coming classes? Why cause undergraduates to snicker while they smile and read? And why cause the great legion of alumni to mutter "Rats!" I recently made this statement in print: "High school boys need disillusioning. Many of the half million of them in this country get their conceptions of what college men are and what college life is from the humorous posters they have seen presenting a loafing individual with trousers turned up six inches from the ankle, exposing Fourth of July socks, and with a mouth containing an elephantine bulldog pipe. Of course, the poster is, colloquially speaking, 'a horse,' but the boy does not see the humour of it. To him it is serious, and immediately he begins to do what his imagination leads him to believe his hero does." Frequently, I believe, the alleged "college" story works a like harm. The loafing, overdressed fellow of the poster is by no means an absent quantity in college fiction.

Ralph Paine seems to have the right idea in most of his college stories. *The Stroke Oar* and other stories from his pen are not only interesting narratives, but they hold pretty close to college life as it really is. And the purpose is unmistakably there in every one of them. In one novel, Mr. Paine will instil in his youthful readers' minds the advantage of fair play in athletics; in another, he will warn his readers of the dangers of excess, whether in sport or other college "activities"; and so on. George Ade, although frankly a burlesquer of college life, got deep under the characterisation skin in his two plays, *The College Widow* and *Just Out of College.* In fact, there are no two college novels boasting a relatively similar accuracy of college character delineation. There was no pretence at "purpose" in Ade's works, but there was no anti-purpose, if I may coin the word. That is, they amused honestly without deliberately falsifying college

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traits and actions. A story by Jesse Lynch Williams, printed in one of the popular periodicals several years ago and narrating the difficulty experienced by a young college graduate in getting into the world's humdrum working harness, was veritably a college masterpiece. I never have forgotten that story, although I *have* forgotten its title. *The Captain of the Eleven,* by Alden Arthur Knipe, recently issued by the Harpers, is a fairly good example of a typical American "prep" school story, ably handled in its gridiron details by the ex-football player-author. But the perfect insight of Owen Johnson is entirely absent, the insight into the "prep" school mind, heart, stomach and imagination that have made Johnson's Lawrenceville stories the gems they are. *The Varmint,* indeed, is probably the best preparatory school fiction we have. No one who has read it can fail to hope that a college novel will soon be forthcoming from the hands of its author. *Bill Bruce of Harvard,* by Gilbert Patten, and published by Dodd, Mead and Company, is worthy of Ralph Paine. Not only is it a very good college "yarn," but it possesses the additional value of including a purpose, even though that purpose is written wholly between the lines. Such stories as this, which inspire a hatred of professionalism in athletics in the young reader's mind, which contain a fair and direct "uplift," and which present a consistently honest picture of the much misrepresented "working one's way through college," are prime desiderata in college fiction.

Ralph Henry Barbour's novel, *Winning His Y.,* is a good, readable story, but it is typically relentless in its athletic one-sidedness. James Gardner Sanderson's *Cornell Stories* are to be criticised from an "inside" view because of the over-colouring of trivial incidents in the university's life, with a careless disregard for the bigger and undoubtedly more interesting phases. *The Fugitive Freshman,* by Paine, while not really a college story in the strict sense of the term, is a breezy sketch of a college fledgling's mental operations, while Christina Cabrevas's novel, *That Freshman,* is presumably the same sort of thing from the women's college standpoint. *The Law of Life,* by Anna McClure Sholl, is a story of episodes in the faculty life at Cornell, intended for other than youthful readers, and is said to be based on fact. But whether this be true or not, the novel is to be best described as of the college sort that must delight such grown-up, non-college readers, as, for instance, Elbert Hubbard. The latter, in an article published a few months ago, painted a picture of college life as he believed it to be, a picture with all the good left out and all the bad put in in double portions. Unwittingly, any number of college fiction writers are doing the same thing. They are over-painting to such a marked degree that they are covering up truth—even though they are doing it unintentionally. College life, as I know it and have found it, is not all football, chorus girls, horse-play and beer. Body building, brain building and aspiration actually have a place in it, unbelievable as it may seem. Even the undergraduate sometimes senses this. I recall a bit of verse that appeared in one of the undergraduate funny papers some six or seven years ago that indicates the way that even the student body's jocose mental wind often blows. It was called "College Life—From the *Outside.*" It went like this:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hello, old man!
Got a bully coat of tan!
Had a fine vacation, huh?
Rah! Come have a drink with muh!

Five hundred on our team, hooray!
Those fellows don't know how to play;
Let's to the show and see the whirl,
Then dine, rah, rah, with a chorus girl!

Let's order, rah, a dozen suits,
Hooray, and get some shoes, "real beauts"—
Another cocktail! Rah, rah, rah!
P. S. *Do you believe this rubbish? Bah!*

An "inside" view of college fiction discloses an allopathic dose of the rah-rah. Rah-rahing and extravagance go hand in hand in the fiction and the influence of such narrative on the young going-to-college mind must work injury.

Elsie Singmaster's stories of college life from a girl's point of view are said to satisfy the feminine "inside" viewers. I cannot, obviously, speak authoritatively

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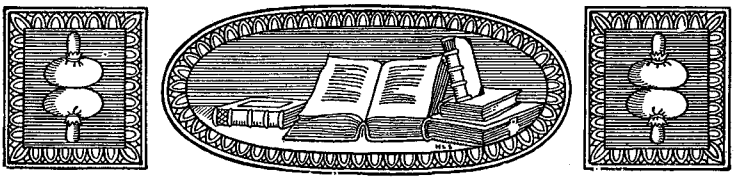
on this angle. For boy readers, however, such stories as Barbour's *Kingsford, Quarter,* and *The Crimson Sweater* may be said to serve the purpose in not being grossly misleading. Another inspiration story for young readers is Norman Brainerd's *Winning the Eagle Prize,* which details the manner in which a plucky youth works for a college scholarship after his father's business failure has imperilled his chances for a college career. A novel like this is precisely the sort I would recommend. It not only tells a story, but helps into the bargain. Ellery H. Clark's fiction is exaggerated, but in the right vein. It is to be commended because it preaches physical care. His novel, *The Young Athlete,* can do no one any harm.

The majority of college stories seem to concern the captains and star players of the various athletic teams. *The Captain of the School Team,* by John P. Earl, is a sample. George Hart Rand's *Sherman Hale, the Harvard Halfback,* is another. One and all, they are the same. A well-known publisher remarked not long ago that he would give a handsome reward to any author who could and would fashion him a fresh, brisk, readable college story in which athletics did not figure in one way or another. Athletics, however, are not to be entirely frowned on as a basis of college fiction. Athletics bring out the picturesque side of university life possibly more brilliantly than any other phase of student activity. The only trouble lies in the fact that the writers of college fiction rely on athletics to such a great extent that their readers become nauseated. And yet, as I have inferred, it must be confessed by an "insider" that the general current of our university life can be mirrored in no better fiction manner than through a treatment of the muscular themes. Rupert Hughes has tried his hand with considerable success in putting into bright fiction form some of the social phases of college life. But most of the other fiction creators who choose the campus for their novel locâle, when they desert athletics, become preachers. Such stories as *The Road to Damascus* and *The Torch,* undeniably effective in certain minds, are less college stories than world stories with elm-tree backgrounds and may not, therefore, be analysed in the present consideration.

Let us now sum up our "inside" analysis. Firstly, the chief fault of the college fiction in general is its misleading, exaggerated tone. Secondly, college fiction as we have found it is, to a predominating extent, rut fiction—all in the same vein. Thirdly, despite the admitted importance of athletics in our university circle, numerous other valid college themes are being sadly neglected by the novelists—college politics, college societies, college dramatics, for instance. Fourthly, the eternally ubiquitous hurrah should be eliminated at least in part from the fiction. Fifth, as college fiction is intended primarily for young readers, it should at least have as its mission the presentation of the aspects of American college life in inspiring form and not entirely, as is too often the case, merely in the form of scoring a touchdown in the last minute of play. There are other goals in college life than those at either end of the gridiron. The captains of the 'varsity teams are not the only spectacular members of the student body. The elimination of the Horatio Alger style is to be desired in our college fiction. And such men as Paine, Williams, Johnson, Barbour and their brother alumni are the novelists to whom we should look for the campaign of college fiction reformation.



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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The De Bercy Affair. Holmes. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Girl who Lived in Woods. Cooke. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.50.
3. Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches. Bagby. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Remus Stories. Harris. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Diddie, Dumps and Tot. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60c.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Mind, Power and Privilege. Olston. (Crowell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Husband's Story. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
3. The Conservation of Natural Resources of the United States. Van Hise. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Ciff Stirling, Captain of the Nine. Patten. (David McKay.) $1.25.
2. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.18.
4. The Flaw in the Sapphire. Snyder. (Metropolitan Press.) $1.00.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.00.
2. Mystic Masonry. Buck. (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.50.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venable. (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Story of the Grail and Passing of King Arthur. Pyle. (Scribner.) $2.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. My Brother's Keeper. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

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2. Study of the Drama. Matthews. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Victorian Prose Masters. Brownell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley Says. Dunne. (Scribner.) $1.00.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. History of Japanese Water Prints. Von Seidlitz. (Lippincott.) $6.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Conservation of the Natural Resources of the United States. Van Hise. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. In the Catskills. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Fugitive Freshman. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25 each.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. A Dixie Rose. Kortrecht. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Janet at Odds. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Madame X. Bisson. (Fly.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Journey Book. Falls. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
4. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
5. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Socialism and Superior Brains. Shaw. (Lane.) 75c.
3. My Memoirs. Murat. (Putnam.) $3.75.
4. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
4. In the Catskills. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Lovely Woman. Fisher and others. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.50.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal Values. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Boy Ranchers of Puget Sound. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Hero Tales of the Far North. Riis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown). $1.50.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Caravaners. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century.) $2.40.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) 4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Methods of Attracting Birds. Trafton. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Ann Kempburn, Truthseeker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.30.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Down to the Sea. Grenfell. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Light Horse Harry's Legion. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Whirligigs. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. The Vanished Ruin Era. Stettmann. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) $1.35.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Whirligigs. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Betty's Happy Year. Wells. (Century Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. One Braver Thing. (The Dop Doctor.) Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Animal Why Book. Pycraft. (Stokes.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Steering Wheel. Wason. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The History of Worcester. O'Flynn. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Tale of Mrs. Tittle-Mouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "	8
" "	3d	" "	7
" "	4th	" "	6
" "	5th	" "	5
" "	6th	" "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam)..... 189
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper)..... 185
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead) 117
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam) 115
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill)..... 83
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) 80

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